



ZUMMATE INDIANS OF THE UPPER TROMBETAS

ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS:

A RECORD OF

Discovery, Geography, and Adventure.

EDITED BY

H. W. BATES,

ASSISTANT-SECRETARY OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

WITH

ENGRAVINGS FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS

BY CELEBRATED ARTISTS.



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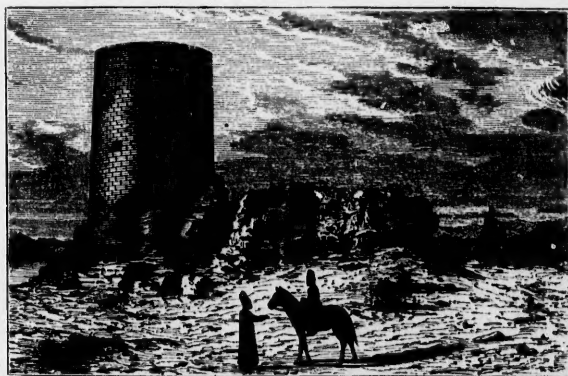
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ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS.

A RECORD OF

DISCOVERY, GEOGRAPHY, AND ADVENTURE.



AMELIA ISLAND, FLORIDA.

A Flying Visit to Florida.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

A CHAPTER HISTORIC.

THERE is certainly no part of the United States—perhaps not of all North America—to which a more romantic interest attaches, than to the peninsula jutting out like a spur towards the Antilles, and known by the name of “Florida.” The very title bespeaks something fair. It has in it the perfume of flowers and the ring of romance. Nor does history record a more romantic chapter than the expedition of the Spanish chieftain who bestowed it, coupled with the aim that lured him to the Floridian shores—a search after the “fountain of youth,” a crystal stream, gushing forth amid grottoes, and garlanded with flowers, whose waters would not only restore the vigour of manhood, but bring back youth and beauty.

The modern world may smile at the credulity of poor old Juan Ponce and his fellow-expeditionists. It forgets that Galileo was persecuted for believing the earth to be a revolving sphere; and that, but a few years antecedent to Ponce’s time, Columbus had discovered a new world, never before thought of, or only in a sort of clairvoyant vision.

Finding fertile and flowery lands—cities filled with gold, silver, and precious stones—inhabited by people whose

customs, as their physiognomy, was of a new type—all this unknown, and unsuspected, throughout long centuries—no wonder the *descubridores* and *conquistadores* were credulous. Events of similar character occurring now would, beyond doubt, be followed by a somewhat similar effect. Science is not yet so sure. It has made many mistakes; and if to the modern world some one should convey a new revelation, like that made manifest by the Genoese navigator, or equal to it in consequences, one might almost be excused for believing in the possibility of mortals yet reaching the moon.

After all, the “fountain of youth” was not a fancy originating with the Spanish discoverers. It was found among the Carib and other Indians of the Antilles. Among them the myth had existence long before the caravels of Columbus came in sight of Guanahani.

Among their other strange discoveries, the Spaniards came upon this—not so much more remarkable than the rest; and it had a powerful effect upon their imaginations, especially such of them as were “withered, and wrinkled, and old.”

Of these last was Juan Ponce—better known as “Ponce de Leon”—Leon being the city of his nativity. He was a

gentleman by birth and a sailor-soldier by profession—in those days the two callings were combined. His king had named him an *adelantado*, as also governor of an island. But he was aged before these honours accumulated, and he would have given them all to be young again. The "fountain of youth" promised the desired restoration; and, having organised a powerful expedition—one of the grandest ever got up by a conquistador—those of Cortez and Pizarro not excepted—he set forth in search of the wonderful waters.

In the event of failing to find the reputed elixir, he had an eye towards jewellery and gold. For the Indians, who told him of the "leafy Bimini"—the land of the youth-giving fountain—also spoke of precious stones and rare metallic treasures. Without thought of youth or health, this story of riches was enough to excite the cupidity of a conquistador; and yielding to it, Juan Ponce set sail from St. Domingo, turning his prow northward.

On Easter Sunday, of the year 1513, he came in sight of the peninsula—the first-sighted land being near the bay of Espiritu Santo, on its western or Gulf side.

Among historians there is a question about the exact date of this event. All agree to its having been upon Easter Sunday—the "Pascua Florida" of the Spaniards. Confirmatory of this, is the name he bestowed upon the country; though it is also alleged, that its blooming appearance had something to do with the baptism.

He landed at a season of the year when the flowers were in full bloom; when the magnolias, liquid-ambers, *sabal* palms, and other flowering trees had expanded their magnificent corollas, filling the air with fragrance. It promised well for the object of his expedition. The forest was fresh; its glades verdant and vocal with the music of birds. Everything bid fair for rejuvenescence; and Juan Ponce was joyous. It is just possible, as he stepped ashore, to take possession of the country in the name of his king, and unfurled the old flag of Castile, that two thoughts were before his mind—the floral beauty of the land, and the Catholic Christian date. Hence the appellation that occurred to him—"Florida."

The disputed historical question is about the year—whether Ponce's landing was in 1512 or 1513. There would have been no difficulty in determining this, had the month not also been mentioned. The event is recorded as occurring in March. If, then, it was in the former year—as most chronicles have it—and on the 27th of March, as stated, it could not have been Easter Sunday, since in the year 1512 the "Pascua Florida" fell on the 20th of April. It is more probable there should be a mistake about the month than the year, and that Ponce de Leon first saw the shores of Florida on the Easter Sunday of 1512.

It is not necessary here to give the details of this absurd expedition, nor speak of its lamentably ridiculous results. What else could be expected of men who went forth seeking rejuvenescence? Equally unnecessary to dwell on the expedition of Panfilo de Narvaez, another ambitious gold-seeker, whose hopes were wrecked, along with his ships, upon the same promising but perilous coast. A long interval of inaction was allowed to elapse, before Florida again tempted the cupidity of a conquistador. Then, in 1539, Hernando de Soto sought the flowery land, still unconquered, still unexplored.

This attempt was one that, for boldness of design and long-continued endurance in execution—though at length

ending in failure—has, perhaps, not its equal recorded in the annals of history. Beside it the *Cyropædia*—the "Retreat of the Ten Thousand"—may seem pale. De Soto left his bones on the banks of the Mississippi; and Florida remained unsubdued.

It was not till 1562 that any attempt was made to colonise it. From the first discovery of America, gold had been the guiding-star that attracted every expedition. As this precious metal was not found in Florida, the youth-restoring fountain having proved a burst bubble, the country ceased to attract even aged adventurers; and for a time no one thought of it, otherwise than as a country inhabited by hostile savages. The expeditions of Ponce, Narvaez, and De Soto had given many a melancholy proof of this. Still was there a belief, or a general impression, that Juan Ponce had bestowed upon it an appropriate name; and that, despite some drawbacks, Florida was a land of fertility and flowers.

This, at length, attracted colonisation to its shores—colonists who came not in search of gold, or to drink from rejuvenating springs; but men persecuted for conscience' sake, who were seeking an asylum, anywhere, to escape from the curse of Roman Catholic tyranny. These were the Huguenots of France—the great Coligny being their patron and protector.

And under the gentle René de Laudonnière—the brave Jean Ribaut having pioneered the way—they crossed the Atlantic, and made settlement in Florida, a little way up the river May, so called by them from the month in which their ships entered its estuary. It was the Spanish Rio San Mateo—a name they afterwards changed to San Juan—the present St. John's—by far the largest river in Florida. Excepting in Mexico, this was the first attempt at European colonisation on the North American continent. It occurred in 1563.

The French colony was destroyed two years after; and the Spanish officer who destroyed it—Pedro de Menéndez—founded, in 1565, the city of San Augustine—the oldest existing city in what is now the United States.

Menéndez, a soldier of great enterprise, but cruel and unscrupulous, succeeded in the colonisation of the country; and the Spaniards soon spread themselves over the peninsula, forming several other permanent settlements. For nearly a century and a half these enjoyed a fair degree of prosperity, the mild Yamasse and Taloota Indians yielding to their sway. These, however, were in time subdued by a branch of the great Muscogee nation, called "Lower Creek" or Seminoles—a more warlike people, who entered the Floridian peninsula from the north-west. It was their ancestors who had harassed De Soto, on his famous, or infamous, expedition. Instigated by the English, who had meantime colonised the Carolinas, they waged a destructive warfare against the Spaniards settled in Florida. During the first half of the eighteenth century, the strife was carried on without cessation, the result being that the Spanish outlying settlements and plantations had to be abandoned, and the planters were compelled to take refuge in the towns. The whole western portion of the peninsula once more went into possession of the aborigines, its eastern side alone remaining under Spanish rule.

This state of things continued up till 1763, when the English obtained possession of East Florida, and there commenced active attempts at colonisation. But in a few years after these were abruptly brought to a close, a treaty, dated 1783, restoring the peninsula to Spain.

The Seminoles were still in the ascendant; and the Spanish power—at that time entering on its decadence throughout all its American colonial possessions—was alike decadent in Florida. It maintained a sort of languishing authority until 1819, when the energetic General Jackson put a termination to it, forcing the Spaniards out of Florida by a sort of conquest-purchase, and annexing this territory to the United States.

Notwithstanding its fine natural resources, and the stable government then secured to it, Florida did not become populated as rapidly as was expected, but enough new colonists entered to claim for it, in 1845, the title and privileges of a State. But the American settlers were in turn harassed by the Seminole Indians; and, perhaps, hampered still more by the curse of slavery. As both have been at length got rid of, a new era of colonisation has commenced, and civilisation is now spreading itself over the "flowery land."

It was partly to witness this progress—partly to look upon historic scenes, to me of romantic interest—and partly to study Nature—with an eye also to the chase—that some months ago I made a "flying visit" to Florida, the incidents of which are here recorded.

HOW TO REACH THE PENINSULA.

He who wishes to enter Florida, from the Atlantic side, may take his choice of land or water travel. The traveller who prefers the former, starting from any of the great seaboard cities of the North, can go by rail across Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia—entering the peninsula at its northern extremity. It is a somewhat circuitous route, partially due to the geological character of the Georgian coast, which is intersected by creeks and swamps, unfavourable to thick settlement, and forcing the railway traffic far inland.

The alternative is a steamship passage from New York—Philadelphia, if he chance to be there—to Charleston, or Savannah. This he may obtain once or twice every week. Then from either of the last-mentioned places he may re-ship into a smaller craft—still a steamer—that will carry him into the St. John's River, of Florida, and over a hundred and fifty miles up the stream—into the very heart of the peninsula.

For those who do not mind the discomforts of the sea, and are equally regardless of its dangers, the water-route is certainly preferable. I, for one, preferred it.

I was, perhaps, a little influenced in the choice by what I had been told of Carolinian and Georgian railroads—as they have been *since the war*. A friend, who had travelled upon them, amused me with an account of his adventures; that to him, however, had been anything but amusing. How that, upon arriving at certain stations by night, it was not uncommon for the train to be "shunted," and lie up till daylight before proceeding on its way; the reason being, that there were certain places where the rails had got so worn during the war, the engineers did not deem it safe to attempt running over them in the darkness!

In any case, I would have preferred the water-route—having traversed the briny deep sufficiently to get used to it.

SURROUNDED BY SALLOW COMPLEXIONS.

It is not worth while describing a sea-voyage by steam from New York to Savannah. It only differed from other trips I had made over the same ocean, by some peculiarities in the facial appearance of my fellow-passengers. The gradual rise of the

mercury in the thermometer, with the corresponding increase of heat, as we steamed towards the equator, was nothing new to me. I had gone over the ground before—almost the same track, in a troop-ship, from Fort Hamilton in the harbour of New York, to Vera Cruz in the Mexican Gulf. Then I was surrounded by soldiers; most of them stalwart fellows, young, and of healthy hue. Very different were the faces and figures that met my gaze, on board the steam-packet for Savannah. The former were of all shades of pallor, and the latter every degree of enaciation. Instead of being aboard a steamship, I might have fancied myself walking the wards of an hospital.

I had no difficulty in accounting for these hollow cheeks and sallow complexions. Most of my fellow-passengers were invalids—a large number of them consumptives—who were going South to seek restoration of their health.

Like myself, though with different intent, most of them were bound for Florida; which in the United States enjoys a reputation for the cure of pulmonary complaints, similar to the European belief in the climate of Madeira.

My fellow-passengers were not all invalids. There were others with constitutions strong enough to stand up twenty times a day, before the drinking-bar of the steamer, and each time toss off a glass of some potent mixture—smash, julep, or cocktail. These were either intending colonists, land speculators, or men in the commercial line—the latter going "down South" with their samples, in the hope of scattering their wares, and extending their "firm's" connection throughout the new-found settlement of the peninsula.

There was a fair sprinkling of "sportsmen" too—that is, in the American sense—gamblers. Also a few sportsmen in the more genuine English acceptation; who were *en route* for the "flowery land," lured thither by the attractions of the chase.

Hitherto most American amateur hunters have taken their way towards the West; as also the Nimrods of Great Britain, who occasionally cross the Atlantic. The buffalo and grizzly bear draw them in that direction. But, leaving these two quadrupeds out, the hunter will find as much, if not more, sport in Florida—with an equal, or even greater, variety of animals for his "bag." And if he have the proclivities of a hunter-naturalist, he will find in the peninsula, with its grand tropical vegetation, a feast spread before him, in vain to be sought for on the prairies.

A few of my fellow-passengers had this idea in their heads, as I discovered in conversation. The consequence was a fraternity of feeling, arising from similar tastes; so that, before reaching Savannah, I could form a pretty good guess who were to be the companions of my "flying visit to Florida."

ANOTHER CHOICE OF ROUTE.

After four days of ocean navigation, we entered the Savannah river; and steamed up to the town of this same name, situated seven miles from the river's mouth. As it is not in Florida, I shall not task the reader's time by any account of the famed Georgian city. We are yet within the limits of a refined, luxurious civilisation, as also the boundaries of the guide-books. To a certain degree, we step beyond both, by going aboard one of the little steamers, that make tri-weekly trips down the Georgian coast, and up the St. John's River. In his fresh start from Savannah, the tourist has, again, a choice of routes. He can still enter the peninsula by rail; but, if he chance to prefer water-travel, he may

take one of the small steamers that trade along the "inside passage:" that is, the series of continuous channels lying between the "sea-islands" and the mainland.

On this kind of craft, however, he will have but poor fare and scant accommodation—to say nothing of the delay incidental to frequent stoppages at the different plantation landings. Still the scenery, with an opportunity of observing Georgian coast customs—some of them sufficiently curious—may attract him. But he can see something similar on his arrival in Florida; and, assured of this, he will choose the more commodious passenger-packet, plying direct from Savannah to Jacksonville on the St. John's. Not wishing either to be discomforted or delayed, I did this; and was once more carried out into the Atlantic.

With few exceptions, I found my fellow-passengers the same as had accompanied me from New York—in slightly diminished number. Most of the invalids still continued their journey—

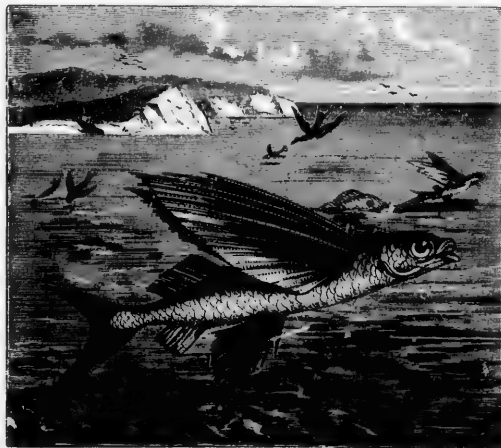
the restoration of their youth. Was it the old dream of nearly four centuries ago come back again? It seemed a parallel—almost a repetition. No doubt to many of my fellow-voyagers

it would end in the same way as with the old Spanish sailor-soldier—in a disappointed dream—perhaps in death, as with him, though not so sadly tragical.

THE "SEA-ISLAND" COAST.

Going south from Savannah, you are once more carried beyond sight of land. The coast of the Southern Atlantic States is all low-lying territory—the Appalachian chain being too far inland to be seen from the sea. This is also the character of the United States coast all along the Mexican Gulf. One may sail near shore from Carolina to the mouth of the Rio Grande without once seeing aught

Beyond this point, the eye may yet be gladdened by a distant view of the grand Cordilleras—the "Sierra Madre" of Mexico.



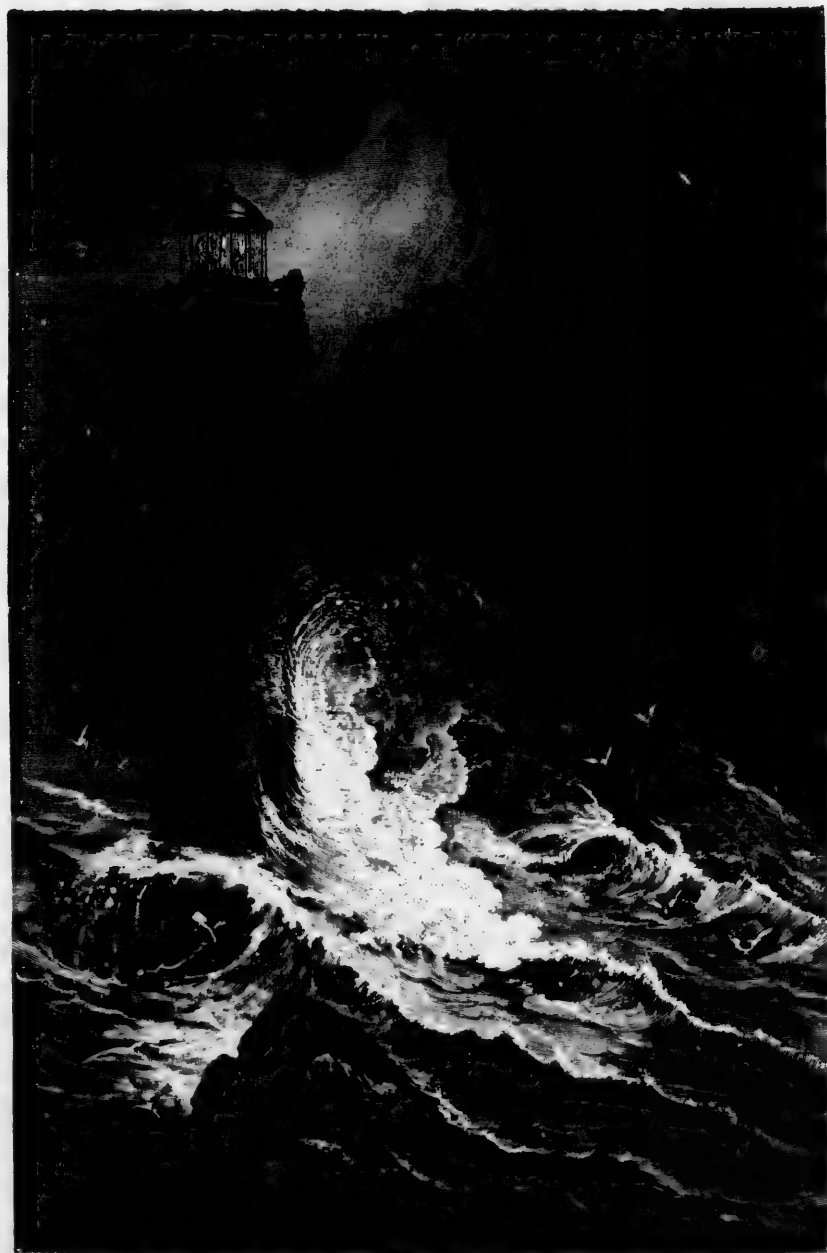
FLYING-FISH AND THEIR FOES.



SCISSOR-BILLS IN PURSUIT OF PREY.

Florida being evidently their goal. I reflected—how could I help it?—on what had been taking place more than three centuries before in this same quarter of the globe; when Juan Ponce and his followers had spread their sails, and turned their prows towards the same coast, seeking rejuvenescence. There were hundreds, thousands, with faces now set in the same direction—with thoughts bent upon the resuscitation of their health, if not

We first caught sight of Florida on passing Amelia Island; which is politically a portion of the State, forming its north-eastern extremity. This low-lying strip, chiefly composed of white sterile sand-dunes, gives but poor promise of a land of fertility and flowers. Amelia is one of the "sea-islands" so celebrated for the quality of their cotton. In an almost continuous chain these stretch along the coast from the Chesapeake to Cape



HAZARD LIGHTHOUSE, FLORIDA.

Sable—indeed, we may as well say to the Rio Grande—since the Gulf shore is furnished with a similar alignment. They are usually oblong in shape, of no great breadth, and separated from the mainland by a channel several miles in width—most of it a marsh overgrown with aquatic grasses. These constantly encroach on the clear-water channel, which in some places is narrowed to the dimensions of an ordinary stream. It is, however, wide and deep enough to admit of navigation by schooners, and other small craft—as also steamers of light draught. Along the Georgian coast it is called the “inside passage.” At intervals a break in the insular series gives place to a transverse channel or “sound,” which gives communication with the outside ocean, the break usually occurring opposite the mouths of the rivers.

Geographers need not be told that much of the coast of the Caribbean Sea is of a similar character; and going still farther to the south, we find the same peculiarity along a large portion of the seaboard of Brazil.

Amelia Island has its town and harbour—Fernandina—near its northern end. It was but a fishing village, of a few wooden houses, with a plank wharf for the embarkation of the cotton-bales, tobacco and sugar hogsheads, raised upon the island. An era of prosperity is now promised it, Fernandina having become the terminus of a railroad which runs thence to Cedar Keys, on the Gulf shore of the peninsula.

The town stands on the inland side of the island—directly opposite the mouth of the St. Mary's River, on the mainland, which forms the boundary between the States of Florida and Georgia. It is the more likely to become a place of importance, from having water of twelve feet depth against its wharf—a rare thing along this coast. The shoalness of its shores, and the absence of good anchorage, perhaps more than aught else, has hindered the prosperity of Florida. An effort, as we shall have occasion to show, is now being made to remedy these defects, and, no doubt, enterprise, combined with the power of steam, will in due time accomplish the desired end.

THE SIGNS OF THE TROPICS.

In the latitude of Amelia Island, although still above 30° N., you know that you are approaching the tropics. Out at sea, the rising thermometer warns you; and you feel it in the constantly increasing heat of the atmosphere. You also observe its signs in sea and sky. In the latter now frequently appears the frigate-bird (*Phaeton aethereus*), with its two long tail-feathers streaming gracefully behind, as it swoops from on high to pick up some small fish swimming too near the surface. A true child of the sun is this bird, never straying far outside the torrid zone. In the water new forms of fish, of far more brilliant hues than those frequenting the Northern seas, tell also of the tropics—*bonitos*, *albacores*, and *dorados*, in the translucent deep, appearing of a pure turquoise colour, as they disport themselves along the vessel's side, or cross before her cutwater.

A still surer indication of proximity to the tropics is in the frequency of flying-fish, and the increasing numbers observed. Along the Florida coast they are often seen in shoals. It may be more appropriate to say in flocks, since their spring or pitch has a resemblance to the flight of birds. One might easily mistake them for gulls.

In this part of the Atlantic, there are two distinct species—also distinct in genus. One is the *Exocoetus volitans* of Linnæus;

the other the *Trigla volitans* of Cuvier. They are very different, both in habits and appearance. The latter resemble red gurnets, and it is believed that they prey upon the other species. They have a stronger flight, and can sustain themselves for a longer time in the air.

The *Exocoetus volitans* feeds upon larvæ and small mollusks, found upon the floating seaweed. Besides being eaten up by their own kind, they are preyed upon by a variety of devourers—by the different kinds of dolphins, as also several seabirds. Off the Florida coast, and all through the Gulf and Caribbean Sea, “schools” of flying-fish, pursued by their plumed as well as scale-covered enemies, is no uncommon sight.

We saw several such chases while on our way to the St. John's. In one instance an immense flock of the *Exocoeti* were above water at the same time. As their bright scales and fins shimmered under the sunlight, it looked as if the air was filled with fragments of broken glass. It is said that their flights are more frequent during the season of spawning.

Another interesting spectacle afforded us was the black scissor-bills (*Rynchops nigra*), engaged in their piscatory pursuits. It is well known that these birds have beaks with the upper mandible much longer than the lower. Cuvier has made a mistake in describing the bill as compressed; it is not so; the superior mandible has a deep gutter, or groove, into which the sharp knife-like edge of the inferior exactly fits.

The scissor-bill skims the sea, beak agape. In this way it picks up small fishes, or mollusks, that swim near the surface. To prevent the water from entering the bird's throat, nature has provided it with a gullet of the smallest dimensions. Fishing after this fashion, its diet would seem precarious; and the wonder is, how the scissor-bills keep, as they are always found, in good condition. An explanation offered is, that they frequent the seashore on the outgoing of the tide, and there finding shell-fish that have opened their valves to the sun, they insert the longer mandible of their beaks, so as to prevent the bivalves from shutting up again, then raising the latter aloft, and striking them down upon a stone, they shatter the shells and afterwards devour their contents. Whether this be true or not, it is certain that the scissor-bills are seen ranged along the strand, close to the water's edge, at each outgoing of the tide.

A LIGHTHOUSE ROMANCE.

For some reason, unknown to me, our steamer had departed from its usual track in sighting Amelia Island. Perhaps it was the fine weather, making it safe enough to keep in shore, or some caprice of our skipper. Otherwise, on leaving the Savannah river we should have stood out to sea—not to sight land again until approaching the estuary of the St. John's.

We saw this land, the day after leaving Savannah—the same low-lying coast of sand-dune formation, with a spare vegetation but partially covering the drift. Another of the sea-islands, named “Talbot,” forms the northern lip of the embouchure of the St. John's. It is a sterile spot, little else growing upon it save a species of phloxwort (*Eglochoa*), that even goats will not eat.

As the main mouth of the river has a bar too shallow for the Savannah steamers, they are compelled to make entrance by a narrower arm, that opens into the sea farther south. Entering through this, you observe a lighthouse on the left, placed upon a projecting spit or islet, and known as the

"Hazard" Light. The name is taken from a small settlement on the mainland. The lighthouse is a quadrangular tower, sixty-five feet in height, topped by the usual cage and canopy.

A man named Brandt, an old sergeant of marines, had a fair daughter, called Fanny. Her father, being stationed at one of the U.S. naval arsenals, Fanny became a great favourite with captains, lieutenants, mid— in short, with officers of every rank and grade. Even commodores were not above paying court to Fanny Brandt.

It ended in a young officer of the irresistible sort compromising her character—at least, so rumour said, and so feared her father.

To the old sergeant the thing was not only a scandal, but a terrible chagrin; and all at once he disappeared from the arsenal, taking his daughter along with him. Save a confidential friend or two, no one knew where they had gone, or what had become of them; and in time the employés of the arsenal ceased to talk of them.

But, simultaneous with their departure, or very shortly after it, a new keeper was appointed to the Hazard Lighthouse, at the mouth of the river St. John's. This man had an only daughter, who entered the lighthouse along with him—not willingly, it may be presumed. Had she known what was in store for her, she would have made protest before submitting to such a fate. To end the mystery, it was the *ci-devant* sergeant of marines and his fair daughter Fanny who became tenants of the sea-washed tower. An old faithful servant of the Government, he had easily got appointed to the post, by a favourable chance just then vacant. He had been transported to the place—Fanny, *penates*, and all—by an old comrade, who commanded the revenue cutter upon the Florida coast, and who was acquainted with his secret.

When the cutter's boat returned aboard, after "dumping" the new lighthouse-keeper and his daughter on the steps of their

sea-surrounded tenement, they were left alone; their only companion being a negro, named Peter, whose duty it was to trim the lamps, and otherwise act as lighthouse attendant. The ex-sergeant of marines had determined that his erring daughter should have a long spell of repentance; and, as the tale goes, to this she was actually treated.

For months was she kept immured in the wave-washed tower, without seeing a soul except her own father, and the sable-skinned Peter—a very griff of an old negro. When these two left the lighthouse, either to go fishing, or get provisions from the village on the mainland, they, of course, took the lighthouse boat along with them. At other times it was hauled up on davits, beyond reach of the tidal wash. Fanny was, in fact, a prisoner, as securely kept as if Bluebeard had been her gaoler. The only pastime the poor girl was allowed during her protracted captivity, was reading some newspaper, which her father received through the post, and cultivating a few plants in pots—convolvuli and other creepers, the seeds of which old Peter had conveyed to her from the mainland.

It would spoil this pretty tale, were we not to give it an appropriate ending. Fortunately, the facts enable us to do this; and to say that the dénouement of Fanny Brandt's love-affair was in keeping with the other chapters of the story.

What actually did occur was, that the crime, for which she had done such bitter penance, was in due time condoned, the young officer making her his bride, with full consent of the old sergeant.

While listening to this little romance, absorbed in its interest, I took no note of what was passing beside me. Freed from the romantic spell, and once more recalled to reality, I looked up.

The steamer had crossed the bar, and was cleaving the chocolate-coloured waters of the St. John's.

The "Land of Flowers" was around me!

The Newly-conquered Russian Province of Dzungaria.

BY ARMINIUS VAMBÉRY.

THE country over which the Russian eagle has quite recently succeeded in spreading its ominous wings is so little known, that it will be serving the British public to give a brief account of it in the widely-circulated ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS. Such a description, from a geographical as well as from an ethnographical point of view, cannot be complete, but shall be, as far as I am able, accurate.

Dzungaria, in the north-west corner of the Chinese Empire, as it existed before recent changes, extends to the north of Eastern Turkestan, and to the east of the Russian frontier in the Alatau Mountains, from 42° to nearly 48° N. latitude. Notwithstanding its hilly features, it is favourable to agriculture, owing partly to the fat loamy soil, partly to the facility of irrigation provided by the Ili river, as well as by its affluents, which, pouring down from the north, swell the river itself, and irrigate the country in all directions.

Dr. W. Radloff, a distinguished German philologist, who was the first European who visited this part of the world, in

1862, names among the other affluents the Kash, whose course is mostly over rocky and rugged soil; the Pilitchy, which pours into the Ili, near the capital town of Kuldja; the Iklík, the Korgas, and finally, or the most westerly, the Ussug. Considering that between these various rivers there are minor rivulets, and the southern banks of the Ili are also more or less well irrigated, we may sum up by saying that the soil of Dzungaria, not inferior to the plains of Eastern Turkestan, belongs to the most fertile spots of Asia. Nor is the climate a despicable one. The winter is less severe than on the adjacent plains of Southern Siberia. It lasts only for about three months, and the lowest point reached by the thermometer is 24° below freezing. The summer is sometimes very sultry; the thermometer rises from 113° to 117½° Fahr. in the shade; so that the climatal conditions of the country may be called generally healthy, and malaria and other diseases met with in Chinese towns are but very seldom experienced.

The population amounts to something more than a million,

and consists (1) of Kalmucks and (2) of Tartars. The former, estimated by Dr. Radloff at from 18,000 to 20,000 men, are according to my information nearly twice as many. They are the aborigines of the country, and "Dzungaria" means in their language *the left arm*, in designation of their forming the western branch of the Mongols, while the eastern is generally called the right arm. And at the time when the

air, to be soaked by rain and frozen by cold, than to take shelter under the tent of a Kalmuck." But this opinion was that of a Mohammedan, who by principle of faith will always be a declared enemy of the Buddhist Kalmuck—who, on his part, is not less fanatic than his Moslem countryman. They have two temples—one on the river Takas and another on the right bank of the river Ili, which latter is the winter residence of



CAMEL OF A TARTAR EMIGRANT.

Chinese Emperor Kien-Lung broke the formerly mighty power of the Kalmucks, a great part of them emigrated to the west and north-west; but twenty years ago they returned to their former habitations, and girdle, so to say, with their camps and cattle, the valley of Dzungaria. In the south we meet the Durgow, Arban, and Durbun hordes; whilst in the north the Khorun tribe is to be met with. As far as regards their nomadic occupation and life, they differ but little from their neighbours the Kara-Kirghiz and the Kasak, except by their more striking feature of uncleanness and poverty. I often heard one of my fellow-travellers say, "Better to spend a night in the open

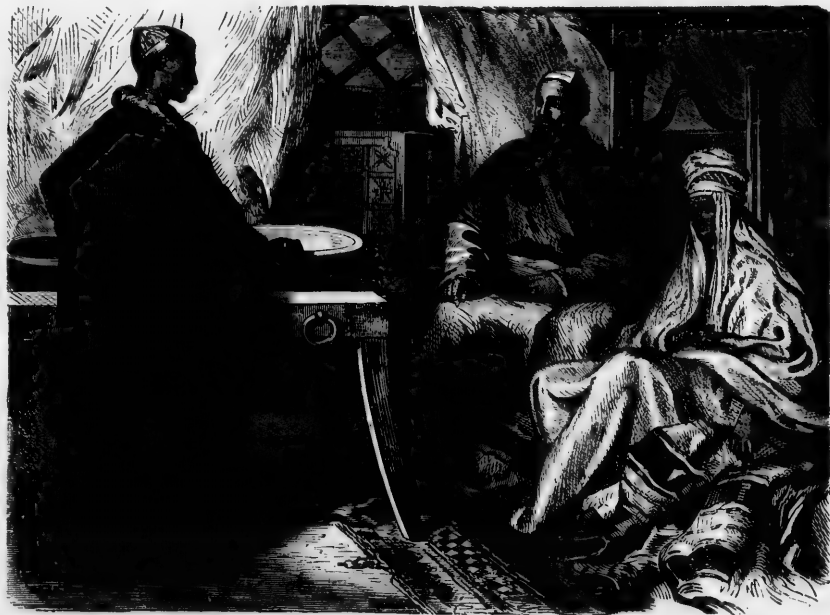
their high priest, known under the title Kham Da Lama, who is generally accompanied by a large suite of priests, who teach the people to read and write—a circumstance which is not the case with the Mohammedan priests roaming over the steppes. It is to this winter residence that the wealthier people used to resort during the cold season, where are also to be found the Buddhist pilgrims, and a good many Chinese merchants who offer sundry wares to sell; so that their dreary life becomes, for a time, much animated.

Formerly they were governed by Manchu officers sent from Peking, but since 1864, when they threw off the yoke of the

"Flowery Empire of the Middle," they stand under their own Yaisang (chief of the tribe), to whom they pay, as annual tribute, a certain number of sheep and camels, and are obliged to serve in time of war.

The Tartar population, otherwise called "Tarandji" (Ploughers), are mostly, as their name indicates, an agricultural people, and are the offspring of those Tartars whom the Chinese Government banished hither, in consequence of their revolutionary movements, instigated and led by fanatic Khodjas (*soi-disant* descendants of the Prophet) from Khokand. Dr. Radloff, the above-mentioned German philologist, estimates

In their physical features, the Tarandjis differ but little from the northern inhabitants of Eastern Turkestan. I say northern on purpose, as the southern population bears too frequently the mark of intermixture with the Mohammedans of Khokand, of Kashmir, and of Northern India. They are a stout, well-built people, adapted to all hardships of life, and proof against all inclemencies of weather. Their broad forehead, protruding cheek-bone, small eyes, and thin lips are not very attractive to Europeans, whose eyes are accustomed only to Iranian or to Semitic features. The Tarandji is a plain-looking man, but not without qualities which raise him far



INTERIOR OF TENT OF A TARTAR CHIEF.

their total number at from 7,000 to 8,000 families, each of which received from the Government a certain portion of arable country, and had to pay for it annually thirty-two *kho* (a Chinese hundredweight) of different cereals; a quantity which was doubled in time of war, when the poor Tarandji was compelled besides to serve also with his cattle. Notwithstanding these heavy oppressions, we are told that the Tartars were generally the wealthiest inhabitants of Dzungaria—which may be principally attributed to the extraordinary care they bestow on their fields and irrigation channels, as well as to the patience and perseverance which characterise all the inhabitants of Eastern Turkestan. The Tartar settlements are to be met with on the other side of the river Ili, where their villages are scattered on the banks of the Kash, and other affluents of the river Ili, as well as on the irrigation channels, which by their industry are spread over the country.

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above his Chinese and Kalmuck countrymen. Of his assiduity we have already spoken; we may add his intense and true religious feelings, his love for family life, and above all, his poetical propensities. On my journey from Khiva to Bokhara, I happened to be several days in the company of one of these Tarandjis, who, animated by the desire of pilgrimage, undertook the troublesome journey from the banks of the Ili to the distant tomb of Mahomet. What dreary deserts, what rapacious and cruel populations had he not to pass, in order to attain his aim! Twice he was robbed on his way. He lived on alms, and succeeded in providing himself with the necessary funds for the journey across Persia and Arabia, where pilgrims have no prospect of charitable aid. He had been twice robbed, as I have stated, and was then in fear of further pillage at the hands of the avaricious Turkomans. Still the good man was happy and serene, when thinking of the holy service he was

performing; and the glittering tears in his eyes while speaking of his family used to impress me deeply. To his dwelling so much on family souvenirs I owe the sight of an interesting letter, written by his wife, which was interesting as showing (1) that Mohammedan ladies in that distant part of the Moslem world are able to write; and (2) that their style is not less soft and flowery than the epistolary compositions of the much-renowned ladies of Western Asia.

As far as regards personal valour, the Tarandji may be described, in company with his brothers in Eastern Turkestan, as the most timid and feeble of the Mohammedans of Asia—which is mainly to be ascribed to the long and hard servitude under Chinese rule: and had it not been for his Chinese co-religionists in Yunan, he would still be suffering under the oppression of his Buddhist masters. In 1864, as the reader may be aware, a certain religious movement began in Tali-Fu, the capital of the aforesaid Chinese province, in order to overthrow the Pekin Government, and to institute a new Mohammedan rule. This, as we know, succeeded. The revolution spread still further over the provinces Kan-Su and Shan-Si, finding its way to Dzungaria, and affecting at the same time the southern slopes of the Thian-Shan mountains. By occasional reports from the last-named countries—partly, also, by English travellers who have since visited Khoten, Yarkand, and Kashgar—we know that the country of the *six towns*, as the Mohammedans used to call Eastern Turkestan, still clings firmly to her independence, and is ruled by Jakoob Kushbegi, who was wise enough to enter into friendly relations with the Anglo-Indian Government—nay, to ask the good advice of the Viceroy, in order to make his people happy. We have further learned that beyond the mountains of Eastern Turkestan—namely, in the Ili district, or Dzungaria, the government rested in three different hands: (1) The Kalmucks, who retired in the beginning of the revolution beyond the mountains, have since returned to their pasturing-grounds on the banks of the Ili. They are ruled by an elderly woman, whose hair hangs in long tresses down her back, which are so heavily laden with golden coins and other precious ornaments, that they have to be supported by two men as she walks. Being cut off from their co-religionists, and continually exposed to the hatred of the Mohammedans, these Kalmucks, we are told, eagerly looked for Russian protection, and had free access to Fort Vernob, the most easterly outpost of the Russians. (2) The Tarandjis, who are united under the leadership of a Khodja, and entertain friendly relations with Jakoob Kushbegi,

upon whom they look as their protector against all evils. (3) The Dzungans, or Mohammedan Chinese, whose prince resides at Urumsai, and who have been always in continual enmity with all their neighbours.

So matters stood until the last year, when the Tarandjis from Kuldja came into collision with Russians in consequence of the protection they afforded to a party of Kirghiz who committed some outrage on Russian officers, and tried to escape Muscovite punishment by retiring to the territory of Dzungaria. General Kolpakovsky, the commanding officer on the Issik-Kul, summoned at once the Kuldja authorities to send back the fugitive Kirghiz, threatening at the same time that the refusal of the demand would involve the wrath of the Czar, or the *White Khan*, as the Tartars call him. Havil-Oglan, as the military chief in Kuldja is called—and not Abel-Oglan, as the Russian reports erroneously state—gave an evasive answer, the consequence of which was that the Russians passed, in the beginning of May, with several detachments of troops, the river Borokhudsir, which forms the frontier between the two countries. After numberless battles, in which several hundreds of Tartars were slain by the fire of the needle-guns, the total loss of the Russians amounting scarcely to fifty men, the Russians succeeded in entering Kuldja, the capital of Dzungaria, where a considerable booty was taken: 359 heavy guns, 57 field guns, 13 falconets, 2 mortars, 1,681 match-lock rifles, 675 lances, &c., fell into their hands.

Kuldja is situated on the right bank of the Ili. The chief street is the bazaar, where, in former times, Chinese merchants had their magazines, when the trade in silk stuffs, printed calicoes, chintzes, and other wares imported from China, Eastern Turkestan, and Khokand was considerable. Dr. Radioff, speaking of the bazaar, says:—"A wild confusion reigns. Merchants invite customers by praising with loud voice their wares; hundreds of ambulating traders offer meat, fruits, and drugs for sale, deafening the visitor by their cries." Add to this the motley crowds of officers, soldiers, rich private men, Kalmucks, Tartars, half-naked beggars, and old matrons clothed in rags, but not without fine roses in the neatly-dressed hair—and you will have some idea of the public life in Kuldja. By the new political arrangements, Semipalatinsk will probably gain great commercial importance, and will very likely become the great emporium of a new route of trade from the north-western provinces of China to Europe, especially to Russia.

Mauch's Journey on the Vaal River in Southern Africa.

If we turn to a map of South Africa, we observe that Cape Colony is bounded on the north by a great river with numerous tributaries, which runs nearly across the continent from east to west, and is called the Orange River. The great Kalahari Desert occupies the centre of the continent, north of the Orange River, while to the east, the principal states north of Cape Colony are Caffraria and Natal on the coast, bounded to the west by the mountains in which the Orange River rises; then Basuto-land, enclosed on three sides by the different states just mentioned, and on the north-west bounded by one of the

main head-waters of the river. In the angle between the Orange River on the south, and the Vaal River or Gariep on the north, which is one of its largest tributaries, lies the Orange River Free State; and north of the Vaal River again, the Trans-Vaal Republic. It is in the western part of these latter territories, along the course of the Vaal River, that so many diamonds have recently been discovered.

The great Kalahari Desert has long been encroaching on the more fertile country to the east, which is attributable, in Dr. Livingstone's opinion, to the gradual upheaval of the land

and to the consequent drainage of the great lakes which formerly occupied this part of Africa. But Mr. James Fox Wilson, in a paper read before the Royal Geographical Society in 1865, argues that the diminution of water and fertility is owing partly to the arid character of the country itself, and partly to the pernicious custom of the natives, who burn and destroy the vegetation which alone could mitigate it.

On the east coast lies a fertile zone, well supplied with rain by the prevailing north-east winds from the Indian Ocean; but after passing over the mountains, the clouds have already parted with much of their moisture; and as they continue their course over more and more barren districts, with little vegetation to check evaporation from the heated ground, rain becomes more and more rare till we arrive at the desert, where rain never occurs except when casually and very locally distributed by terrific thunderstorms.

The discovery of diamonds in abundance along the Vaal River has rendered a knowledge of the upper waters of the Orange River, and especially the Vaal River, not merely interesting, but of great practical importance, as all the necessities of life must be procured for the Diamond District either from the more fertile country to the east, or from Cape Colony; and the latter route is considerably longer, and would be much the more difficult, if the Vaal River could be rendered navigable. Influenced by the foregoing considerations, Karl Mauch, a German explorer who happened to be staying at Potchefstroom, the capital of the Trans-Vaal Republic, in December, 1870, undertook to descend the Vaal River as far as Hebron (a town in the Diamond District), a distance of about 350 English miles. Potchefstroom is situated on the Mooi River, a small and unnavigable stream which falls into the Vaal on the north bank, a few miles below the town.

The only vessel Mauch could procure was a crazy flat-bottomed boat, which leaked so much as to require constant baling out to keep it afloat at all.

On the 16th of December, 1870, Mauch started on his voyage of discovery in this wretched boat, from the mouth of the Mooi River, a point where the Vaal is about 200 paces broad. Next day his difficulties commenced. The river was divided into narrow channels by numerous islands overgrown with willows, the current running six knots an hour; and this obstacle was followed by a rapid, formed by great masses of rock standing up in all directions. It was impossible to steer, and Mauch was obliged to keep his balance standing, expecting the boat to strike every moment. It did strike once, fortunately against a willow-stump half concealed by the water, instead of a rock; and a sudden spring to the other end of the boat saved the traveller from being thrown overboard. Next day he had some difficulty in escaping from a sort of whirlpool, formed, he supposes, by the precipitous limestone of the south bank of the stream being hollowed out by subterranean streams. The water was covered with scum, and a number of fish, called "barbs" in the neighbourhood, were sporting about in it.

For eighty miles above the town of Bloemhof, Mauch was much impeded by contrary winds; the river being here very broad and the current very slow, he could make no progress in the daytime, and was obliged to endeavour to catch the light breeze in the early morning hours with his large umbrella, to continue his voyage at all.

A little below this place, the river again divided into so

many small channels, that Mauch was obliged to lever his boat over the boulders and rushes with his rudder.

The last twenty-five miles of the voyage were one continual succession of rapids and waterfalls; and three miles above Hebron, Mauch encountered a cataract twenty feet high and forty feet broad at the base. Tying the rope round his wrist, he endeavoured to guide the boat by leaping from rock to rock, but he lost his footing on the wet and slippery stones, and was dragged along with the boat, and rather badly bruised. This adventure terminated his voyage, which had lasted for three weeks and two days.

In spite of the numerous obstacles, which impede the navigation of the Vaal River, Mauch considers that it could easily be rendered navigable for the whole distance which he traversed at a comparatively moderate expense.

Although the river flows through a barren undulating country, the river scenery itself is very pretty. An almost continuous succession of willows (*Salix gariensis*) fringe both banks, letting their slender, waving branches play in the water, the light green of their foliage forming a pleasing contrast to the darker green reeds and acacia bushes standing behind them, higher on the bank. The rays of the setting sun sparkling on the water lend a peculiar charm to the scene.

The boat continually drives out birds of various kinds from their places of concealment; now it is a family of wild geese which rush out into the stream from under the willows, or a pair of wild ducks; next a flock of guinea-fowls run from the bushes to a more open place. Sometimes a covey of partridges fly away over the bushes, or a family of owls (*Bubo Verrauxii*) disturbed from their place of concealment, fly a short distance, and presently plunge again into the thickest shade of the bushes. On the dead willows, overhanging the water sit dark-coloured cormorants, stretching their necks stiffly out and looking down. Sometimes a great grey Caffrarian crane will fly on before the boat for a short distance, and on its nearer approach fly a little further, and allow himself to be thus disturbed for several hours together. At a greater distance a pair of ospreys are sitting on a willow stump, preening their snow-white plumage, and kingfishers are diving after fish in their usual manner.

At some places, well-fed cows are cropping the tenderest grass under the bushes on the banks, and nimble goats nibble the ends of the twigs; while the little herd-boys try to hide themselves in the bushes, or run to carry the news of an approaching boat to their father, who generally appears on the bank attended by his numerous family, to question the traveller about his journey and destination.

A little further on, the scenery is less agreeable, where the river flows between high crumbling sandstone cliffs. Here baboons climb up the steep rocks, and brown sand-martins, which build under the overhanging banks, are continually flying up and down. The small black-faced monkey so common on the Limpopo, and the much-hunted reed-buck, are but rarely met with on the Vaal River.

Motion and life are thus everywhere present, and tend to dispel the inevitable feeling of loneliness which besets a solitary traveller; but, as Mauch well observes, "where the river has a rapid fall, and presents a constant succession of cataracts, rocky banks, and steep cliffs, all attention must be concentrated on these, and the traveller must cease to observe the 'struggle for existence' among other creatures, and confine himself to his own struggle with the elements."

An Autumn Tour in Andalusia.

BY ULICK RALPH BURKE.

INTRODUCTORY—LONDON TO MADRID—MADRID.

IN the latter end of the month of August, 1871, I found myself with my wife at Madrid. It would be idle nowadays to give any account of how we got there. A capital express

night. When in the country parts, the ever-watchful bandit picturesquely attired, with coloured ribbons tied round his calves, carries you off to his lair in the mountains; or in the town a casual passer-by, jealous of a glance you may have



PEASANTS IN THE VINEYARDS OF VAL DE PENAS.

train whisks you from Paris to the centre of Spain in less than thirty-six hours, with plenty of stoppages for refreshment by the way. Of course all our friends were very much shocked at our visiting the Peninsula in August. Conventionally, every one knows it is a mistake to go to Spain at all. You are starved, as a matter of course; you are eaten up with vermin of every description; and even should you travel with a few cans of preserved meat and biscuits, and a keg of insect-destroying powder, it is simply impossible to find any means of conveyance. Such is conventional Spain at all times and seasons—but in August! It is impossible to have your room protected by closed shutters except at

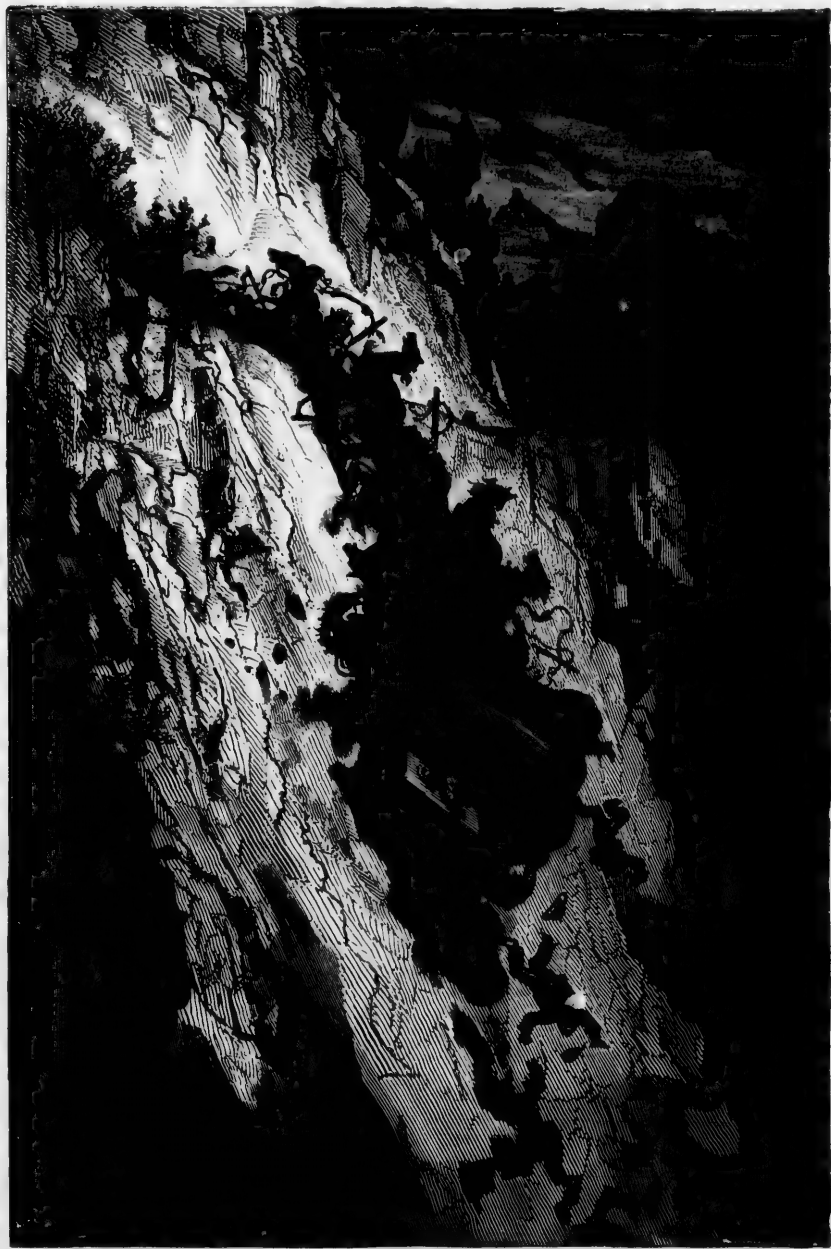
cast at his *querida*, sticks two or three feet of an Albacete knife into your back.

However, we determined to brave all these dangers and discomforts. So, after a few days' stay at Paris and Bordeaux, a dip into the soft, warm sea water at San Sebastian, and a peep at the archives of Spain in the dreary old castle of Simancas, near Valladolid, we found ourselves, as I have said, towards the end of August, in that extraordinary compound of an old Spanish and a new French town—in that strange, dull, out-of-the-way collection of civilisation and barbarism, where the nineteenth century is at home with the seventeenth—which is called Madrid. The traveller who arrives by rail

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AN ACCIDENT.

is struck at once, and most forcibly, that he has not come to an ordinary European capital. The wretched shed which serves as a terminus to the Great Northern Railway of Spain; the strange omnibus-diligences, with long teams of horses or mules, which are awaiting the arrival of the train; and the noisy throng, good-humoured though rude, whose strange and picturesque costumes enliven the dreary streets, all convince the stranger that he has at last really got away from London, or Paris, or Vienna, or wherever he may happen to come from. There are two or three very good hotels in Madrid, but we had an introduction to a *casa de huéspedes*, Anglicised into that dreadful word "boarding-house;" so we jumped into one of those exceedingly nicely turned-out little broughams which ply in the streets of Madrid, and drove away. These little carriages, by the way, are among the most civilised things in Madrid. They only hold two, but they are clean and smart, something like the *voitures de remise* in Paris. The fares are very low, about a franc the course, and two francs the hour, *pourboire* included. They are all fitted with a little clock, the dial of which is placed in front of the passengers. As soon as a carriage is engaged, the driver immediately puts down an iron flag, on which *se alquila* ("for hire") is inscribed, which sets this clock going, the hands of which point to twelve o'clock as zero, so that not only is there no possibility of a dispute at the end of the drive as to the length of the hiring, but the passengers are able at all times to see "how the time is going." In some instances a second dial in the clock, telling the correct time, is placed side by side with this "indicator."

SPANISH MONEY.

Madrid has been so often described that I will not enter into any details of our stay there. Suffice it to say that the weather was rather cold and occasionally rainy, that the pictures were as beautiful, and the *Puerta del Sol* as animated as ever, though, indeed, August is as much the dead season in Madrid as it is in London, if it be not absurd to compare two such places. There is one subject, however, upon which a few words had better be said before leaving Madrid, and that is the money. The original mode of counting Spanish money was in *reals*, or royals, a real being worth about 2½d. of our money; there were also two and four real pieces, which were worth respectively a trifle over the half-franc and the franc piece of France, and various other coins, both silver and gold, up to the *onsa*, worth about £3 15s. sterling. Between three and four years ago, however, Isabel II., or her finance minister, introduced a new coin as the unit of value, the *escudo*, or crown, worth ten reals. The old dollar (or *duro*) of twenty reals was called a two-escudo piece, and half and quarter escudo pieces were coined, unpleasantly like the old eight real and four real pieces. The escudo system was a decimal one, and small sums were computed in so many hundredths or thousandths of an escudo. At the revolution, again, an entirely new system, also decimal, was introduced, on the model of the French, and the piece which before was inscribed four reals, or 40-100ths of an escudo, was christened a *peseta*. At the present day all these systems are in force, and coin of every conceivable value and bearing every possible inscription are current; consequently, in every payment you make each coin is examined with the greatest suspicion, and often bitten and scratched,

and otherwise tested, in a way very hurtful to your *amour-propre*. By way of helping matters, French five-franc pieces are legally current, being worth nineteen reals. Into the copper coinage we will not even attempt to enter, for four or five different systems, each with coins similar in size and appearance but differing widely in value, prevail. We will take care, therefore, in the present narrative, never to allude to a less sum than a real.

The best way of taking out money from England is in bankers' circular notes, which may usually be changed at from ninety-four to ninety-five reals for each pound sterling. Those who enter Spain after any stay in France had better change their French money at San Sebastian, where they will get ninety-six reals for the twenty-franc piece. It is difficult to get so much, or indeed to change foreign gold at all, in the south of Spain.

PREPARATIONS FOR STARTING—VAL DE PEÑAS.

Before leaving England we had provided ourselves with a pair of saddle-bags, somewhat larger than the ordinary Spanish *alforjas*, and into them we stuffed a few changes of linen, a sketch-book, a revolver, a few bottles of medicine, and two or three books, and took our places about six o'clock one morning in the Cordova train, which was to take us as far as Mengibar on our way to Granada. There were only two first-class passengers in the train, and they were a Spanish lady and gentleman with a tame or, rather, wild sheep, whose determined objection to get into a dog-box, or even to walk along the platform in the same direction as his master and mistress, was a source of considerable amusement to the assembled passengers. One of the most striking points in the Spanish character is their fondness for laughing at everything that may not be exactly *regular*, or what they are accustomed to, while they have an almost childish dread of ridicule themselves. After the usual Spanish delays, at the last minute our train started, and wound its slow and tortuous course through the hilly country near Madrid. The view of the capital at sunrise from this railroad is about the best that can be obtained. This strange city, standing in the midst of the mountains, surrounded with walls, and absolutely without suburbs, as the surrounding country is absolutely without trees, shows a different face, as each bend of the road brings its huge palaces and barracks into view, and is only lost to sight when the grove of Aranjuez, an oasis in this Castilian desert, relieves for a moment the monotonous barrenness of the scenery.

After passing the mountains of Toledo, the rail enters upon a very flat country, which is for the most part entirely uncultivated, and grazed by sheep or swine, who must have hard work enough to get a living off those stony plains, whose vegetation probably contributes more to sinew than to fat. Not far from Manzanares, however, we saw most flourishing vineyards on either side of the railroad, and were informed by one of our fellow-passengers, as a matter of some curiosity, that the land had been taken and reclaimed by a French gentleman, who had come with his son to reside on his estate. The land had been five years ago exactly in a similar condition to the stony plains by which it was surrounded; but, as my friend informed me, no Spaniard would ever have enterprise or capital enough to attempt to reclaim any of this land. So we passed on, with a shrug of the shoulders,

and the land lies there waiting for the foreigner to develop its undoubted fertility. The Rhine wine grape has been planted on part of the reclaimed land, and is said to thrive wonderfully. On reaching Val de Peñas ("valley of rocks"), however, we have entered a country in which the Burgundy grape has for some time been extensively cultivated, and whose produce is the wine so universally esteemed throughout Spain under the name of Val de Peñas. The engraving on page 19 represents a scene in the vintage, when the fresh-plucked grapes are being carried to the winepress. As soon as the wine is made it is stored away in huge *tinajas*, or earthenware jars of a pale yellow colour. I should be thought guilty of exaggeration were I to give my own estimate of the size of these *tinajas*, but for the guidance of others I may say that not more than one can be placed upon a large open railway truck.

It may be remarked *en passant* that it is extremely difficult to get Val de Peñas wine pure, except at the place where it is made—nor indeed always there. In the time before railways and casks, this impurity was always accounted for by the fact that the wine acquired something of the taste of the skins in which it was carried, and it was also suggested that the muleteers, not being by any means bad judges of wine, preferred drawing upon their cargo than upon their private *botas* or *botellas* during the journey, making up the deficit before arriving at their destination, by filling up the skins with inferior wine and water. The railways, by introducing casks and the means of transporting them, have no doubt done away with the former of these reasons; but as to the latter, we imagine the wine merchants have kept up the old traditions, and followed the course which was formerly pursued by the muleteers with an unvarying constancy which leaves nothing to be desired. Pure Val de Peñas wine is said to be exceedingly good, but, in spite of all our endeavours, I was unable to taste any. The best "mixtures" that are to be had vary from one to three pesetas a bottle.

After leaving Val de Peñas, which is rather a dreary town, with a bad inn, we had a few hours' taste of La Mancha scenery; and, certainly, if anything could make one better appreciate the power of Cervantes' genius, it would be that he has been able to invest such a perfectly dreary and uninteresting wilderness with the interest with which every educated man regards La Mancha—at least, from a distance. At length, and happily before dusk, we entered upon the magnificent scenery of the Sierra Morena.

SIERRA MORENA—ROAD TO JAEN.

The pass of the Despeñaperros, viewed from the railway, is grand in the extreme; altogether, the scenery struck us as being finer than that of the justly celebrated passage of the Pyrenees between San Sebastian and Vittoria, and the old diligence road, as it winds through the defiles, is continually coming in sight, as the train continues its more direct course. More than once we wished that it were possible to perform just that part of the journey by diligence. A friend of ours who had been by road before the opening of the railway, as well as since, afterwards told me that the old drive was incomparably more magnificent, though you might be exposed to accidents similar to that which M. Doré has conceived, in the accompanying spirited sketch, which gives a good idea of some of the scenery of this part of the Sierra Morena.

Two or three of the stations bear names associated with Don Quixote; but night came on apace, and passing by the intermediate stations in rather a gaping condition, we were very glad when the train—not more than an hour and a half late—stopped at Mengibar. It was just ten o'clock, the night was clear, but decidedly cold, and we were glad of those warm wraps for which we had so often to be thankful during our tour, and without which I recommend no one to travel in Spain at any season of the year. The station at Mengibar was, of course, only a shed; all side stations in Spain are the same, and there was no light, save that of the stars and the mayoral's lantern, by which we saw or made our way into the *cupe* of the diligence which was to take us on that night to Jaen. Some travelling acquaintances who were going on to Granada pressed us to accompany them to the end, but in an evil hour I refused. My wife was tired, and we had heard that Jaen was an interesting place, so we duly inscribed ourselves as passengers to Jaen, and after a vast amount of writing by the aid of the solitary lantern, we were handed a "ticket" about the size of a weekly newspaper. A lamp and a great many cigars were lighted on the box of the diligence; and, after a little preliminary shouting, a terrific shock, which felt as if the entire vehicle was coming to pieces, announced that we were off. By the weird and fitful light of our coach-lantern, I could distinguish ten horses, stretching out two-and-two in a long line before us, and far, far away in the distance a spectral figure was seen in the darkness above the leading horse, whose wild cries and the sparks which fell from his cigar inspired us with a sort of awe, which in other countries and under other circumstances is rarely felt for a postillion. But however interesting or novel Spanish diligence travelling may have been to us, it will not be so to the reader of the ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS for the year 1869, where this subject along with many others is treated with great spirit, and with a fidelity to nature to which I have great pleasure in bearing witness. It will be enough for me, therefore, to conclude this paragraph by saying that we arrived safely at Jaen about one o'clock a.m.; and a very few minutes after we were sleeping profoundly on comfortable iron beds—steads in the *Fonda de Europa*.

JAEN—DIFFICULTIES OF GETTING AWAY.

We awoke the next morning quite rested, and paid a visit to the cathedral, which is the great sight of Jaen. It is indeed a noble pile of Græco-Roman architecture, simple and imposing in the interior, while the singularly elegant and harmonious arrangement of the whole renders it, as seen from the outside, as graceful as it is massive. The town appeared very small and deserted, and a ramble through its narrow and tortuous streets discovered no new beauties, nor even objects of local interest in the way of shops; so before returning to breakfast at the *fonda* at eleven o'clock, I thought we might as well go to the diligence office, and take our places for Granada in that night's coach. On arriving at the office, however, the man in authority informed us that places could never be secured at Jaen, only at Mengibar; so we should have to wait until the diligence arrived at half-past eleven p.m., and be in readiness at the office with our equipage, on the chance of there being two places vacant.

In order, however, to be permitted this pleasure and advantage, it was necessary to "inscribe your name" in advance; and as on the occasion in question no less than eight persons

had so qualified themselves, the man in authority strongly but very quietly recommended us to stay in bed. As we were very anxious to get on to Granada, being pressed for time, and being but too well assured that there was nothing to see at Jaen, we spent the day in fruitless endeavours to break our thralldom, and our numerous reverses, unpleasant as they were at the time, gave us a very good insight into certain points of Spanish, or rather, Andalusian life and character; for let it be here remarked, once for all, that the Andalusian bears very little more resemblance to the Castilian, or inhabitant of the northern provinces of Spain, than he does to an Englishman. But to return. Our first proceeding was to inscribe our names, first on the list as it happened, for the next day's diligence, by which we incurred no further liability, and we then set to work vigorously to endeavour to get away that day. Could we have a private carriage? No. Saddle-horses? After much pushing, Yes; but they would take two days to get to Granada, whereas the diligence took but eight hours. We should have had to pay the return journey of the horses and man; and as there was not even a village at which we could sleep, on the desolate road between Jaen and Granada, we hesitated. Was there no other public conveyance but the diligence? Yes; the *galera*, which started every day at

five a.m. The full title of the conveyance was *galera acelerada* (accelerated galera), but on further inquiry we learnt that it took twenty-four hours to perform the stage. Now as the distance from Jaen to Granada is exactly fifty-three and a quarter English miles, our readers can calculate for themselves how much over two miles an hour is the speed of this "accelerated galera." A contemplation of these figures almost made me think of walking to Granada, but, unfortunately, although our luggage was not very heavy, we could not quite carry even our saddle-bags, and we could not manage fifty-three miles at a stretch, so that scheme had to be abandoned.

But something must really be done. Was there no connection with Mengibar? I would willingly pay the excess fare in order to secure seats. Oh yes; there was the return diligence every morning, but that had just passed. I thought

of walking, and should have just had time. The distance was certainly not so great as to Granada—only seventeen miles, but even this would have been a long four hours' work; and suppose there was not a vacant place when I got to Mengibar, I should simply have had to walk back for my pains, in the middle of the night, through one of the wildest countries in Spain. It could not be done. I never felt so utterly powerless in my life, and the extreme calmness and immobility of every one to whom I applied rendered my situation more aggravating.

At length an idea struck me—the telegraph; I had seen the wires along the roadside leading to Mengibar. The thing was done! I marched off to the post-office, wrote out my message—only ten words allowed—to the *administrador* at Mengibar to secure two places of any description. And now to send it off. The telegraph clerk was asleep, and on his being aroused, after much expostulation on my part, by another official, I learnt that although there was a line to Mengibar, the public was not permitted to make use of it! He told me this, not only calmly, but with the air of a man who confers a favour upon you, speaking very slowly, and using many long and noble-sounding words. This final blow crushed me, and the clerk returned to his siesta, and I to my despair, from which I did not recover until

about thirty-six hours afterwards, when, at half-past eleven p.m., we took our seats upon our saddle-bags in the midst of the *plaza* through which the diligence would pass; and after only two hours' waiting under those interesting circumstances, we heard the horn and the clatter of the approaching team. My heart beats high at the bare recollection of that anxious moment, just before we learnt, to our inexpressible joy, that there were two vacant places in the *cupé*.

We took summary possession of our seats, and stirred not till about eleven o'clock the next morning, when the diligence stopped in the principal square of that city so eagerly looked forward to—the prime object of every visitor to Andalusia, if not indeed to Spain, and in our own case rendered doubly welcome by our late struggles to reach it.

In spite of our wraps, we had been bitterly cold during our



NATIVES OF JAEN.

mountain drive, and the knowledge that we were in Andalusia, strange to say, did not in the least tend to keep us warm. The country through which the road passed was one of the most deserted that I have ever seen, and we wondered where the people could be who cultivated the ground, or, at all events, gathered in the produce; for agriculture is not much practised in the south of Spain, where Nature is so bountiful that you can reap almost without the trouble of sowing. However, the only signs that the fifty-three miles of road from Jaen to Granada passed through an inhabited country were to be found in two very small villages, half-a-dozen stations or barracks of the *guardia civil*, and two or three wretched *ventas*. We may take occasion to remark in this place that this *guardia civil*, or country *gendarmerie*, is one of the best institutions in Spain, or, indeed, in any other country. The men are certainly the only officials in the Peninsula who are always at their post—watchful, civil, well armed, mounted, and equipped, and apparently almost ubiquitous. Their exertions, or perhaps only their presence, has rendered brigandage, even in the most mountainous and out-of-the-way parts of Spain, quite a thing of the past.

When we arrived within a few miles of Granada, however, the whole face of the country underwent a striking and most agreeable change. The barren and rocky mountains gave place to more fertile and cultivated fields; and while trees, absolute trees, gave a furnished look to the foreground of the landscape, a broad green valley stretching out in every direction as far as the eye could reach, verdant with vegetation, dotted all over with villages and hamlets, and watered by a thousand streams, proclaimed the long-celebrated *vega* of Granada. Every spot upon which the eye can rest is the scene of some action celebrated in the romantic history of the Moorish dominion in Spain, and the charm of the now "happy valley," is enhanced by the splendid traditions of which it is the scene.

Of all the cities of Spain, the most original, the most strikingly different from other cities of the world, is Granada. Inaccessible, even in these days of universal railways, except by

diligence, the town and the surrounding *vegas* seem shut out from the rest of Europe by the snowey heights of the Sierra Nevada—snowey even after a Spanish summer, and producing a deliciously cool breeze, to cheer the inhabitants of the valley. But, in spite of all the moral and physical isolation of which Granada may perhaps boast, no one, unless speaking in bitter sarcasm, could call it an essentially Spanish town. Nature, indeed, has richly endowed it, but beyond the blue sky, the green valley, and the ever-varying effects of light and shade on the surrounding mountains, everything that is beautiful and interesting at Granada is a remnant of the old Moorish civilisation. In spite of four centuries of destruction and neglect, enough remains of Moorish magnificence and Moorish taste to render Granada one of the most interesting cities in Europe. But, oh! *quantum mutatus ab illo*, when Mohammed III. held his court in the halls of the Alhambra, when marble fountains played crystal water, and dusky sentinels mounted guard at the gorgeous gateways. The gateways have been disfigured with Spanish additions, the fountains are broken, most of the old Moorish houses have been pulled down, the Generalife has been *whitewashed*, and the Alhambra remains only as a standing miracle of resistance to destruction. Much of it was pulled down by the Spaniards, much blown up by the French; it has been sacked *en gros et en detail*, both by governors and conquerors, and the remainder has been carefully whitewashed by successive generations of Granadese: and yet it remains the Alhambra, and one of the most interesting, if not one of the most beautiful monuments of Moslem magnificence in Europe. It makes the heart sick to contemplate the universal decay of the palace of the Moorish kings. The whitewashed walls are cracked, the mosaic ceilings of the choicest woods are damp and decaying away, the exquisite pictures in one of the rooms are almost obliterated with names scribbled over them, the courts are shorn of their marble pavement, and the fishponds of their marble balustrades, and a few clumsy beams that prop up the tottering arches alone mark the hand of the Spaniard.

An Ascent of the Cofre de Perote, Mexico.

AFTER Orizava, the Cofre de Perote is the most remarkable mountain seen from the Vera Cruz coast-land. The two are in the same chain—the eastern *cordillera* of the Sierra Madre—and almost in the same longitude, their summits towering up nearly thirty miles apart, though their extended bases are connected by the *cordillera* depressed between them.

The peak of Perote is a little below the tropical snow-line, and snow is never seen upon its summit except after a winter shower—then only remaining for a few hours. Like other mountains in this range, its sides are clothed with a verdant mantle of the long-leaved and other species of pines, forming a dense forest, that is continued far up the slope, almost to the summit. Beyond this appears the black porphyritic rock, terminating in that singularly-shaped peak bearing the name of Cofre. Instead of the usual conical or dome shape, the top of Perote is almost a regular parallele-

pipedon, bearing resemblance to a gigantic box or chest. Hence the Spanish name *Cofre*, which it has borne from the time of the conquest. The Indians called, and still call it, *Nauchampc-tepell*, a word of similar signification.

I had long desired to set my feet upon the lid of this grand porphyritic chest. I had passed it repeatedly on my way to and from the city of Mexico, as the Jalapa and Perote road, running through the "*mal pais*," flanks it on the northern side. Many have made the ascent of Popocatepec and Orizava; but Perote, a mountain as remarkable as either—of perhaps greater interest—seems to have been neglected by mountain-climbers. For this reason, as much as any other, was I desirous of scaling it.

The opportunity had at length arrived. I was on my way from the coast to the upper country, my *compagnons du voyage* being an officer of the Mexican army and a German

botanist, who was making himself acquainted with the flora of Mexico.

Having plenty of time to spare, we did not go direct to Perote. Some remarkable scenery, to the south of the National Road, caused us to diverge from this usual route of travel.

It cost us a week's extra journeying, with much fatigue. We were repaid for it—more especially the botanist—for if there be scenery in the world worth undergoing hardship to see, it is to be found along the eastern slope of the great *cordillera* of Mexico.

After parting from the Gulf coast, the traveller passes over a belt of low-lying land, thickly covered with a purely tropical vegetation. Palms are generally found interspersed among other species of trees; though upon the banks of streams, and like favourable situations, the palm is sometimes seen forming groves or large forest tracts of itself.

This low-lying strip of coast-land is the true *tierra caliente*, and is of a varying width of from twenty to thirty miles.

THE REGION OF THE SAVANNAS.

On the second day of our journey, we began to enter upon the region of the Savannas; where the low coast-lands gradually lose their champaign character, and the country becomes more "rolling;" hill and dale succeeding one another, with now and then sharply-defined bluffs overhanging the water-courses. We are among the far-extended fingers, or rather toes, of the *Sierra Madre*, whose *piedmont*, or "foot hills," are still further on.

The Mexicans give the name *Sierra Madre* to the main mountain chain which traverses the two continents from Tierra del Fuego to its termination in what is now called Alaska, formerly Russian America. In South America, as is well known, it has the double appellation of Andes and Cordillera, while all through the territory belonging to the United States it is the "Rocky Mountains"—the "Stony Mountains" of Lewis and Clarke. In Mexico, as in South America, this grand mountain chain occasionally splits into two, and sometimes three, ramifications, all running on in a general longitudinal trend, with level plains, or *valleys*, between, and again coming together in "knots." These separate *sierras* and their transverse spurs, receive many local names; but geography can have no difficulty in distinguishing the ranges that belong to the *Sierra Madre*, and they are perfectly recognisable by the people who dwell among them.

On entering the region of the savannas the forest became more open. At first appeared glades, and then wide expanses, free of timber, and carpeted with coarse grasses. The trees, too, belonged to different orders of the vegetable kingdom. Mimosas of many kinds predominated; and the increase in the species of *Cactaceæ* and aloes (*Bromeliaceæ*) told that although these plants are tropical in habit, their true home is not the humid and shady forest, but the sun-exposed sides of the ridges.

As we passed along, we saw many of the wild bromelias in full bloom, their tall flower-stalks shooting up like a boat's mast, loaded with lily-like blossoms. These, though closely allied to the *maguay* plant (*Agave Americana*)—in fact, only differing from it in species—are nevertheless quite distinct in many respects. The latter has fewer leaves, though they are much larger, and the whole plant is of far greater size than any

of the wild woodland varieties. The *maguay* is only to be met with on the table-lands of the *tierra templada*, and is a cultivated species. It is rarely seen with the flower-spike rising over it, though travellers often so describe it. To permit the inflorescence would be to its owner a loss of at least a couple of guineas. No *pulque* can be had from the *maguay* that has once bloomed, as the blossom takes all the sap to sustain it.

The bromelias we observed on our journey were uncultivated kinds, of which there are several distinct species. They all produce a fibre from their great succulent leaves, capable of being converted into thread, or cordage, and from which coarse cloth is woven. A spirit resembling whisky, known by the name of *mescal*, is also distilled from one of the species; and the stem, or rather core of another, by a process of cooking—baking in an underground oven of heated stones—affords a curious kind of sweetmeat, much relished among many Indian tribes, especially some of the Apaches in the north; who, from their habitually eating it, have been termed *Mescaleros*.

The fibre derived from these plants is called *pita*; and a particular species that furnishes it, has been named by botanists *Bromelia pita*. Another species called *ichtli*, or *ixtli* (*Bromelia sylvestris*), furnishes the "Sisal hemp," well known to the commerce of Campeachy. In the southern Mexican provinces this species is cultivated; large tracts being planted under the shade of the tropical forest, without clearing the ground, except of its undergrowth.

AN ABORIGINAL IN DANGER.

As we were not hunting, but on a journey tending to a direct end, we were not thinking of sport. Still, I had my double-barreled piece ready for any emergency; and as our route lay away from any public road, along silent and little trodden forest-paths, a deer or other game might at any moment tempt to the pulling of a trigger.

A shout caused me surprise, as I saw it also did my companions. It was a cry evidently put forth in distress.

Spurring our horses, we galloped towards the spot whence the noise seemed to proceed. There could be no chance to mistake the direction, for the cries were still continued. We had been riding along what in American parlance is called a "river bottom," a plain with a stream winding about between bluffs. Rounding a projection of these, we came in sight of the individual who had made such piteous appeals, and at the same time discovered the cause of his crying out. An Indian was clinging to the branch of a tree, up the trunk of which he was retreating. He had been driven to this asylum by a host of assailants seen upon the ground below. It was a swarm of little quadrupeds not much bigger than bull-dogs; but with an aspect of bristling fierceness that collectively rendered them formidable enough.

Neither my companions nor myself were puzzled by what we saw. The Mexican, no doubt many a time, and I more than once, had encountered a drove of wild hogs or *pecaries*—there called *javalí*. It was these that had driven the Indian to the tree.

There are two kinds of these wild swine in the forests of tropical America, the *white-tipped* and *collared*. It was the latter species (*Dicotyles collaris*) that was now before us, besieging the aboriginal. The man, as we afterwards learnt from him, had done something to raise their bile, and set their bristles on end.

It was fortunate for him we arrived in time to effect his rescue, else he might have been compelled to stand a siege of indefinite duration. These little brutes, when incensed, show the most implacable disposition, coupled with true porcine obstinacy, and will remain for many hours by the tree into which their insulters may have retreated.

A volley of shots from my companions and myself, but more the presence of our horses and the noise made by our charging upon them, sent the drove scampering off into the forest, leaving three or four of their number upon the ground, that had been pierced by our bullets.

A MEXICAN VILLAGE "EN FIESTA."

While passing through the savanna region, we had an opportunity of witnessing one of those scenes characteristic of Mexican rural life—a *pueblita*, or village, in full enjoyment of a *día de fiesta*.

As we rode up to the place we saw that there was a crowd there before us—composed of the *rancheros* and *rancheras* for ten miles around, with the people of the *pueblita* itself. The sports had already commenced, the scene being an open tract of savanna or pasture-land outside the village. As we came upon the ground there was a *coleeo de toros* in full career. The pastime is a favourite one among the country people in all parts of Mexico. It is a sort of substitute for the bull-fight, where there is no regular *arena* or amphitheatre for the latter sport. A bull is let loose, which a horseman pursuing, seizes by the tail; and, whipping the caudal appendage under his thigh, with a sudden jerk flings the animal to the earth. If the horseman succeed in performing the feat adroitly, he is greeted with cheers; if he fails, or bungle, he receives a salutation of groans and hisses. To gain the popular applause in this national pastime, *rancheros* often risk breaking their necks; for not unfrequently both horse and bull go over together, and the bull getting first upon his feet, turns his horns upon the horseman.

A chapter of horse-taming came after the *coleeo de toros*; and in this we witnessed an exhibition of daring and skill far greater than the throwing of a bull. Several colts that had not only never felt the pressure of a saddle, but up to that hour had roamed over the savannas uncaught, were to be bitted and broken upon the spot, so that a lady might afterwards ride them without fear or danger.

I need not describe the conquering process—a cruel one. It has been recounted by scores of travellers on South American *pampa*, and North American prairie. Enough here to say, that in feats of equestrianism the *guacho* of the La Plata plains is in no way superior to the *ranchero* of the Mexican savannas. Indeed, with some trifling exceptions in costume, in which the latter shows superiority, they are the same type of humanity—alike in independence of spirit and fondness for display; alike in their propensity for gambling; in their loves, gallantries, and proneness to quarrelling; both people differing from what may be termed the peasantry of any other part of the world.

To the feats of horse-taming succeeded the *correr el gallo*, or running the cock, another well-known Mexican amusement.

This in turn gave place to real cock-fighting, which, perhaps more than any other, deserves to be termed the national sport of Spanish America; since not only laymen, rich and poor, but clergymen and other ecclesiastics take part in it. It is no uncommon sight to see the parish priest, or *cura* of a

village, leave his church after administering the sacrament, and go direct to the cockpit—there to bet on his own *gallo*, or that of some parishioner! I have myself, more than once, seen the devotee kneeling before the altar, with a fighting-cock scarcely concealed under his *serape*; and on one occasion heard Chanticleer crow in clear loud challenge during the administration of the service! What made the thing, more ludicrous to me was, that I was the only one in the whole worshipping congregation who seemed at all astonished at the circumstance. My co-worshippers were evidently accustomed to this vocal "voluntary."

The celebrated Santa Anna, for more than a quarter of a century the intermittent ruler of Mexico, was the most noted of her cock-fighters. He always kept scores of the best game breed in his *basse-cour*, and spent much time in witnessing their sanguinary contests. Fit pastime for this truculent tyrant.

The cock-fighting at length came to an end, ceasing to be attractive. A readier mode of winning or losing money was found in the game of cards called *monté*. In Mexico, old and young, rich and poor, priest and layman, all play *monté*. Go where you may, to public gathering or private *reunion*, you will see the *monté* table laid out, with a cover of green baize, or it may be only a blanket spread upon the ground. Two cards, the queen and knave (*caballo* and *soto*), lie with their faces upward—the bets being made upon one or the other. The pack is then dealt off until another queen or knave turns up, deciding the winner or loser. You will hear the dealer calling out, in long-drawn monotone, such phrases as—"Sólo en la puerta!" "*Caballo moso!*" ("The knave in the door!") "The queen wins!"; and then the croupier pays the stakes of the winner, raking in those of the loser. In Spanish cards there is the figure of a horse upon that representing the queen; hence the substitution of *caballo* for *reina*. The spades are represented by swords—*espadas*; whence undoubtedly, by corruption, and misapprehension, our designation of "spades."

"In the plaza or village green were set out several *monté* tables, each with its surrounding of gamblers. A large piece of palm-leaf matting spread upon a frame, and elevated on a post or tripod, screened the table as well as the gamblers from the sun; while the chinking of coin—gold *onzas*, and silver *pesos*, *pesetas*, and *reales*—could be heard, as the cash changed owners, the metallic sound mingling with shouts of joy or exclamations of chagrin, when some player saw his last *peseta* swept from the cloth, and added to the constantly accumulating pile of the banker.

THE REGION OF THE BARRANCAS.

Soon after parting from the jovial assemblage, we began to ascend towards higher and more hilly ground.

The country through which we were now passing presented many diversifying aspects. The plains were occasionally interrupted by abrupt ridges, over which the road was a mere mule-track or bridle-path. At intervals this was intersected by streams of crystal purity, their water being of icy coolness, coming direct from the snows of Orizava. As our horses plunged through, beautiful silver fish could be seen darting off under the spray cast up by their hoofs; while the cerulean wings of the great kingfisher, disturbed from his perch, would be spread over the surface as he flitted off to some safer post of observation.

Although upon the crests of the ridges the vegetation had changed from that of the lower coast-land—being apparently of a less tropical character—this was not true of the whole district of country through which we were journeying. On the banks of the water-courses there was still the same luxuriance of leaf—with plants and trees of those species that characterise the true torrid zone; such as the *pothos*, arums, and wild plantain, with palms and cecropias. The eye never tires gazing upon these graceful members of the Mexican *Sylva*.

One of the peculiarities of this region is its grand chasms, called *cañons* and *barrancas*; though, indeed, these may be observed in almost every district of Mexico, south and north—on the high table plains, as among the foot-hills of the mountains. It is in the *piedmont* of the eastern *cordillera* where they are seen to greatest perfection, and most frequently

of all, or nearly all of them, there is a stream sweeping rapidly on, at times a noisy torrent or a roaring cascade. In the southern section of Mexico, where a tropical climate calls forth vigorous vegetation, the sides of the cañon cliffs, as also their crests, are adorned with many species of plants—some of a peculiar kind, as yuccas, cycas, cactus, fan-palms, and bromelias. These take root in the crevices of the rocks; sometimes standing erect upon the ledges, and sometimes projected horizontally—giving a strange, fantastic character to the landscape.

On the high table-lands, where animal life is less exuberant, as also in the more northern provinces of the Republic, the cliffs enclosing the barrancas are often quite bald and bare of vegetation. They may then be mistaken for walls of mason-work—the rock stratification giving semblance to an artificial



A PALM GROVE IN THE TIERRA CALIENTE.

met with. In this district, travelling longitudinally from north to south, or *vice versa*, you cannot go three miles without finding your way interrupted by one of these grim gorges. As they all tend in a general east and west direction, they are of course transverse to the route of your journey; often impeding it for hours, or, it may be, causing it to deviate for miles. An object is seen not five hundred yards off—a goal you intend to reach. It may be necessary to make a march of many miles—a fatiguing one, *cuesta arriba*, *cuesta abajo* ("up hill and down dale"), before you attain it.

They are frequently narrow clefts, not more than 100 feet wide, with a bare rocky wall rising on both sides to the height of 300 yards. Sometimes they are wider at the top, narrowing downwards, not by a sloping inclination, as with most European valleys, but by perpendicular steps with horizontal ledges between. They are of many different varieties, and due evidently to different geological causes. Some show clearly the traces of neptunic agency, evinced by the horizontal deposits of conglomerate rocks; others are as clearly volcanic; while still others, and perhaps the greatest number of them, are due to disintegration and erosion by water. In the body

origin. The appended illustration will give a very good idea of a cañon of this kind, with a stream sweeping the base of its cliffs as it debouches into the plain.

THE APPROACH TO PEROTE.

After a week spent in journeying through the savannas and foot-hills of the mountains, we made our way back to the National Road, striking it at *San Miguel el Soldado*—a village picturesquely set upon a platform of the mountains, commanding a noble view of the coast-land with the sea in the distance.

We stayed a night in its humble *venta*, our fellow-guests being *arrieros*, who, with a *reúa* of pack-mules, loaded with ingots of silver from the mines of Rio del Monte, were on their way to Vera Cruz.

Next morning we continued the ascent of the steep mountain road, passing through *La Hoya*, and soon after, *Las Vigas*—two villages that in point of picturesqueness cannot be excelled, if even matched, among the mountains of Switzerland.

In a few hours after leaving *Las Vigas* we rode into Perote, a town celebrated as the rendezvous of robbers; and justly,

too, as we could tell by the slouched hats, scowling faces, and other indications around us.

We did not much fear them. All three of us were well armed, as were also our attendants; and Don Ruperto Moro—the name of my military travelling companion—sporting a reputation among these gentlemen of the road, which, he assured me, would keep us free of being molested by them. I had reason afterwards to know that he spoke the truth.

Having arrived in Perote, we took immediate steps towards our ascent of the Cofre. Notwithstanding its isolation and

broke, gave promise of being fair, so far as appearances went. But the barometer told a different story—a marked change in the height of the mercury being perceptible from that of the night before. Under such circumstances, little dependence could be placed on it for determining the altitude of the mountain with anything like accuracy.

Above the level of the plain on which Perote stands we estimated it to be between four and five thousand feet. Its sides presented a terribly rugged aspect; but, as there was no snow to encounter, we felt confident of accomplishing the



AN ABORIGINAL IN DANGER.

poverty, in Perote there is a comfortable hotel—the Casa de Diligencias—established and kept by the company that runs the stages between Vera Cruz and the capital.

The landlord was civil; and, becoming acquainted with our intention to climb up to the Cofre, told us of a noted guide, who lived in a little hamlet nearer the foot of the mountain.

In fine, the man was sent for; and soon after made his appearance at the inn. He was a tall, gaunt, wild-looking specimen of humanity, evidently a pure-blooded Indian.

A bargain was struck; and the guide, having given us directions how to reach his *rancheria*, took his departure.

Next morning, before the sun had shone above the horizon, we were on our way to the mountain village where the Indian lived.

True to his word, he was ready on our arrival; and without making much stop, we commenced the ascent. The day, as it

ascended in time to get back to Perote before dark; where our host of the Casa de Diligencias had promised us a repast, to provide which, he declared, he would lay the whole town under contribution. Its cooking, he averred, should be not only worthy of the hotel, but of its distinguished guests.

We were now on foot, having left our horses at the Indian village, by direction of the guide, who, instead of taking the broader path that lay before us, commenced chopping the underbrush to one side of it, sweeping the shrubs with his long *machete*, and acting in a strangely excited manner.

He cut nearly a quarter of a mile in this way, almost as fast as we could follow him, until he came to an open space, disclosing a beaten path between the rocks. This he followed as long as there was a trace of it visible. When it failed, he still pursued his way unflinching, guided by signs visible only to himself.

Muscular, but gaunt almost to emaciation; naked, save a strip of cotton cloth round his loins—he had left his clothes at his hut in the village—his large and deep-sunken eyes glaring wildly about him, or casting on us glances of fierce curiosity, he presented a picture of one in whom few would voluntarily place confidence. As I watched his eccentric behaviour, the thought occurred to me that he did little credit to the judgment of our landlord in selecting him as guide; in fact, his eye betrayed such evident signs of insanity that I lost no time in communicating my suspicions to the German botanist, whom I knew to be also a physician of some skill.

"You are right," replied he; "this little fellow" (referring to an Indian lad who, unbidden, had followed us) "tells me Mateo" (such was the guide's name) "had his skull fractured some years ago by a fall he got in saving the life of a companion. In consequence he occasionally shows symptoms of madness. The boy says it does not last long; and that he is quite harmless, besides being a favourite with every one in his village."

"Pleasant," added Don Ruperto, laughing; "up here among the crags, under the guidance of a madman!"

"No fear, señores," broke in the lad; "I know the way well enough. There's no danger; Mateo will guide you all right."

"What made him climb over that dangerous ledge just now, when he could as easily have gone round it?" asked the officer.

"Well, he acts a little wild to-day," replied the boy, "though the weather is fair enough too," he added, casting a glance towards the sky.

"What has the weather got to do with it?" inquired the doctor-botanist.

"Mateo is always flighty when there's a storm brewing, señor. And, if there be thunder and lightning, it makes him much worse."

"Perhaps it was during a storm that he met with the accident?"

"Just so, señor; a terrible storm. I remember the time," continued the young Indian, evidently eager to tell all he knew. "It's four years ago next San Francisco's day. We were all standing at the door, looking up at the lightning as it played over the rocks and through the ravines. Mother began to pray for Mateo and Domingo, who had gone up the mountain in the morning—Domingo is my uncle, señores—and father began to laugh, and said the two were safe enough wherever they were. By-and-by, torrents of water were seen pouring down the slopes and over the precipices, so that there was danger of their being washed over some of them. Then father didn't laugh any more, but said he wished they were back. It was about two hours after, just as we were sitting down to dinner, we heard the people of the village crying out, 'Mateo! Mateo!' and when we ran to the door, what should we see but Domingo carrying Mateo on his shoulders, just as if he was dead. When he brought him into his own house, across the road, we saw that his head was split open. Uncle did not speak a word all the time; but the tears were rolling down his cheeks like rain, for the two were great friends, and always together. As soon as he laid Mateo on the bed, he rushed out for his horse, and was off to Perote for a doctor before any one could speak a word to him. When he brought back the doctor, and Mateo's head was sewed up, he then told us how it

happened. When Mateo and uncle saw the storm was going to be a big one, they made haste down the mountain as fast as they could; but the water came rushing after them so rapidly they were in great danger of being swept from the rocks and dashed to pieces. They got nearly to the bottom in safety; and were making their way across that barranca you see there to the right, señores" (the lad pointed to a deep ravine that cut diagonally down the mountain, and was conspicuous from where we stood). "The barranca had a big stream of water running in it then, though 'tis dry enough now. They were helping one another to cross this, when my uncle's foot slipped, and he was whirled away in a minute. Then Mateo—who was a very strong man, though he is not so strong now—dashed after uncle, and helped him until he caught hold of a rock; but poor Mateo was carried away by the water, and swept over the cataract. They say there was so much water in the ravine that day that it broke his fall, or he would have been broken to pieces among the rocks below. As soon as uncle got safe out of the torrent, he went round to the bottom of the fall, where he found Mateo lying senseless, wedged in between two great stones. He drew him out, and then carried him home on his back all the way to the village. That's why poor Mateo acts as he does," concluded the young Indian; "but he's quite harmless, señores—he never hurts anybody."

This was probably true enough. That he was a favourite was evident from the manner in which he was treated by his people whom we had seen in the village. Every one of them had a kind word and smile for him; and as we halted at the door of his humble dwelling, the look of love and affection with which he greeted the tall Indian girl, his only child—she kissing him fondly as he parted with her—proved that however the fall might have injured his head, it had not impaired the emotions that spring from an affectionate heart.

While talking, we had stopped to rest. The hot weather, as well as the rapid manner in which we had been moving in order to keep up with our guide, had rendered this absolutely necessary.

Mateo did not stop, however, but kept on upward, entirely regardless of our party—bounding from rock to rock, and looking, as the distance increased between us, more like a wild animal than anything human. His guidance was of no more service, and we were obliged to rely on the boy's knowledge of the intricacies of the route. This seemed to raise the young Indian's pride not a little. He was pleased at being invested with so important an office; but young as he was, he proved himself competent to the task.

We were drawing near the immense square-shaped summit that forms the apex of the mountain, when we saw our strange guide at last seeming to await us. He stood poised on a projecting point of rock, gesticulating wildly as ever.

"Ho, ho! Ho, ho!" we could hear him shout as we drew near. "You are coming, are you?—coming up to rob the Cofre of Moctezuma's gold? But the Spirit of the Mountain is awake, and so is his brother the Spirit of the Air. Ha, ha! I see them coming, coming, coming in their black mantles fringed with fire. They will burn the robbers. They will wreak vengeance on them. Ho, ho! Ho, ho! They come! they come—on—on—on!"

His talk became more excited and his gestures more violent as we approached. When we were within a few yards of where he stood, he again rushed off up the steep, with such

recklessness that we expected every moment to see him dashed to pieces.

"Can you not devise some means of pacifying him, doctor?" I asked of the botanist. "He will certainly be killed if something be not done to control him."

"Perhaps the lad can give us some information regarding the manner in which he is treated at such times," replied the doctor. "Say, my little man, when Mateo gets into one of those wild fits, is there any way his friends take to get him out of them?"

"He does not have them often, señor," said the boy. "I never saw him so bad as he is to-day. Lucinda, if she were here, could quiet him in a minute."

"Who is Lucinda?" I asked.

"She is his daughter, señor, and he loves her very dearly, as she loves him. I heard him tell my mother—my mother is Domingo's sister, señor—that Lucinda was an angel sent to him from heaven to comfort him in his affliction. He wasn't out of his mind either when he said it, but was as sensible as any one. Wasn't that queer? She's not an angel, is she, señor?" innocently inquired the young Indian.

"How do you know she's not?" said I, smiling.

"Because she's not dressed out all in gold, like the angels; and she eats and drinks like anybody else. The only time she looks like an angel is when she goes to church on Sunday, dressed up in her fine clothes and ribbons, and kneels at the foot of the cross, and casts her eyes up to Jesus. That she looks like an angel then, señor, there's no denying. She has elegant clothes; better than any one in the village. Every *claco* her father gets, he lays out in rich dresses for Lucinda. But she's not angel for all that, is she, señores?" again asked the lad, as if he were still doubtful.

"Well," replied the doctor, humouring the boy, "if she's good, and loves her father as you say, I don't know but she may be an angel, without being robed in gold. Understand me, my little man," continued he, observing the mystified look of the boy, "I don't mean an angel that has been in heaven, but one that is to go there. And you may be one too, if you will love and obey your father and mother, and be a good boy."

"I'll try to, señor," answered the young Indian, meekly.

The lad's simple narrative naturally excited our sympathies in favour of the poor afflicted Mateo, who, it appeared, owed his misfortune to the generous impulses of his heart. Still, we were at a loss for some plan by which we might hinder him from further injuring himself.

"Follow him," said the doctor to the boy, "and if you get near enough, tell him we want to speak to him. Do you think he will wait for you?"

"He will stay for me, señor; but if he do not return here, you must come to where we are. I will talk to him about Lucinda until you can get up. That will be sure to keep him quiet."

Saying this the young Indian started off, and was soon seen to join the mad guide.

The name of Lucinda evidently had the desired effect, for his shouts were no longer heard; and in a short time we had the satisfaction of seeing the boy take this gaunt, powerful maniac by the hand, and lead him back towards us as if he had been a child. Such is the influence of affection, more potent than aught else, even on those who are "outlaws of human reason."

"I know what you want," cried the maniac, as soon as he caught sight of us—we had been hidden from his view behind a rock, and he did not see us until within a few feet of the spot. "You want the key of the Cofre. I know where it's hid. But it's of no use; the Spirit of the Air will be upon you before you can turn round. Ha, ha! I see him coming, coming, coming!"

The whole of our party had now surrounded him, hemming him in, so that he could not well get away from us.

"Mateo," said the Mexican officer, "you know you undertook to guide us up the mountain of your own free choice; and the money you will get for doing so will buy a great many ribbons and nice things for Lucia. Now, if you leave us again, you will not get any money; and Lucinda will have to go without her gifts. You would not rob poor Lucinda, would you?"

"Señor!" exclaimed the guide, his countenance suddenly changing from the wild look to one of softness and entreaty.

"Surely," repeated the officer, "you would not rob Lucinda? If you leave us again she will get no ribbons. We have no intention of robbing the Cofre. Do you think Lucinda would have let you guide us up here, if we were going to take Moctezuma's gold?"

"That's true," answered the madman. "I wonder I never thought of that."

"Well, if you promise not to part from us again, you will get for Lucinda the prettiest presents to be bought in Perote."

"Then I'll take you on to the Cofre; but you mustn't remain long, or the Spirit of the Mountain will be angry."

As he said this, his countenance assumed a look of fear, and he glanced suspiciously around.

"Come along quick!" he added, "before the Spirit of the Air catches us. If he does we are lost."

As we could not conveniently detain him by force, we allowed him to have his way, and keeping as close as we could, followed him up the mountain.

He was comparatively quiet during the remainder of the ascent, save an occasional wild shout, or some incoherent mutterings to the Spirit of the Air. The afflicted creature had mixed up in his madness a legend I had heard related—how Moctezuma, when he learnt that the Spaniards were coming, prayed to the Spirit of the Air to show him some safe place in which he could conceal his treasure; that the Spirit told him to go to a particular part of the forest, at the base of Popocatepec, to which he accordingly repaired; that, on reaching the appointed rendezvous—a deep, dark glen—the Spirit had met him in a car drawn by eight immense jaguars; this he gave to Moctezuma, telling him to load the car with his treasure, which he accordingly did; that the vast ingots of gold were no sooner in the car than the jaguars started off over mountain and valley, never pausing until they arrived at the mountain of Nauchampa-tepetl, up the sides of which they ran with marvellous swiftness until they stood on the Cofre, the lid of which was wide open; that Moctezuma, taking the hint, lost no time in depositing his gold in the great porphyritic chest, the lid of which instantly closed with a sound that was heard from sea to sea; that the jaguars again started off, carrying their royal passenger back to the door of his own palace in Mexico, when they instantly disappeared. There the treasure is, and there it will remain, says the legend, until a descendant of the Moctezumas shall proclaim himself Emperor of Mexico,



A RIVER CAÑON.

when the Cofre will again open during a great storm of thunder and lightning, and the treasure be delivered to the young monarch, who, restored from the condition of a *peon* slave to be Emperor of Mexico, will apply it to the purpose to which it should originally have been put, namely, driving the Spaniards from the land of Anahuac.

Legend as the foregoing is, it nevertheless has attached to it a prophetic moral, the fulfilment of which may be said in a certain sense to have been realised, even to the opening of the Cofre; taking this as an emblem of the rich gold deposits which have been found among the mountains of Mexico.

But by far the strangest fact is the realisation of the former part of the prophecy, in the person of the noble Juarez, the present ruler of Mexico, who is a pure-blooded Aztec or Zapotec Indian, and in this wise a descendant of Moctezuma.

It was so intensely hot, and the atmosphere so oppressive, we were quite exhausted on gaining the summit of Perote. Standing on the lid of this mighty chest, it presented a tolerably even surface. Though the action of the atmosphere has somewhat eroded it, and rounded off its corners, this is not perceptible unless closely examined. Seen from the plain below—the angles appear sharply defined.

The view from Popocatepec, grand and impressive as it is, is not half so pleasing as that presented to the gaze from the summit of Perote. Having ascended on the west side of the mountain, where it rises from the elevated table-plain, the view on that side was not particularly striking. We were, therefore, not prepared for the exquisite scene spread out before us, on turning our gaze eastward.

Looking in this direction, and below, the city of Jalapa appeared as if we could pitch a stone into its *plaza*; while, far away, beyond the heights of Cerro Gordo, the line of sea-coast, distinguishable by its thin ribbon of snow-white strand, could be traced for upwards of a hundred miles.

Owing to the fluctuation of the mercury in the barometer during the previous night and morning, I placed no reliance on it for determining the altitude of the peak. Nevertheless, I took a note of the figure it indicated; and, on subsequently making my calculation, I found that it showed the height of 14,050 feet. This is several hundred feet higher than any estimate I have ever seen of the altitude of Perote, the highest of which gives but 13,500 feet. Don Miguel Lerda de Tejada estimates it at 4,089 metres, which is equivalent to 13,416 feet. Little reliance, however, can be placed on the barometer in

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measuring mountain altitudes when the state of the atmosphere is unfavourable.

To avoid the intense heat, which was becoming more and more oppressive, our party descended from the summit, and ensconced themselves within a recess formed by an overhanging rock on its eastern side. Here seated, we gazed on an attractive panorama, such as but few spots in the world afford, either in range of vision or sublimity. The situation allowed only the view eastward; and in order to observe the opposite side, I proposed moving to a situation favourable for this purpose. I saw that a storm was brewing. The thermometer indicated a degree of heat that seemed extraordinary when the altitude was taken into consideration. It marked 88° Fahrenheit.

As we were about moving around the base of the Cofre, we were startled by a wild cry from above, sounding strange and fearful as it broke the intense stillness around us. It came from the demented guide, whom we had forgotten while absorbed in gazing upon the scene below. He was still up on the Cofre, perched on a projecting angle of the rock.

"Ho, ho!" he shouted, flinging his arms wildly over his head; "the Spirit of the Air is upon us. Ho, ho, ho! do you hear? That is his first warning!"

As he spoke, the low rumbling sound of distant thunder became audible. This made me still more anxious to get a view of the western horizon; but before it could be obtained, a scramble over sharp rough rocks was necessary.

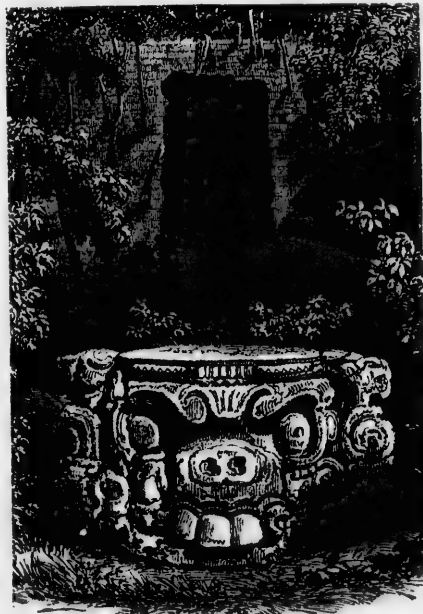
At this moment we were warned by the Indian lad, who, nimble as a mountain goat, had scampered some distance ahead of us.

"Hurry down, hurry down, señores!" cried he. "There's a storm coming on. It's raining now on the plain!"

This was sufficiently alarming. A heavy rain-storm on the steep naked sides of such a mountain, over two thousand feet of which has neither tree, shrub, nor soil to absorb the moisture, was not pleasant to think of. The steep, smooth slopes will on such occasions send the water down in torrents, with a force sufficient to sweep everything before it.

With the utmost speed we made our way to the western side. Here the sky presented a black mass of gathering clouds, fortunately yet low in the horizon. But they were rolling towards a common centre, where they soon commingled in conflict, as the forked lightning darting from beneath them plainly indicated.

"*Carrambo!*" exclaimed the Mexican officer. "It was



ANCIENT AZTEC IDOL.

not all imagination with our mad guide. The Spirit of the Air is coming upon us, sure enough, and with a vengeance. If we don't hurry down with the speed of antelopes, we'll be swept away like so many chips. Now, my lad," he continued, turning to the boy, "you must use your skill in guiding us the shortest way you know of. Do that, and I promise you a present when we get back to the village."

Following the young Indian, we started down the mountain as fast as the rugged nature of the descent would permit. In the meantime, the clouds were increasing in volume, and rolling towards us with greater rapidity; while our crazy guide above was still shouting and gesticulating more frantically than ever. Then, leaving the summit, he came after us, bounding from rock to rock, sometimes before, sometimes behind, shaking his clenched hands at the clouds or at us, with looks of fierce menace. He presented a picture which, coupled with the wild and savage scenery around, the reader may paint much more vividly in his mind's eye, than I can in words. From the utter recklessness he displayed, we firmly believed that every moment would be his last; that poor Lucinda would wait in vain for the return of her insane father; and that, instead of the kindly smile and fond embrace, a bruised corpse would be all that would meet her gaze.

We had got about half-way down the mountain, when the tempest broke upon us with such fury as I have rarely witnessed elsewhere. Fortunately, a projecting rock happened to be near, at the moment we encountered its first shock. This afforded shelter, else, in all probability, some of us would have been blown from our foothold, and dashed down the steep.

The ravine to which the boy had alluded was now in sight, and we made every effort to reach it before the waters could swell it into an impassable barrier. Already we could see the white foam surging along its rocky bed.

Before arriving at its edge, another torrent had to be crossed, which ran laterally into the great barranca. Though the water in this was barely knee-deep, I believe I should have been carried away if the Indian boy had not come to my aid, in a novel, but nevertheless effectual, manner. Seeing me struggling against the force of the current, he cried out, "Steady a moment, señor!" Then, laying his hands on my shoulders, with a bound he sprang upon my back.

I was nearly thrown off my balance, as much by surprise as by the unexpected shock; but, with the assistance of a staff, I succeeded in steadying myself.

The object of this strange manœuvre on the part of the young Indian was evident enough. My gravity was increased, and I was less likely to succumb to the force of the water. Thus weighted, I crossed with ease, and deposited my burden on the opposite side, amid shouts of laughter from my astonished companions, who, nevertheless, did not fail to profit by the lesson.

The storm was at its height when we arrived at the barranca, through which poured a formidable body of water. On its brink we found Mateo still raving, but at last stationary, as if some gleam of true thought, remaining even in madness, told him there was danger in the flood. Perhaps some faint glimmering of the terrible catastrophe which had cost him his reason was permitted to enter his disordered brain. If such was the case, it had but a brief abiding. A blinding flash of lightning at this moment flamed before us, which seemed to

set the fountain on fire. Its forked tongues played around us, darting in every direction, and actually sounding in our ears with a snapping, clicking noise, that denoted its fearful proximity.

The thunder-clap had scarcely pealed out, when, with a shriek of terror, the madman dashed into the torrent, and in two or three bounds was across. In an instant he was up the steep on the opposite side, and then out of sight. We saw him no more upon the mountain.

I did not fail to notice as he crossed that the water was not so deep as we had supposed; but the inclination of the ravine was great, giving the current such velocity that to ford it would be an undertaking of considerable risk. Besides, every moment increased the volume of water, and added to the danger.

"Now or never!" cried the officer, as he prepared to cross. "Let us follow the young Indian's plan. Let every other man carry his neighbour."

The idea was instantly adopted; and we not only got over in safety, but soon after reached the place of shelter of which the lad had spoken. Here we remained until the storm was over, though not without thinking of our crazy Indian guide. Various were the speculations and conjectures hazarded as to his fate. Most believed that he had made his last ascent of the mountain; and I must say I felt rather uncomfortable at the thought of meeting the angel Lucinda without bringing her father back to her, for it was I who had more particularly engaged him as a guide.

As we drew near the door of his dwelling, a crowd of villagers was seen around it. This indicated that something unusual had occurred; and we were not long in doubt. On entering the dwelling, the first sight that presented itself was the bruised body of the Indian, lying as if in his last hour, between life and death. He had been found in a gully not far from the village, by a party of woodcutters, who had carried him home, in the belief that he was dead. His daughter, however, discovering that life was not extinct, had sent off a messenger to the neighbouring convent for assistance. The messenger had not yet returned.

Our doctor, having examined him, pronounced that, saving dreadfully lacerated hands and feet, and an ugly cut down his back, he was otherwise uninjured. None of his bones were broken; though his exhaustion was so great there was danger of his not rallying unless a stimulant of some kind should be administered. To procure this was the difficulty; we had none with us. Our brandy, which would have answered the purpose, had all been consumed in the ascent of the mountain; and the miserable village afforded nothing as a substitute. Fortunately, at this crisis the messenger arrived, accompanied by a monk, who was both priest and physician, and who brought with him the required stimulant. This, as soon as administered, had the desired effect.

He had not the slightest recollection of anything that had occurred after commencing the ascent. He remembered leaving his own door, but all else was a blank. His astonishment was great when told that he had been to the top of the mountain, and of the fearful perils he had passed through.

No persuasion would induce this strange man to accept the money we had agreed to pay him for his services. It was accordingly handed to the Indian lad, who so well deserved it, and who was wild with delight at so unexpectedly finding himself in possession of so much wealth.

Notes on Bombay and the Malabar Coast.—I.

BY LIEUTENANT C. B. LOW, (LATE) INDIAN NAVY.

BOMBAY—MALABAR HILL—BENDY BAZAAR—THE FORT—INDIAN BUNGALOWS AND SERVANTS—FARELL—WALKESHWUR—A DRIVE IN THE ENVIRONS OF BOMBAY—FLYING FOXES.

THOSE of my readers who have made their first visit to Bombay from the sea, and have formed their impressions of the city from this point of view, will retain a pleasing recollection of the grandeur of its situation and the beauty of its harbour. Seated on an island boldly jutting out into the sea, with the magnificent ghâts of the mainland for a background, and with its noble port studded with picturesque-looking islands and filled with shipping from all parts of the world, the Queen of Western India must impress the traveller, even though he may have journeyed round the world. However distasteful the change may be to succeeding governors-general and secretaries of state, there can be little doubt that though inferior to Calcutta, that "city of palaces," in her public and private buildings, yet at no distant time the viceregal seat of government must be transferred from the tortuous passages of the Hooghly to this sea-washed island, the population of which is at the present day only second to London in Her Majesty's widespread dominions; while as regards commerce, her position as the emporium of the East is almost equally high.

The island of Bombay is some eight miles long, with an average breadth of three miles, and a circumference of twenty miles; the harbour is twelve or fourteen miles in length, with a breadth varying from four to six miles. Originally the island is said to have been a barren rock, or rather two lines of whinstone, running parallel to each other, which, united by two belts of sand, and rising a few feet above the level of the sea, became in time covered with vegetable mould. These formerly admitted the sea in various places, and the rank vegetation of the marshy ground in the interior rendered Bombay at one time notorious for its unhealthiness. Now, however, the cocoa-nuts have been cut down, the marshes drained, and the climate of the island of Bombay is certainly one of the most salubrious in India, as evidenced by the returns of the registrar.

Bishop Heber describes the island "as apparently little more than a cluster of small detached rocks, which have been joined together by the gradual progress of coral reefs, aided by sand thrown up by the sea, and covered with the vegetable mould occasioned by the falling leaves of the sea-loving cocoa. The interior consists of a long but narrow tract of low ground, which has evidently been in the first instance a salt lagoon, gradually filled up by the progress which I have mentioned, and from which the high tides are still excluded only by artificial embankments."

The fort of Bombay, which forms as it were the nucleus of the city, is situated on the south-eastern extremity of the island, on a narrow neck of land, washed by Back Bay on the western, and by the harbour on the eastern side. Colaba, which adjoins it, and encloses Back Bay on one side, was originally a distinct island, but was united to Bombay by a raised causeway, and by the filling up of the shallow estuaries

which formerly separated them. At the extremity of Colaba is the lighthouse.

Malabar Point forms the south-western headland, and is about five miles from the fort. The drive to Malabar Hill is very delightful. The carriage skirts Back Bay, and passes by numerous bungalows embosomed in trees, and inhabited chiefly by the European and native merchants. At the Point are the ruins of a very ancient black stone temple, and a variety of images are sculptured on some of the fragments. Major More, who states that this temple was dedicated to the Hindoo Trinity, found, some feet below the ground, a triform head, well-formed, the front face being that of Brahma, with the face of Siva on his right and Vishnoo on his left. This stone now forms a portion of the collection in the India Museum in London.

Among the rocks below the Point is a cleft, esteemed very sacred among the natives. The Hindoo, after passing through this cleft, is considered to be regenerated and his sins forgiven. It need scarcely be said, therefore, that the spot is a place of pilgrimage.

Major More relates that when the Peishwa Rugonath Rao was exiled from Poona in 1776, he fixed his residence at Malabar Hill, and "was in the habit of passing through the cleft in question, and being a Brahmin of considerable piety, was doubtless much benefited by such regeneration!" The same Peishwa sent Brahmins to England on an embassy, and as they were adjudged to be defiled by reason of having come in contact with unbelievers, they were compelled to pass through this sacred cleft. It is said that Sivajee, the great founder of the Mahratta power, visited this place secretly for the same pious purposes.

In Fryer's account of his travels between the years 1672—1681, there is a description of Bombay as it was two centuries ago; and he remarks the various nationalities who may be seen in the town, "in which confusedly live English, Portuguese, Topazes, Gentoos, Moors, Cooly, and Christians." And these and representatives of many more races, the traveller will see in the Bendy Bazaar, which is so crowded in the cool evenings that you could almost walk on the heads of the people.

Driving from the fashionable esplanade to the Bendy Bazaar, your *gorah-wallahs*, or grooms, who act as running footmen, have to keep constantly calling out to the pedestrians who throng the road, to clear the way. On all sides jostling and passing each other, are Persian dyers attired in long flowing robes, and having a handsome and oftentimes majestic face, surmounted with the high, black, lambswool hat. The Parsee gentleman or shopkeeper, generally wholesale and always well-to-do, in his clean white dress, with perhaps a shawl over his shoulders, and that ugly stiff, high turban, which, together with the sallow complexion and Jewish-looking face, always distinguishes the race.

Your attention is now attracted by a jingling of bells, and presently passes you, a *hackery*, or small cart, drawn by two mild-looking bullocks, and overflowing with women and children. How many of these there may be in the vehicle

you cannot say, but the light hackery creaks under the burden, and the bullocks look as if they required the exercise of all their proverbial gentleness and long-suffering to put up with the grievous load they are compelled to draw by the almost nude driver, who pokes at them viciously with a stick, the while objugating them to proceed with a torrent of oaths and abuse and coarse allusions to their ancestry, which, curiously enough, do not appear to call up a blush or remonstrance from the

The women make a practice of wearing a profusion of gold and silver *bangles* round their ankles and arms, and rings on their toes and ears. This is not unbecoming, which cannot be said for the practice of piercing the nostrils, and inserting rings studded with pearls and precious stones. The custom of having on their persons so much jewellery, and gold and silver bangles, arose from the circumstance of there formerly being no savings-banks in the country, and to prevent the possibility of



PARSEE LADY.

dark beauties behind him, or crowding the footways. Such is the force of custom. The native women inside the hackery are Hindoos, as you can see by the *sarree*, or long piece of cloth twisted round their persons, so as to fall in graceful folds to their feet, and which, after forming a petticoat, is brought over the right shoulder and is drawn over the head like a veil. This ample garment, with a small bodice, constitutes the whole of their costume, and, though scanty, it is certainly most becoming, setting off a good figure to admiration. That many of the Hindoo women have forms equal in beauty and lithe gracefulness to anything antique sculpture can show, no one who has seen them at sunset, bearing large vessels full of water from the tanks to their homes, will seek to gainsay.

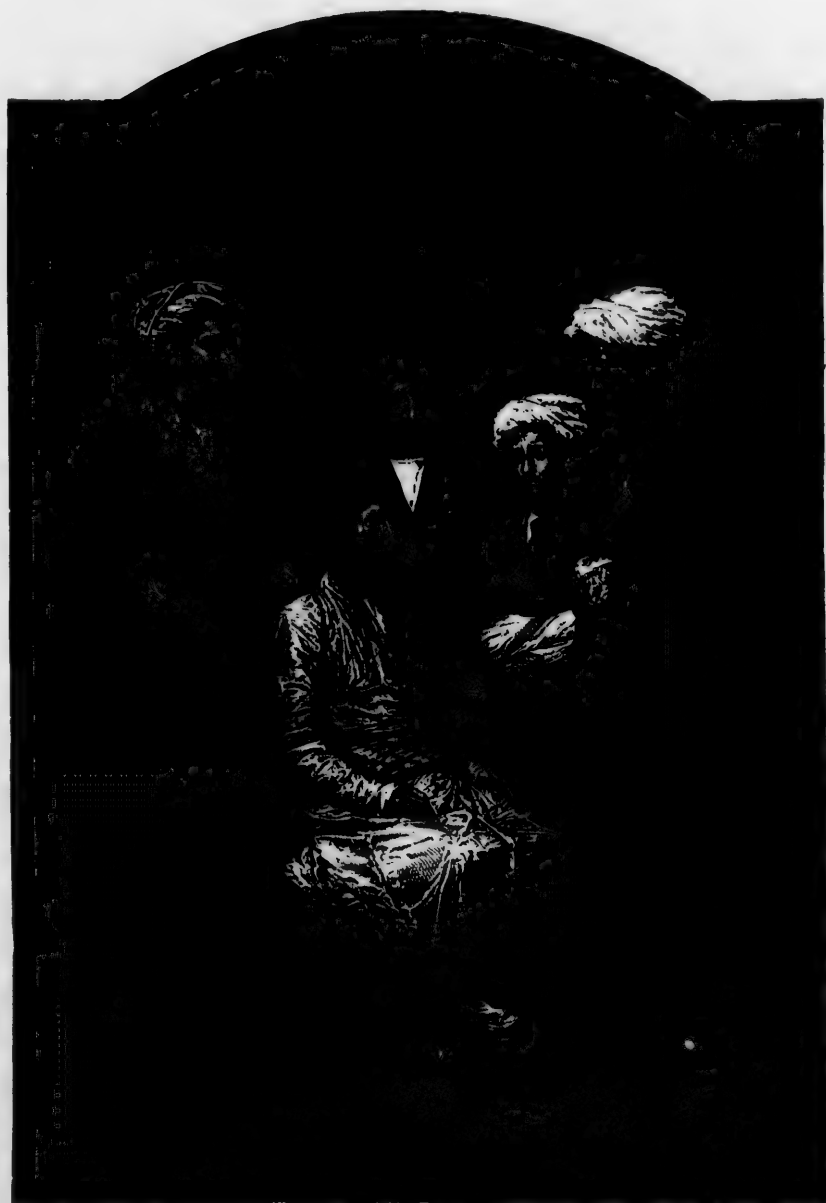
their being robbed by the adroit thieves of the Peninsula, they turned all their money into armlets and anklets. Frequently, however, this practice has given rise to the commission of horrible mutilations by robbers, who could not possess themselves of the gold without first depriving the wretched owners of life or limb.

Groups of women on foot also pass you, dressed in the sarree, and carrying their children astride on the hip, or balancing on their heads the copper water-vessels, or *lotas*, without even steadying them by the hand while passing through the dense crowd. Now would whirl past a light *buggy*, and seated in it a young officer in full uniform, going somewhere on duty; or a dashing, gaily-painted carriage filled with Parsees,

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PARSEES OF BOMBAY.

driving at a furious rate. Presently, a line is again made in the seething mass of humanity by some running footmen; in this case gorah-wallahs, who, armed with painted *chowries*, or switches of horsehair fastened to wooden handles, and used to keep the flies away from the horses, shout to the crowd to clear the way. Another moment, and there sweeps along an unexceptionable equipage, clearly from Long Acre, with cattle to match, and seated or lolling within it a lady in solitary grandeur. She is doubtless the wife of some *burra sahib* in the Government military or civil service, and, passing the greater portion of the day in sleep or idleness, is on her way to the band-stand, where she will languidly talk scandal, or discuss the good looks, the social position, and dress of the last batch of young ladies who may have arrived from England, and made their debut overnight at the Government ball at Parell.

Besides natives from all parts of India, your attention will be attracted by the Chinamen with their long pigtailed and flat, yellow faces; the lordly-looking Arab, with his striped cloak and picturesque head-dress, who has come from Mocha—or more likely from Bussorah—in charge of some horses of the world-famous breed named after his own country; Armenians are there, with their flowing robes; the magnificent but effeminate Turk, in his richly-coloured dress of the finest material; also Abyssinian boys, and the coal-black negro, with his woolly head and glittering white teeth, from the same continent. Among representatives of the different races of India itself, you will rub shoulders with the greasy, fat Bengalee baboo; the Banian shopkeeper, with his red turban, who sits most of the day cross-legged in his shop, and like the spider in the well-known poem, impartially cheats all who may come within the sweep of his net; here you have the wild-looking Beloochee; the Scindian, with his square hat, which, owing to the advancing tide of civilisation, is now fast yielding to a less national description of head-covering; the fakir—one of a peculiar sect of the followers of Bhoodeh, who may be recognised by his lofty turban, and a straight mark of sandal-wood powder drawn from the roots of the hair to a point in line with the eyes. Following in the footsteps—literally, not metaphorically—of the Brahmin priest, who, in his white, spotless robes, is passing from out one of his temples, comes daintily along the Portuguese, who thinks himself a European, and clings to the English dress, although his slender, undersized form, his cringing manners and black face, denote that many generations have passed since the blood of his white progenitor was mingled with that of a dusky beauty of the country of his birth.

There are, besides, in the motley crowd, Mussulmans of creeds as hostile to one another as anything Christendom can show—the Persian Sheeah hating his Turkish Soonic brother, and cursing him—particularly at the Mohurrim, when the death of Ali's two sons, Hassan and Hossein, is annually lamented—as heartily as we anathematise certain sects in the Athanasian creed. You have also Hindoos of numberless castes, and Buddhists, all inspired with a belief in the accuracy of the well-known definition of *orthodoxy* as "my doxy," and *heterodoxy* as "everybody else's doxy." Malays are here too, with their sinister-looking faces, having the expression of a perpetual readiness—after the administration of a little arrack—to "run amuck," and dispatch as many folk, regardless of colour or religion, as may come across their path. Jews of course there are, in long tunics and mantles—we need not say anything regarding

their physiognomies, which are simply Jewish; and Borars, who are said to be Jews converted to Mohammedanism, and who travel over the country as pedlars with wares of every description, from macassar ointment and Rimmel's vinegar, to tapes, ribbons, and all the et ceteras of female toilet.

The Fort of Bombay, notwithstanding that the designation of the locality smacks of war, may be regarded as occupying the place of the City to our overgrown capital, and is full of the offices and warehouses of a great mercantile community. In the Fort also is Government House, the cathedral, the mint, the dockyard, and the arsenal. The dockyard is extensive, and possesses every appliance for building and repairing ships; indeed, the *Meane*, of ninety guns, and other ships, have been built here for the Home Government. The town-hall is an extensive and very fine building, and many of the apartments are used as public offices. The entrance-hall is beautiful, and there is an admirable library and a good museum. The building also contains some statues by Chantrey of Mr. Mountstuart Elphinstone, one of the most able and enlightened governors and gifted men that India has yet produced; of Sir John Malcolm, a great soldier and friend of Wellington, and scarcely inferior to Elphinstone as a sagacious statesman; of Sir James Carnac, also a governor of Bombay; of Sir Charles Forbes, an eminent merchant; and of Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, the well-known Parsee merchant and philanthropist.

Outside the Fort, one of the most interesting public buildings is an hospital, called after its founder, the Parsee baronet. This princely benefactor to his native town commenced life in a most humble capacity, and not only amassed vast wealth without compromising his character for integrity and uprightness, but expended £16,500 in erecting the hospital that bears his name, and made himself conspicuous for his active benevolence up to the day of his death. A life of this remarkable man has been written by Mr. Ramsay, who has done justice to his catholic-spirited charity. Without the walls of the Fort also is the Elphinstone College, which was built as a memorial of the governor already alluded to. It has been in existence about forty years, and affords an excellent English education to several hundred native students, whose studies are directed by professors, many of whom have distinguished themselves at our universities. Attached to the Jamsetjee Hospital is an excellent medical school, called the Grant College, which was built and endowed as a memorial to Sir Robert Grant, who died when governor of Bombay.

The Parsees are alive to the advantage of affording a good education to their children; and among the largest seminaries in the city are those belonging to this community. A Parsee school affords an interesting sight. The children are decidedly pretty; and as they sit in rows, with glittering, many-coloured dresses, and caps, and jewels, they look like a gay parterre of flowers.

The Governor has two Residences—one at the extremity of Malabar Hill, which consists of several good-sized bungalows, and within sight and sound of the sea, and a second at Parell. The Indian bungalow is a barn-like building, surrounded by numerous offices which are scattered over the enclosure or "compound." Bungalows are generally of one storey—few having a second floor—with heavy projecting eaves, like those of the Swiss chalets, which are useful in carrying off the rain during the monsoons, and in affording protection from the rays of the sun. The chief means, however, by which the latter is

effected is by the verandah, without which no house in India would be complete, or, indeed, habitable. The verandah, unlike the anomalous structure we see in seaside places or suburban villas, is a spacious gallery running round the house, forming an almost integral portion of the rooms which lead into it, and generally fitted with Venetian blinds, or *tatties of kus-kus*, which, kept constantly wetted, keep out the hot winds, and at the same time give greater privacy to the inmates.

However plain the bungalow may look from the outside, within it is the picture of comfort, and even of luxury. The floors of the apartments are seldom carpeted, for carpets, though indispensable to an English drawing-room, would be insupportable in India; but their place is well supplied with the matting so highly prized at home. The spacious rooms, which are lighted by oil-lamps depending from the beams overhead, are each hung with a punkah, which may be described as a frame of wood about twelve feet long, three or four feet wide, and two inches thick, covered with canvas, and suspended by ropes from the ceiling. This huge fan is hung over the centre of the room, and is kept in motion by a servant called a *punkah-wallah*, who sits in an adjoining apartment or the verandah, and pulls a cord attached to the punkah, and passed through a hole in the wall. The punkahs are brought into play on all, even public, occasions; and the "griffin," as the fresh arrival is called during his first two years' residence in India, will be surprised to find on his attending Divine service in a church, that the punkahs, numbers of which hang all over the building, are continually kept going.

Oftentimes, while dinner is in progress, the punkah-wallah begins to nod over the task, which is clearly denoted by the gradual decrease in the strength of the current of air overhead; and should you go out to quicken his energies, you will perhaps find that, overcome by the heat, he is fast asleep, but still mechanically continuing his work. As the usual thing, especially among young officers, the unlucky "nigger" will be aroused by a sharp kick, accompanied by an opprobrious epithet.

Before the monsoons—especially in the month of May, so pleasant to us in England—the heat is insupportable, and punkahs are absolutely essential for comfort and to keep the mosquitoes away.

At Bombay, about five o'clock in the afternoon, the sea-breeze, eagerly watched for during the last two hours, sets in, and life becomes again endurable; people dress for the band or a ride, and languid ladies order their carriages, and after listening to selections from the last new opera, performed by a very fair military band, return home to dinner about eight.

In June the south-west monsoons begin, and are generally ushered in by a tremendous thunderstorm. Up to the month of September the rain pours almost incessantly, and vegetable life revives from the pressure of the season of drought. The dry flats become swamps, and paddy, or rice-fields (which to raise crops must be flooded), the fruit-trees, and every green thing, attain the luxuriance of tropical foliage, while after each heavy downpour countless multitudes of huge frogs are heard croaking in deafening concert. During the monsoon, the tanks, or reservoirs, upon which the natives were wont to depend entirely for their water, become filled, and the steps with which some of the larger among them are surrounded, are a favourite resort of mendicants, as well as of the native *shans*, who resort to the spot to ogle the dark beauties who come for water.

In the fine weather, people live on the Bombay Esplanade,

in tents, or temporary bungalows; and there are sites set apart for officers of the Government services, the army, navy, and civilians each having their own lines. The temporary bungalows are made of lath and plaster, with wood or calico ceilings.

The number and variety of servants which residents, even of moderate means, are obliged to keep, have always been a subject of wonderment to new arrivals from England. This is due chiefly to the exigencies of caste, and in a smaller measure to the requirements of our position as the conquering race. This custom must exercise an evil effect on indolent or arbitrary natures, for it naturally tends to make the former do nothing for themselves that can possibly be performed by the agency of others; for the same reason, it must be owned that India is also a bad school for men of dictatorial disposition, who upon their return home, are too often overbearing in their manner towards menials.

With an ordinary income, an English gentleman retains in his service, among other men-servants, the *khansamah* (or butler), one or more *khitmutgarhs* (or footmen), at least four *palkee-wallahs*, one or two *mussauls*, who clean the lamps and act as kitchen-maids, besides "bearers" or personal attendants for each individual; the *bhawowchy* (or cook), the *mater* (or sweeper), of very low caste, who performs the most menial offices, and the *dhurgie* (or tailor), at least one of which trade is a necessary unit in most establishments. Then, if you are a Government official, there are always attached to you two or three *peons* (or messengers), who are generally to be found lounging about the verandah, ready to go any distance upon an errand. The men whose duties are similar to those discharged at home by housemaids are called *hamauls*, and the washerwomen are also represented by the rougher sex, and go by the name of *dhobeys*. They have, to English eyes, a curious method of washing linen, taking it down to the river or tank, and beating it, when wet, on a large flat stone. If you have dogs, or other animals, you must have separate keepers for them; a man would never dream of doing the work of a fellow-servant during his temporary absence. Then, of course, there are the outdoor servants—the gardener, the man who looks after the fowls and quails, the butcher, the coachman, the groom(s), and up country, the grass-cutters, who procure pasture for your horses. As to the women-servants, their number is legion; each lady and child of your family has her or its own *ayah*.

Parell, the residence of the Governor during the greater part of the year—that is, when he is not at Malabar Point, or in the hills at Mahableshwur—is about six miles from the Fort, and is a *pucka*-built house—that is, it is substantially constructed of stone or bricks and lime cement, and has a tiled roof.*

Parell stands in a small park, and has a well-laid-out garden and paddocks. The interior of the house, which is spacious and handsome, contains a fine staircase, and two noble apartments, one over the other. The upper one is the drawing-room, and that on the ground floor the dining-room, which is said to have been an old church belonging to a Jesuit college, which fell into the hands of a Parsee, from whom it was purchased by Government.

* This word *pucka* is, from its expressiveness, much used in conversation in India. Thus, if a man asks if Captain So-and-so is *pucka*, he means, has the appointment he holds been made permanent. Its literal meaning is "cooked" or "ripened," and it is the opposite of *rukha*, which signifies "raw," "inexperienced," or "temporary."

If we are disposed now to take a drive—"eat the air," as the natives call out-door exercise—we will start from one of the handsome hotels in the Fort, and proceed first to the village of Walkeshwur. When driving through the Fort, the visitor's attention will be attracted by the singular construction of the houses crowded within its confined precincts and narrow streets. These houses, which are of considerable age, are generally three

lounge about and listen to the pleasant murmur of the restless ocean.

The view from Malabar Point is very striking. A foreground of fantastic black rocks, draped with rich festoons of verdure and of strange bright flowers, among which your attention is riveted by the brilliant red blossoms of the coral-trees:—

"Droops the heavy-blossomed bower; hangs the heavy-fruited tree."



COTTON-STORER AND COOLIES, BOMBAY.

or four storeys in height, having wooden verandahs, supported by wooden pillars, projecting one above another, the latter often covered with elaborate carvings. The general effect is something like that of the "rows" in the old city of Chester, though the streets are much narrower, and the houses one or two storeys higher. Walkeshwur is a large village near Malabar Point, on the right-hand side as you drive towards the compound of the Governor's bungalow, which from this approach looks like a number of barns brought together under one long, chimneyless roof; but, as we have said, it contains airy chambers, replete with every comfort, and pleasant verandahs, wherein to

Under our feet calmly slumber the waters of the Indian Ocean, with the white-winged *pattemars* dotting its surface in the far distance, and the sea-birds glancing and soaring high above in mid-air. Far to the left, enclosing Back Bay, which lies below us, stretches Colaba, with the lighthouse at the extremity. To the rear of Colaba lies the Fort, a city of Bombay, with the noble harbour whose southern extremity is bounded by high land. You can see Apollo Bunder, the chief landing-pier between the Fort and Colaba, and numerous small boats, with their lateen-shaped sails, lie at anchor or ply about the harbour.

Notes on Albania.

BY F. A. LVONS.

SALONICA—ITS GENERAL ASPECT—ITS POPULATION.

THE Austrian Lloyd's keeps up a branch line between Constantinople, Salonica, and Volo. The steamers on this line leave the Golden Horn twice a week, carrying to and from crowds of Albanians, Bulgarians, Zinzars, in a word, Rumelioties

I say *our* course, intending by that mode of expression that I was one amongst a party bound for Albania; as to our pursuits, or, in other words, the object of our journey, I must make use of that diplomatic virtue called reticence, and hold my tongue on the subject. However, as the reader may



JEW OF SALONICA.

of all creeds and nationalities. These people belong generally to the lower classes, they are all deck passengers, and they all travel in search of lucre. Their peregrinations are periodical, as periodical as the migration of storks from north to south, and *vice versa*, is known to be; the South Pole for the Rumelioties is Stamboul, the North Pole is their respective homes. Before the winter sets in they hasten towards the metropolis, where during the cold season they get many jobs in petty trading, serving in the baths, or as servants in private houses. With the arrival of spring off they fly to their native land, where their earnings are sure to procure them a hearty welcome.

It was with one of these caravans, bound homewards, that in the spring of 1868 we directed our course towards Salonica.

be led to suppose that the writer was either a smuggler or a bandit, who joined a party in order to set up a brisk business in that primitive region, I must, for my character's sake, inform him that myself and companions belonged to that description of highwaymen who in Turkey are legal plunderers, and whose means of coercion are grape, shrapnel, and gun-cotton. In short, we were military men; our business on this journey was that of forming a camp in Upper Albania, because we had received orders to frighten every one out of his wits by some device or other, and the establishment of a camp was just as a good a means for obtaining that end as any other.

The steamer which conveyed us had a very classical name.

the *Elleno*, but a very shabby appearance; that is often the case even with men, many of whom are known to have grand names but shabby hearts—why should it not be so also with ships? Yes, our *Elleno* was a shabby craft, in spite of its name, and a lazy one in the bargain, for it took twenty-eight hours, instead of twenty-four, to bring us up inside the Bay of Salonica. The panorama which unfolded itself before us while looking from the steamer on the town and its environs had neither grand features nor a striking *tout ensemble* with which to entrance the senses of the traveller, yet the scenery was not without its charms, and pleasing to the eye.

In the centre stood the town, built on the side of a hill; while a girdle of old Venetian towers and walls, intermingled with cypresses and other evergreens, encompassed it on all sides, giving to the whole a picturesque and pleasant aspect. To the right one could see the promontory which shuts in the bay to the east; while on the distant horizon to the west the eye could detect the mouth of the Vardar, and the marshy downs on which flourished once Pella, the birthplace of Alexander.

As the boatmen rowed us to the shore the charms of the panorama which we had been contemplating gradually disappeared; instead of the whitewashed walls, the towers, and the evergreens, we were struck with amazement at the desolate aspect of this once famous town, and the miserable appearance of its inhabitants. The two colossal towers which stand on the beach are queer specimens of military architecture; their bases are of cyclopean proportions, but their casemates are made of a strange composition of broken columns, stones, bricks, and mortar, all hashed up together. Their embrasures, and the guns inside them, were very shabby indeed; they looked as tame and harmless as the jaws of an old lion who has not a tooth left to bite with would be.

So much for the towers, and the walls or curtains were not much better; as for the generality of houses, they were about on a par with the walls of the town, and the only difference one could perceive was that instead of a framework of mutilated columns they had one of rotten wood. The tolerably decent houses we could see were few, but even those were made up of a mingled construction of bricks, mud, and wood; a coating of plaster and some paint was enough to make them look swell places. The streets we had to pass through while going in search of our quarters were as bad as any one can meet with in the East. If pashas could only get the truth into their heads, "That no pavement at all is by far better than a bad one," then they might have a claim to the gratitude of mankind. Husny Pasha, the then Governor of Salonica, was not a pasha of that sort; he was one of those reformers, so numerous nowadays in Turkey, who wish to do too much, and end by doing nothing. Thus Husny, who had wished to reconstruct Salonica, ended by turning topsy-turvy streets, houses, and everything.

However, as far as we were concerned, we could hardly complain of his excellency's administration, for on our arrival the pasha sent to us some of his officers and guards, to take the necessary steps in order that we might be comfortably quartered. Instead of having to consult "Bradshaw" and see whether the "Hôtel de l'Europe" was better than the "Hôtel d'Angleterre," we had nothing to do but allow ourselves to be hoisted up with luggage and all to a place of rest, where everything, from sleeping to smoking, was provided for us gratis.

The house on which we were billeted was the mansion of a Salonica aristocrat, named Izet Bey. On seeing the whole of our caravan entering his courtyard, the bey rushed downstairs to give us a welcome and place a suite of rooms at our disposal. During the three days we were sheltered under his roof, the good-hearted Izet did the honours of his household as behoved a man of his standing. At dinner he used to preside at table, encouraging every one to give no quarter to the niceties he put before us. His notions as to the duties of hospitality were such, that on our taking leave he prevented his servants from accepting any sort of *bakhshish* which we might offer them. Thus it will be seen that, after all, Salonica has some good points; if its streets are dirty, and its houses crumble down, yet Salonica can boast of possessing some good-hearted and hospitable citizens.

The population of Salonica consists of Jews, Jewish converts to Mohammedanism, Greeks, Turks, and a small number of other Europeans. The Jews are so numerous that Salonica might be termed a new Palestine; these Jews, however, do not come directly from the old territory of Israel; they form part of that Jewish population which was expelled from Spain some two centuries and a half ago. This accounts for their speaking the Spanish idiom, which has ever since been their mother tongue. The Salonica Jews are the filthiest sons of Moses anywhere to be met with; to enter their dwellings and quarters is almost impossible, both on account of the wretched state of their houses and lanes, and the disgust which one experiences on approaching such miserable specimens of humanity. As usurers and traders the Jews of Salonica are on the top of the ladder; they are crafty, mean, and sneaky. The swell whose portrait we have taken is a Señor Bramico (Abraham), who may be considered as representing the generic type of the trading Jew of Salonica. Bramico is a Jew of the clean denomination, he is rather a *polite* dandy, but the three principal characteristics of his race, *i.e.*, sharpness, conceit, and cynicism, are vividly portrayed in his face.

On the whole the condition of the Jews of Salonica is deplorable; it is to be hoped that their co-religionists throughout Europe will exert themselves on their behalf by trying to raise them from the degradation in which they are sunk. If Sir Moses Montefiore does not do something on their behalf, many of them will have become Turks, that being the best way of getting cleansed from their filthy habits. Whatever the merits of the two creeds may be, Mohammedanism is by far more palatable and less obnoxious in a hygienic point of view. Converts to Mohammedanism form now a caste, some three or four thousand in number; they are generally known by the name of *Donnés*, *viz.*, those who have turned; socially, they live apart from either Jews or Mussulmans, but, of course, with the latter they are more or less on a footing of intimacy, as is natural between co-religionists. These *Donnés* generally remove to Constantinople, where they set up in business by opening little shops and stalls at the Great Bazaar. As a rule, the converts are much superior either to Jews or Mohammedans; some of them are remarkably handsome.

Numerically, the Greeks come next to the Jews; they are on the whole a well-to-do people, both as merchants and as proprietors. Little else can be said of the Greek population, and that because the Greeks of Salonica offer no peculiarity whatever which would make it worth the while to describe them.

more in detail. As to the Europeans proper, it may be said that they constitute a small colony, at the head of which shine conspicuously the consuls of all the potentates of the earth, beginning from the Czar down to the Emperor Soulouque. On fair-days the consular residences are adorned with the flags of their respective nations, around which gather their subjects and protégés. If one of the consuls succeeds in bringing together two of the former and six of the latter, that is the utmost he can do. On the whole, the European colony does not exceed one hundred families. The Europeans at Salonica are all addicted to trading, and through their political immunities they manage to carry on a brisk business. The wealthiest amongst them is an English Levantine, belonging to the Greek persuasion. He began business as a seller of lemons and oranges; after that he took upon himself the monopoly of the leech trade, a profitable speculation, out of which he realised a million or two of francs. With such a capital he was enabled to set up as money-lender, and managed to lay under obligation all the landed proprietors of Macedonia. This successful Levantine now owns not less than twenty-two estates, the fruits of a high per-centage.

The Mussulmans of Salonica are of the same class of people as may be seen anywhere in Roumelia. The rich are landed proprietors, who live on what they get from their tenants; it is only the small proprietors who take to farming. Besides these, there is a large middle class of shop-keepers and artisans, whose labours are pretty handsomely recompensed. On the whole, the Salonica Mussulmans show more aptitude for business than the rest of their co-religionists throughout the empire, and this fact explains clearly the cause of their relative welfare. Those amongst them who are the worst off are the beys or aristocrats; these people are fond of getting into debt, a taste which makes them run through their fortunes in quick time, and reduces them to beggary.

Salonica counts a population of about 60,000 souls. The three days we remained in the city were more than enough to do the whole place and see what there is worth seeing. Salonica has one principal thoroughfare which runs from east to west. It is in this main street, and in another at right angles to it, that commercial transactions and city life are carried on. The cross street, which leads to the landing-place, is the centre of commerce; while the shops on the other main streets are chiefly occupied with retail business. It is in this part of the town that are to be found the carpets which are known throughout the East as Salonica carpets; here also are the warehouses where they sell the towels and silk aprons for the bath. These articles constitute the chief industry of the population of Salonica.

The cafés and cook-shops of Salonica are not worth noticing; the only peculiarity which strikes the traveller who comes from Constantinople is that in those places there is a great profusion of ice. Ice is very plentiful in Salonica, so much so that it constitutes an article of trade; in summer it is shipped to Constantinople for the supply of the wealthy. Many of the Salonica people who have friends and protectors in the capital try to conciliate their favour by providing them with cargoes of ice.

Salonica possesses several remarkable edifices and ruins. I shall not attempt here to enter into any archaeological details, as that is beyond my purpose. What I want to say, however, is that there is scarcely a place in Turkey which can boast

of so many and such well-preserved ruins as those which are to be seen at Salonica. The principal mosques are all ex-temples or ex-churches, which have been dedicated to the worship of Allah. The principal mosque was formerly dedicated to St. Demetrius, the metropolitan church of Salonica; it is in the form of a cross, and on each side it has a double row of wide antique pillars. The mosque of Aja Sophia, or church of Saint Sophia, is renowned as being the place in which St. Paul preached to the people of Thessalonica.

JOURNEY TO THE INTERIOR.

On the morning of our departure from Salonica, the courtyard of Izet Bey's residence was filled with horses and drivers. From what I can recollect, our caravan comprised something like fifteen individuals, our orderlies and servants included. On the arrival of the horses, we all naturally rushed down in order to choose the strongest and most prepossessing quadruped that could be had. The bustle which ensued from our struggle did not, however, last longer than a few seconds; to our great indignation, we soon found out that all motive for competition between us was superfluous, as the horses which had been brought for us were a set of wretched screws, on whose backs very few people would be willing to trust their lives. But what could be done? was the question which in the midst of our vexation suggested itself to us all. Go we must, that was pretty clear, but how?—a question which many of us would have solved by insisting that the authorities should, at any price, supply us with decent quadrupeds. Reason, however, did not fail to show us that the French adage, "*A la guerre comme à la guerre*," is for military men the best rule through life. In English that proverb ought to be conveyed by the following sentence, "Get what you can, and go ahead;" and that's just what we did. Perched, therefore, on a selected troop of half-lame and half-dead chargers, we defiled along the streets and bazaars of Salonica at an hour when the peaceful citizens were fast asleep. The direction we took was westward, as the route we were to take ran parallel with the main direction of the valley of the Vardar. On emerging from the Vardar-kapu (gate) and the adjoining cemetery, the country all around, from the hills to the shore, appeared dreary and barren, while nearer to the Vardar the eye could detect in the plain several farms and buildings, surmounted by slender poplars.

Our first day's journey consisted of a six hours' ride, which we accomplished in strange style, rather as pedestrians than horsemen; the condition our horses were in was such as to recommend them to the special attention of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Though neither myself nor any of us had any particular claim to high sensitiveness or tenderness to animals, yet when the poor brutes used to turn to us with a pitiful expression, just as if they were saying, "Look at my skin, look at my bones, look at my legs, and be merciful," none of us could help answering the appeal, and down we came to our feet, bridle in hand, trying to drag along the miserable, wretched-looking beasts that ought to have dragged us.

Such are the means of conveyance existing through Roumelia, and the reasons for it are the following: First, that the country itself does not possess a breed of horses suitable for hard work; and, next, because the transport service is the monopoly of a sort of roving Bohemians, called the Zinzars or

Kutchu-vlaks. These fellows hold all the khans or inns throughout Roumelia, and make contracts for providing horses for caravans and travellers; these duties are fulfilled by them on a compulsory system, equally destructive for man and beast.

The condition on which the transport service is granted to these Zinzars is that they shall keep to a tariff of sixpence per hour for Government service, while the trade tariff is to be tenpence for the same distance. In order to understand how vexatious and aggressive this system is, one must know that in Turkey the people who trot along the highways are

cut through the mountainous region lying behind Salonica. Our itinerary was therefore traced out in the following way:—Avrat-Hissari, 6 hours; Doiran, 8 hours; Ostrundjse, 7 hours; Istip, 7 hours; Uskup, 8 hours. Avrat-Hissari is a large village, situated in the midst of an arable country, which produces grain; topographically it dominates the surrounding country. The castle, which gives its name to it, is on an eminence situated a little to the right of the village. The house before which we alighted belonged to the *kudja-bashi*, the chief of the Christian community, who placed the whole of his establishment at our disposal. He could hardly have done otherwise,



TRAVELLERS REPOSING ON THE BANKS OF LAKE DOIRAN.

the officials who hunt after lucre from one end of the empire to the other. Now, as among these officials there are some who pay cash while others pay with the horsewhip, the poor contractors are always losers; if the sixpence per hour tariff is not sufficient to defray the expenses, the case becomes infinitely worse when half the customers pay by dint of the whip. As for the tenpence tariff, the contractors have seldom the opportunity of enforcing it—tradesmen generally prefer avoiding a journey through difficult and unsafe regions. The only source of profit which remains open is the transport of imported goods; as regards produce for exportation it finds its way to the sea through the medium of private vehicles.

Avrat-Hissari (the Castle of the Woman) was our first halting-place; it lies north-west of Salonica, at a distance of six hours. Instead of following the route parallel to the course of the Vardar, so as to reach Uskup by the way of Keupruli, we

as his lordship's mansion consisted only of three rooms and a sort of verandah. The verandah was by far the best part of the building, and there it was that we all stretched our legs at night. Avrat-Hissari has somewhere about three hundred houses, of which the majority belong to Bulgarians and the minority to Mussulmans.

The fact of a large Bulgarian community finding itself established within six hours' distance of Salonica is a fact of great importance, as it seems to settle a point which has been much discussed both by ethnologists and politicians. It has been of late years a matter of debate or, rather, altercation between Pan-slavists and Pan-hellenics as to whether Macedonia is at present a Slavonic or a Hellenic province.

The friends of Greece set it down as sheer nonsense to pretend that "Makedhonia," the fatherland of Alexander the

Great, should be anything else but Greek. The Panslavists, on their side, maintain that what may have been Macedonia twenty-three centuries ago is a question which cannot in the least influence the present, as the Bulgarian or, what is the same, the Slavonic race is the predominant element throughout Macedonia; they conclude, therefore, that the province is Slavonian and not Hellenic.

Judging from what I have seen in Macedonia and Albania, I must say that the assertion of the Slave is fully maintained by the irresistible logic of facts. Beginning from Avrat-Hissari, a

established there were in ancient times few in number, merely sufficient to hold it as a province of Greece, or, latterly, as a province of the Byzantine Empire. Like all maritime nations, the Greeks seldom occupied the interior, but kept themselves concentrated on the sea-coast. This theory would lead to a conclusion which is logical enough, and this is that in ancient as well as in modern times, Salonica and the coast were Greek, while the interior was and is occupied by an indigenous race, whom the ancients called barbarians. Nowadays it is the Slaves who have taken their place.



YOUNG JEWESS OF SALONICA.

line of demarcation may be drawn, defining the limits between the Slave and Greek elements. To the south of this line, that is, along the coast, the Greeks have the majority; while in the interior, viz., at a distance only of eighteen miles from Salonica, there is not one Greek to be found. Besides Avrat-Hissari, at Doiran and Istip, for instance, the population is composed of Bulgarians, Mussulmans, and Jews; while in the rural districts there are none but Bulgarians and Zinzars to be found. The sons of the earth, those who till it and possess it, being Slaves, it is difficult to account for the claims brought forward by the Greeks. The claims which have historical recollections or souvenirs as a basis cannot stand against the evidence of facts. Besides, from the total disappearance of the Greek element from Macedonia, it must be inferred that the Greeks

According to my observations, these modern barbarians who occupy the interior of Macedonia are an honest, peaceable, and hard-working race, endowed with moral and physical qualities of a high standard.

The world is for him who can win it by labour and pluck; the assertion of mere claims is of no use.

A cup of coffee and some bread and cheese are more than enough in order to put a fellow in a riding humour. I have always found garlic a good specific to stir up one's energy, and it should be taken in doses of a handful at a time. Garlic at any time of the day while *en route* is everything to a horseman; it serves to give him an appetite, quench his thirst, sharpen his scent, and has a dozen other marvellous effects. The Turks attribute to it another most

valuable quality, that of counteracting the ill effects which the sudden changes of climate produce on the constitution. Thus in the East garlic does not labour under the weight of excommunication it does in the British Islands; every one there considers it an indispensable *vade mecum*, and on setting off on a journey fills his pockets with it. Thus, with garlic and arrack as revivers, with cigarettes as comforters, we began our advance over plains, ridges, and defiles, on our way to Doiran. Between our halting-place and Doiran the country offers no remarkable feature, as the route lies across an undulating country covered with crops of wheat and grain. Two hours before reaching Doiran we came to a mountainous and rocky district which borders the lake of Doiran. It is while crossing those defiles that the traveller catches sight at intervals of the distant lake, and of the lofty range which separates the valley of Serès from the basin of Doiran.

The town of Doiran is picturesquely situated on the lake of that name. It has a mixed population of Bulgarians and Mussulmans; the former thriving, the latter in a declining condition. On the whole, Doiran may count some 800 houses, and somewhere about 4,000 inhabitants. All around Doiran there are extensive plantations of mulberry and other fruit trees. The most important buildings are two mosques, a church, and a silk factory. This factory is an establishment on a large scale, which affords means of subsistence to fifty or sixty girls of the lower class.

It may be here remarked throughout the East, wherever a factory is established and the manual work of females required, the workwomen are exclusively Christians. Mussulman women will work at home by themselves, but will never go to a place where their virtue might be compromised by the sight which a manager could get of them.

The silk factory, which is, as I said, one of the chief buildings

of the place, is close by the shore of the lake. In front of the factory there is a sort of a promenade adorned with weeping-willows, which skirts the lake for something like a mile. The lake has a circumference of eighteen miles; it is deep, and its waters are sweet. Lake Doiran is full of fish, a sort of carp, which attains here an enormous size. The fishery of this lake is farmed out by the Treasury at £1,000 per annum. When the wind is high the waters become agitated and violent, and that was just the case the day we were at Doiran. The view of the lake and of the mountains on the eastern side is grand.

On the morning we took leave of the proprietors of the house where we had spent the night. They were Bulgarians; but it was with the females of the establishment alone that we had direct dealings. The old and young women of the house seemed to rival each other in their praiseworthy efforts to make us comfortable, and treat us with the niceties their culinary art could devise. The style of the houses and of their furniture was very simple, but neat and comfortable, while the very appearance of their barn and kitchen was enough to show that ease and abundance were here the reward of labour. I have always found that in country places, and especially in the houses of well-to-do farmers, it is highly tempting and gratifying to the senses to contemplate their barns nicely fitted up, and their store-rooms and larders richly provided with all that nature produces for our support. That sight is far more gratifying than any other that may entice the eye, let it be even the sight of a heap of pounds sterling. Another thing which did not escape my observation was a little sanctuary with lighted lamps burning before it. The women are orthodox and highly attached to their madonnas and saints; but this feeling, though it gives rise to a certain amount of superstition, yet has its advantageous side in steadying the conduct through life.

A Visit to Upper Silesia.—I.

BY GEORGE GLADSTONE, F.R.G.S.

THE baths of Königsdorff Jastrzemb in Upper Silesia, though far superior to many with which the English public are familiar, may be said to be altogether unknown on this side of the Channel. Having seen a brief notice of the place and its waters in a work recently published in Berlin, we determined to seek it out and try their efficacy, though not a map could be found in London which indicated the situation of the village.

The direct postal route lies through Berlin and Breslau. The former city is generally reached, of course, by the main line of railway through Belgium and Cologne; but it is a long ride, and those who enjoy the sea will prefer to go *via* Hamburg, though they will be nearly twelve hours longer on the journey, even if fortunate enough to have a rapid passage. In this respect we were specially favoured, the *Virgo*, from London, arriving at Hamburg, after a very quick run of thirty-seven hours, in time for us to get the night mail to Berlin. A train in correspondence with this will carry the traveller at once to Breslau, if pressed for time; and as Berlin and every place on

this side of it are already known ground, we will take this as our starting-point.

The line from Berlin to Breslau is one of the state railways, and the accommodation is very superior; the second class carriages greatly excelling both in roominess and comfort the first class carriages on English lines. They are entered from a platform at each end, which arrangement affords additional facilities for regulating the ventilation—no slight advantage in such hot weather as we experienced during the day. The principal towns passed *en route* are Frankfurt on the Oder, and Liegnitz; little, however, is seen of them from the railway. The country possesses the same general features as are characteristic of all North Germany: a sandy plain, interspersed with wood and cultivated land, without a hill to vary the line of the horizon. The only novelty was caused by the late war. The train in which we travelled conveyed sundry officers and soldiers who were *en route* to various baths, having free passes from the Government, seeking recovery from the rheumatism

and other complaints which they had contracted in France. Occasionally we saw at the stations a whole military or hospital train which had brought back some regiments to their headquarters; and at another place a part of the railway platform had been appropriated as a lazaretto, the temporary boarding which served to separate it being decorated with the now familiar red cross on a white field. Many, too, of the engines and carriages still wore the laurel wreaths with which they had been decorated on the occasion of the return of the warriors.

Breslau is an interesting city. It combines much of the modern life and activity of the German capital, with the quaintness of one of the old cities of the Empire. The numerous factories and large new houses remind one of Berlin, while the churches and other public buildings, together with most of the houses in the centre of the town, carry one back in thought to Nuremberg. The costumes and manners of the lower orders are in keeping with the latter, though there is an air of business-like activity and prosperity about the place, which is only to be seen in the principal commercial centres.

The old Rathhaus, situated in the Ring—the principal square—is a fine specimen of mediæval architecture; several of the churches, too, are remarkable for the height of their roofs and spires, and for the extramural monuments with which they are decorated. There is indeed a rich field of research here for the antiquarian. In the early morning a great part of the Ring, and several of the adjoining streets, are occupied by market people and their stalls: poultry of all kinds, meat, butter, flowers, fruit, vegetables, domestic utensils, articles of dress, and almost everything else that is in general use, may be purchased here. In the evening the townspeople betake themselves to the gardens which enrich the town, occupying the space which was formerly devoted to works of defence: coffee, ices, and beer are now peacefully consumed where the bastions with their armament previously stood.

The Oder is navigable from here to the Baltic, entering that sea at Swinemunde; but it is shallow, and in many places encumbered with sand-banks. The river communication gives Breslau great trading facilities, as an instance of which Scotch pig-iron finds its way here, and is able to compete with the home product, though the celebrated iron-works of Silesia are only about 100 miles distant. Its principal drawback consists in lying so near the Russian frontier, having thus a jealous neighbour, whose commercial restrictions and protectionist tariffs greatly impede the mutual intercourse between the two nations.

From Breslau there are two routes to Königsdorff Jastrzemb; the one by Petrowitz, and the other by Czernitz or Rybnick. The former has the advantage of bringing the traveller within a shorter drive of his destination, but, on the other hand, it necessitates his crossing the Austrian frontier, which involves an examination of one's baggage by the Customs officers. The mail is conveyed *via* Czernitz, thus keeping within the Prussian boundary. In either case the road is the same as far as Nendza; here the route to the two latter places diverges, while the main line continues through Ratibor to Oderberg. During this ride indications are seen of an approach to the hill country. The outline of the Riesengebirge can be discerned on the south-western horizon; and presently the Carpathians may also be traced in the south-east. The sandy plain has also given place to a deposit of Jura limestone, which is here very largely quarried and burnt for lime. Lime-kilns abound in the

neighbourhood of the line of railway; they are much larger than those usually seen in England, and are built more upon the model of blast-furnaces. They are furnished with an inclined plane or a lift for raising the stone to the charging door, above which a chimney is carried up some distance for the purpose of carrying off the fumes.

Oderberg is little else than a large railway station, together with the Austrian customs establishment. It is the junction of the great lines of railway which connect Breslau, Warsaw, Cracow, and Vienna. As may be expected, therefore, a great many nationalities are represented, and the platform furnishes quite a study of costumes, on the arrival of each train. Most conspicuous of all are the Jews, who abound here; many have their hair twisted in long ringlets, a black coat extending to their ankles, high boots, and their walking-stick graduated as a yard measure—highly suggestive of the nature of their business. Some few Magyars are to be seen in a large dress of white cloth, with trousers reaching but little below the knee, and terminating with a fringe. Women in bright-coloured bodices, a handkerchief over their head, but neither shoes nor stockings on their feet; soldiers in Austrian uniform; and travellers in general from all parts, in all the varieties of dress common to them.

The first station on the line towards Warsaw is Petrowitz, the nearest point to our destination. On descending we had sufficient evidence that we were now out of the ordinary track of tourists, for there were no vehicles awaiting the arrival of the train—no agreeable prospect for us, as the rain was descending in torrents, and we were encumbered also with our baggage. A Berliner, indeed, thinks it quite an adventure to penetrate into Upper Silesia, and many Germans at the baths would scarcely believe our solemn assurance that we had come expressly from London, even though some unknown contributor to a Breslau newspaper had considered it an event of sufficient importance to record. Some conveyance was absolutely necessary, and as it was Hobson's choice, we sent a lad to the nearest farmhouse, and hired a small four-wheeled cart with a pair of ponies. With a truss of straw to sit upon, and our luggage forming a back to lean against, we drove off in the pitiless rain along one of the most execrable roads that can be imagined. About an hour's drive, fortunately without an upset, which sometimes seemed almost more than probable, brought us to the baths, and our spirits were not a little revived when we saw the beautiful avenue of birch-trees which leads to the little village. Our first inquiry for lodgings did not elicit an encouraging response. "Quite full" has been the general answer to visitors on their arrival this season, and our case was no exception; so after trying the most likely places, and being asked whether we had brought beds with us, we were glad to find for that night, at least, a small room in which there was a bed as well as a bedstead.

The first impressions of Jastrzemb, especially as the next day was damp and chilly, were not altogether favourable, but it is a place which improves greatly on acquaintance. The visitors to these baths come for the benefit of their health, and not for fashion or dissipation, as at Homburg or Baden-Baden; and for certain classes of ailments it would be hard to make a better choice.

The mineral waters here are of especial value on account of the quantity of iodine they contain; besides which, bromine is also present. In respect of the latter element they much

resemble the well-known waters of Kreuznach; but in iodine they are about four times as strong. They contain rather less common salt, and are, consequently, more agreeable to the taste. Some of the guests do not drink their morning portion very willingly at first, but they soon get so accustomed to it that the duty becomes rather pleasing than otherwise. The usual programme is to rise about six, and take two or three draughts of water at the Brunnen between that hour and eight o'clock, walking between times in the park, which is prettily laid out, and where a good band plays for two hours every morning, and for the same length of time in the afternoon, when many of the visitors drink also a second portion of water. In point of quantity much more moderation is shown than at many other baths, two full-sized tumblers being rarely exceeded at the morning promenade.

Bathing, which in one form or another is generally prescribed, occupies one of the morning hours, though, in consequence of the annual increase of visitors, some are compelled to take their baths in the afternoon. At present the bath-houses contain twenty-six rooms for that purpose, independently of those for douches and inhaling; and according to their fittings are divided into two classes. For the cheaper ones there is a very brisk demand, and they are in constant requisition, from four o'clock in the morning until the same hour in the afternoon. The bath usually consists of the water in the same condition as it rises from the spring, except that it is warmed to such temperature as may be desired.

Both in house and bathing accommodation the present has been an exceptional year at Bad Königsdorff. In April, the largest hotel in the place (containing forty bedrooms) was accidentally burnt down, which has thrown an extra pressure upon the lodging-houses; and on the return of the troops from France the Government has sent the invalids to the various baths of Germany to take the benefit of the waters. Jastrzemb

has had from twenty-five to thirty rank and file at a time, for whom one of the houses has been specially appropriated as a military hospital—in addition to a good many officers. These two circumstances combined have created an unexpected demand, without the inhabitants having sufficient time to provide for it. Plans are already being prepared for supplying both these deficiencies before next season.

The dinner hour, as is usual in Germany, is one o'clock. From five to seven the visitors are generally to be found in the park, either drinking the waters and promenading, or sitting near the orchestra chatting and listening to the music. After the latter hour an adjournment often takes place to the Kurhaus for an early supper, in the open air whenever the state of the weather will admit of it.

The spring itself, which has made the reputation of the place, rises, at a depth of 700 feet below the surface, in the tertiary strata, which here abound in coal; borings in the immediate neighbourhood having proved the existence of deposits at least thirty feet in thickness. The coal is highly bituminous, rather approaching cannel in its character, and emitting carburetted hydrogen gas, which bubbles up through the water. The gas has all passed off before it reaches the drinking hall, and is purposely allowed to escape, in order to avoid the risk of explosion. A pretty little experiment might be made by applying a lighted taper at night, as the gas would take fire, and a pale blue flame would then be seen playing upon the surface of the water. At a second well, about a quarter of a mile distant from the first, the escape of the gas can be conveniently watched; and a certain periodicity is observed, the action being greatest at intervals of two hours, and accompanied by a rise in the level of the water. This one, about 600 feet deep, is unused at present, as the principal spring yields about 6,500 cubic feet of water daily, which is more than sufficient for the wants of the place, and the present export demand.

Notes on Bombay and the Malabar Coast.—II.

BY LIEUTENANT C. B. LOW, (LATE) INDIAN NAVY.

WALKESHWUR—MALABAR POINT—FLYING FOXES—HOW BOMBAY CAME TO BE A BRITISH DEPENDENCY—THE SHRUBS AND TREES OF BOMBAY—ITS CHIEF FRUITS AND FISH—THE PARSEES: THEIR RELIGION, DRESS, AND CUSTOMS—THE TEMPLES OF SILENCE—THE PARSEES AT PRAYER.

A WALL surrounds Walkeshwur* on three sides, and it is only open towards the sea. We must therefore alight from our carriage, and on passing through one of the entrances, will find ourselves in the narrow streets of this singular out-of-the-way nook of the busy island of Bombay. This hotbed of Brahminism, during the season of the native festivals, is thronged with all the Hindoos of the great neighbouring city. In the middle of a large square is a sacred—and very dirty—tank

* Walkeshwur means the "Lord of the Sand." Rama came to Malabar Point, in the course of his travels, tired and thirsty, and found no water; so he shot an arrow into the sand on the sea-shore, and water immediately appeared on the spot where stands the present tank.

of water, in which the pilgrims bathe by thousands, after which another dip in the sea completes the ceremony. Native houses surround us, with walls painted yellow and blue, while beves of women pass, carrying *chatties* balanced on their heads, or children perched astraddle on their hips, all chatting and laughing pleasantly enough; small covered carriages go by, brimming over with Hindoos wearing large red turbans; and *shigrams*, in various stages of dilapidation, rattle along, equally full of Parsees, or perhaps of a cargo of sailors, who having come on shore for twenty-four hours' "liberty," are mostly in that semi-intoxicated condition which they themselves would style "half seas over."

Tall obelisk-shaped pillars, called *deepmals*, painted in parts red and yellow and green, and suspended with lamps on festive occasions, form a feature of the town of Walkeshwur. Temples of all sizes and forms are seen: there a lofty one, shaped like a sugar-loaf; here one with a domed roof, on it a pinnacle and

turret, with similar ones at each corner; and a third elaborately carved, in which are small images of gods in niches placed in the numerous turrets on the roof. Then there are flat-roofed temples, and little square ones, standing about four feet high, with pointed roofs, and built under trees. It is a village of temples, full of busy Brahmins and lazy fakirs, who sit on the ground, under a dirty bit of canvas stretched on four poles,

god) would creep out from one of them, and Gunputty (the elephant-god), with his trunk, grin at you through an open, carved window in a temple. Every now and then, a Brahmin, in white drapery, flits by like a ghost, and religious mendicants slink along the walls looking like spirits from the nether world.

From Malabar Point we will drive to Chowpatty and Girgaum, by the road below the bank. As it gets dark, and you



CHRISTIAN CONVERTS, BOMBAY.

with a *hubble-bubble* (a pipe, the smoke of which is made to pass through a cocoa-nut filled with water, being a humble imitation of a hookah), with their long hair twisted round their heads, and covered with ashes and dirt. A wall surrounds this little corner of the island of Bombay on three sides; towards the west it is open to the sea. The narrow passages (for streets they cannot be called) are dark and gloomy; on each side are temples, houses, and dingy walls, with the foliage of tall trees overshadowing the way, and nearly obscuring the daylight; and on all sides there are numbers of mysterious corners; little barred windows in walls; small dark inlets here and outlets there, so that one almost expects Hunooman (the monkey-

are whirled past the thick groves of the cocoa-nut trees, you will notice the effect of the lights gleaming among the foliage from the large, and in some instances handsome, Parsee houses, which are thickly clustered about this neighbourhood. The drive from Malabar Hill to Chowpatty along the foot of the cliffs is very pretty. The steep banks are covered with foliage, conspicuous among which are the date-trees of various species, perched on the red and black rocks, and the graceful casuarina, which waves its feathery boughs in the breeze. Among the basaltic masses of rock above the road is domesticated a colony of coolies, who, having few wants, are quite happy in their miserable huts. As twilight has set in, and quickly given way

to night, a fine effect is produced by the moon shining through the dark masses of trees, and here and there, as you emerge from out their shade, the long, drooping branches or leaves of the cocoa-nut trees, with their tall upright stems, are clearly marked in the pure light of the vault of heaven.

Your attention will be attracted by the flight overhead of curious-looking creatures, somewhat resembling large crows. They are called flying-foxes, and from sunrise to sunset may be seen hanging in clusters from the branches of the peepul-tree head downwards, and suspended apparently by one leg. At twilight they arouse themselves from this dormant state, and fly among the trees, and even over the houses in the Fort, with their heavy, silent, and mysterious flight. The flying-fox has the wings, body, and legs of a bat, and a beautiful, delicately-formed head, resembling alike in colour and fur that of a fox. The body is nearly a foot in length, and the extreme breadth between the wings when extended measures from three to four feet.

On these quiet still nights, sounds can be heard a long way off; the singing of the natives, and the monotonous drumming of the tomtoms, are distinguishable from the extremity of Malabar Point or Colaba, and are not unpleasant, when mellowed by distance. In the harbour itself, the notes of the band playing on board the guardship can be heard everywhere, as can also the chorus of the sailors' songs, as the honest fellows enliven the evenings by ditties, chiefly to the memory of sweet-hearts in distant England.

A further detailed description of Bombay and its people may be well prefaced by a few words as to the somewhat remarkable manner in which the island came to be a possession of the British crown.

The word Bombay is said to be derived from the Portuguese *Bom Bahia*, or "good bay;" though some think that it is so-called from the Hindoo goddess, Bomba Devi. Bombay was formerly comprehended in the Mogul province of Aurangabad, and at the time of its cession to the Portuguese, in A.D. 1530, it was a dependency on a chieftain residing at Tannah, in Salsette; but its new masters never valued it, on account of its unhealthiness and its proximity to Goa, their capital. As part of the dowry of the Infanta Catherine of Portugal, on the occasion of her marriage with Charles II., it became, in 1661, an appanage of the British crown; and a British fleet and armament were dispatched in the following year to take possession of the island. The Portuguese evaded the cession for some time, and it was not until February, 1665, that Mr. Cooke, the first English governor, took possession of the island with the remnant of the troops, who had been decimated with sickness.

Charles II., finding that he had an unprofitable bargain in Bombay, listened to the complaints of the East India Company, regarding the injury done to their trade; and by letters patent, dated 27th March, 1668, transferred the island from the crown to the company, "in free and common soccage, as the manor of East Greenwich, on the payment of the annual rent of ten pounds in gold, on the 30th September of each year."

On the 23rd September following, the island, whose revenues were almost £2,823 per annum, was taken possession of by Sir George Oxenden, the company's governor, and its troops, arms, and stores were transferred to that officer. In 1683 or 1684 Bombay was constituted an independent English settlement, the factory at Surat having been hitherto the only seat of government in Western India. After the year 1686, when the chief governor removed from Surat to Bombay, the settlement

continued in a very weakly state for some time, liable to invasion from the Mahrattas and Portuguese, and its prosperity was adversely affected by the quarrels between the old and new East India Companies. In 1692, and again in 1703, it was nearly depopulated by the plague; but, in spite of all these adverse circumstances, so advantageous was the position of the island for purposes of commerce, that it steadily continued to progress from the state of prostration to which it had been reduced, until it came to occupy its present position as the emporium of Eastern trade. Thus, though England has nothing for which to be grateful to the "merry" but dissolute monarch, who indeed brought the country to the lowest ebb of disgrace, yet the fact that through Charles II. the city of Bombay, with its unrivalled harbour, came to be British property should be taken into consideration, when we execrate him for reducing our fleet to a point of weakness that enabled De Ruyter to sail up the Thames and burn Sheerness.

Among the trees which flourish in the island of Bombay is the *teak*, with its peculiar-shaped large leaves. For ship-building purposes the *teak* is declared to be superior to the oak, and I think there can be little doubt that it is more lasting, owing, perhaps, to its closer grain. There is also the jack-tree, from out the trunk of which grows a large-sized fruit. Chief among the denizens of the forest stands the majestic cocoa-nut, or palm-tree, which the Hindoos may be almost excused for regarding as sacred, as it gives an ingredient for their curries, as well as shade and drink; also oil for their lamps, thatch for their huts, coir for cordage, as well as fibre for clothing and matting. As you walk or drive in the environs of Bombay among the *topes*, or clusters of trees, it is curious to watch the natives climbing up the palm-trees for the purpose of extracting the juice, which is converted into "toddy," a spirituous liquor in high favour among the natives. The toddy-drawer ascends the tall stem of the palm-tree by the following ingenious method. Taking the dry stem of a creeping plant, he forms it into a circle about a foot in diameter, into which he puts his feet. He then raises himself up a little on the stem of the tree by means of his hands, draws up his legs, and, subsequently, supports his whole weight upon his feet and the connecting ligature which is round the stem of the tree; then stretches up his arms again; and so, by the alternate motion of his arms and feet, he reaches the top. The ordinary implements of a toddy-drawer are the shell of a large gourd, capable of containing several pints of the sweet juice, and a broad knife, which he suspends to a belt tied round his waist. In Bombay the stem is sometimes notched on each side, to enable the toddy-drawer to ascend the tree; and often have we stood under its shadow, and watched the nimble fellow crawling cat-like up the tall stem. The more common mode of ascent is there performed by putting a belt—which fastens with a kind of button at one end and eye at the other—loosely round the body of the toddy-drawer and the trunk of the tree; leaning back against the belt, he presses the soles of the feet close to the stem, while he at the same time raises the encircling band; so, alternately stretching upwards and then leaning back against the belt and drawing up his feet, ascends a foot or two at a time.*

Another species of this elegant tribe of trees is the traveller's palm, from which a watery juice is extracted, and the broad leaves of which grow in a fan-like form. The late Mr. Graham,

* Rhind's "Vegetable Kingdom."

author of a catalogue of the plants growing in Bombay and its vicinity, remarks that this tree is the most ornamental of the whole tribe, with its long, pendulous clusters of dark red, succulent, acid berries. The pith of this tree yields a species of sago; and the sap, or toddy, is in common use in the Deccan for the purpose of yeast for raising and fermenting bread. Mr. Graham died at an early age in India, and is buried at Khaddallah, in the Deccan.

Among shrubs cultivated in Bombay are the golden mohur, with its light acacia-like leaves and gaudy blossoms, and the oleander, or almond-tree, one of the commonest of shrubs here. There are also the Indian fig, with its prickly leaves; the neem, somewhat resembling a young acacia, or mountain ash, and bearing a profusion of flower; the yellow-tufted baubool, from which a highly nutritious gum is extracted; and the tulip-tree, with its massive foliage and purple and gold blossoms. There are also the asoka, sacred to Siva, with its beautiful red blossoms, and casuarinas, with their light and graceful foliage.

Most famous and certainly most delicious of all Indian fruits—though perhaps this is a matter of taste, as some people cannot eat the fruit—is the mango, which, however, is only in season between the months of April and June. The flavour is very fine, and may be described as a combination of the melon, apricot, and strawberry. On peeling off the skin the fruit is discovered, with its rich golden colour, which does not belie the juicy richness of the taste. A lady authoress, dilating on the fruit as perfection, winds up with the affirmation, "It must have been the fruit which tempted Eve, and that weak man, Adam, who afterwards threw all the blame on his poor wife." The mango of Mozangong—which now forms part of Bombay—is famed throughout the East; and in the reign of Shah Jehan—who flourished about the time of our James I.—an abundant and fresh supply of this fruit was ensured for his use by couriers, who were stationed between Delhi and the Mahratta coast. The fruit will also be familiar to every reader of Moore's poetical romance of "Lalla Rookh," as its absence from the royal table caused poignant regret to the philosophic chamberlain, Fadladeen.*

The mango-tree has been described as not unlike an ilex in appearance, and its leaves are of the deepest green. The tops of its tree form a pleasing feature in Indian landscapes; and as it is considered an act of philanthropy to plant them, benevolent Hindoos frequently perform the charitable task.

The tamarind is a beautiful tree; its fruit, which is of a darker colour and drier than the West Indian tamarind, has pods twice as long, which, as seen hanging on the tree, are not unlike those of the bean in appearance. The areca palm furnishes the nut which, mixed with *paun*, forms the composition Hindoos are so fond of chewing. The plantain or banana fruit is well known in England. The broad leaves, which hang so gracefully from the trees, form a pleasant shade, and the memory of the rustling sound, as the wind gently sets them in motion, will recall to old Indians many happy hours passed

during the pleasant evenings of the long years of exile in that much-abused, yet often subsequently regretted country.

Passing by the famous banyan-tree, with its widely-spreading branches, which in their umbrageous luxuriance could shelter a troop of cavalry, we must not omit some mention of the peepul, a tree sacred to Vishnoo, and held in high veneration by all Hindoos, who consider it a duty to plant them. One of the most delicious fruits, always after the mango, and perhaps the plantain, is the guava, which has a very delicate flavour; the custard apple, a round soft fruit, the inside of which much resembles a custard in taste, is also very choice. Other fruits are the shaddock, sweet lime, pomegranate, water-melon, which grows to an enormous size, sometimes being three feet high, and another highly-prized description, called the musk-melon, which has a very delicate flavour. The chief vegetables peculiar to the country are *brinjals*, which have small seeds enclosed within a dark-coloured rind, and are served up cut in two, and with the inside mixed with butter; also the *bindy*, a pod three or four inches in length, of a green colour, and, when boiled, presenting a peculiar slimy appearance, but which is thought a delicacy when served up on toast. Neither of these vegetables are very highly thought of by Europeans, and do not supersede those in use in England. Before quitting the subject of fruits and vegetables, it should be recorded that the onions of Bombay have a deserved celebrity for their size, mildness, and agreeable flavour.

No place is better supplied with fish than Bombay, and that, too, of a description not met with elsewhere. To our taste no fish in European waters can be compared to the pomfret, the delicacy and superior flavour of which are undeniable. It is said that the epicure Quin seriously projected a visit to Bombay to eat the pomfret; and we can quite believe that had he been a well-qualified judge in the gastronomic art, of which he was so great an enthusiast, he would never have quitted Bombay after enjoying his first dish of the incomparable delicacy.

Prawns here are of a remarkable size, and prawn curry, as it used to be served up at the Indian Navy and Byculla Clubs, is certainly choicer than any we know of, being even superior to that made of oysters. Scarcely less palatable than pomfret is the *dummelow mulchee*, which is peculiar to this coast. The *dummelow* is a sort of eel, which is eaten both in a fresh and dried state, and usually appears at breakfast, with a dish of rice, butter, and split-peas, which from being coloured with turmeric, is perfectly yellow, and is termed *kedgeree*. Great quantities are annually dried both for home and foreign consumption, and in this state it forms an agreeable adjunct to curry and rice. One of the most delightful amusements that can be enjoyed at Bombay is a sail in a Bombay fishing-boat, a description of craft which for speed, due to their peculiar construction, are perhaps unequalled by the coasting-vessels of any other part of the world. Within soundings a great number of sea-snakes, some over a foot in length, will be seen swimming about on the surface of the water.

The most enterprising, in a commercial point of view, of the various races of Bombay are the Parsees, some of whom are even more wealthy than the most successful of the European merchants. Great numbers of their poorer brethren are clerks in the government offices, a species of service for which they are peculiarly fitted, on account of their attention to business, industry, and general intelligence. Their inclinations are essentially pacific, and such a phenomenon as a Parsee soldier

* The late Sir Thomas Metcalfe, an incorrigible punster, was once guilty of the following verbal quip on the name of this fruit, which was narrated to the writer by a mutual friend present on the occasion. Sir Thomas, at one of his hospitable dinner-parties, rolled a mango across the table to one of his guests, and the fruit brought up against a plate of raisins, called in Hindustanee, *kismis*. "Ah!" exclaimed the delighted punster, improving the occasion after the manner of those afflicted with his amiable weakness; "Ah! see how naturally *man goes to kiss miss*."

in the ranks of a native regiment is, I should suppose, unknown in the chronicles of the Bombay army. Even during the stirring times of the Indian Mutiny, not one individual of the nationality had the manliness to join even a volunteer corps for local service, and share with their white fellow-subjects the duties of self-defence, and that although the condition of affairs at Bombay was at one time in a most alarming state; and in the event of an outbreak, they, the Parsees, would have been subjected by Mussulman and Hindoo fanatics to massacre with an animosity equal to that entertained against the proud islanders, whose martial qualities at least commanded respect, while contempt was mingled with the hatred entertained for the effeminate money-mongering Parsee. Certainly, no one could in the present day recognise in this unwarlike race the descendants of the princes of the "Arabian Nights," or of that romantic Hafed whose heroic deeds are immortalised by Moore.

The Parsees are supposed to be descendants of the ancient Persians, who, after the defeat of their king Yezdezerd, the last of the dynasty of Sassan, by the followers of Mohammed, fled to the mountains of Khorasan. On the death of Yezdezerd, they quitted their native land, and putting to sea, were permitted to settle at Sanjan, a place near the sea-coast, between Bombay and Surat, about twenty-four miles south of Damaun. There is a curious poem descriptive of the arrival and settlement of the Parsees in India, written about A.D. 1599; this poem, called "Kissan-i-Sanjan," after the place in which the race first settled, has been translated by Mr. Eastwick. As is well known, the founder of their peculiar religious tenets was Zoroaster, who flourished in the reign of Darius

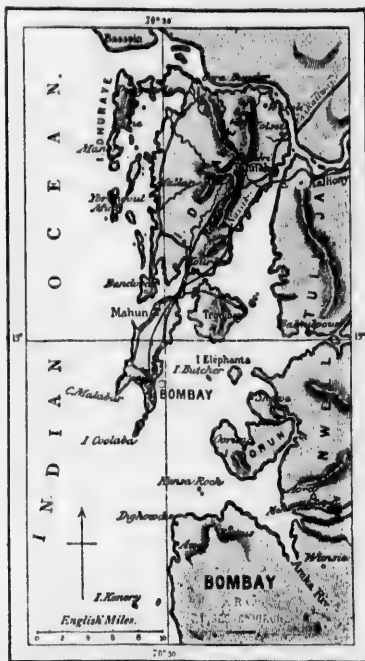
caused himself to be enrolled the Archimagus, or chief of the magi. The Zendavesta has been ascribed to Zoroaster, but

Mr. Erskine, in a paper which appears in Vol. II. of the *Bombay Literary Transactions*, is of opinion that if any part of them was really the work of that philosopher, they were reduced to their present shape by another compiler, as there are numerous addresses to Zoroaster. Parsees believe in the existence of two opposing principles—Ormuzd, the superior, is a benevolent being; and Ahriman, the inferior and malignant agency. They address their prayers to time without bounds, or eternity, which is *the Word*, and to Ormuzd; they adore also the sun, moon, and stars, and the whole of nature, and they ascribe peculiar activity to the element of fire. M.

Erron, in his work on the "Theological and Ceremonial System of Zoroaster," translated by the Rev. J. M. Mitchell, says that this prophet, "regarding fire as the purest symbol of the ever-acting Deity, was led naturally to recommend the special worship of that element; and as of all elements fire is the only one which is not perceptible unless when kindled, the legislator ordered the erection of altars or fire-places in which it might be kept up. In this manner fire be-

came the most useful and striking object in the Persian worship." The Parsees pay reverence to two kinds of fire—the

Adaran, lawful for vulgar eyes to behold; and the Behram, which must be seen by none but the chief Dastoor, or priest, and must be screened from the rays of the sun. When required for a new temple, a portion of the sacred fire is procured in a golden censer from Mount Elbourg, near Yezd, where resides the chief pontiff, and where the holy flame is perpetually maintained. The Beh-



HINDOO TEMPLE AT WALKESHWUR, ON MALABAR HILL.

Hystaspes, about 520 B.C., and that monarch so ardently espoused his principles that, at the death of Zoroaster, he ram fire is said to have had its origin from the natural bituminous fires on the shores of the Caspian, and to have never

been extinguished. It is supposed to be fed with sandal and other precious and aromatic woods, and is kept burning on a silver grating. Mr. Erskine, in the paper previously alluded to, states "that the Behram fire is found only in three *atsh-khanchs*, or temples, in all India, namely, at Odipur, a town near Damaun, at Nausari, and at Bombay; the Adaran fires are much more numerous, there being five or six in Bombay alone, and many in other places."

When a Parsee dies, a dog must be present, as it is supposed to drive away evil spirits who are on the alert to seize upon the dying man's soul; this precaution is called the *sagdad*, or dog

meal. These Temples of Silence are common round towers without roofs, their exterior bearing a general resemblance to the martello towers to be seen on the Sussex coast. The interior is fitted up with stages or storeys of stone pavement, slanting down to a circular opening, like a well, covered with a grating, into which the bones are swept after the birds have cleared them of every particle of flesh. On the upper tier are placed the bodies of men, on the second those of women, on the lowest those of children. At Poona and other towns where the Parsee community is not so numerously represented, the towers have usually but one stage or storey, the pavement of which is divided



PARSEE CHILDREN, BOMBAY.

gaze. One of the chief reasons for the great veneration in which dogs are held by Parsees arises from the tradition that in their emigration from Persia to India their ancestors were, during a dark night, nearly driven upon the shores of Guzerat, and that they were aroused and first warned of their impending danger by the barking of the dogs on board their ships.

As soon as the man is dead, the body is dressed in clean, but old clothes, and conveyed to its last resting-place on an iron bier; meat and drink are placed at hand for three days, as during that time the soul is supposed to hover around in the hope of being reunited to its late earthly tenement.

The Parsee sepulchres are of so peculiar a character as to merit particular notice. Should any of my readers ever go to Bombay, he will find two of these *dakhmas*, or Temples of Silence, in a secluded part of Malabar Hill, though admittance is denied within the walls enclosing the melancholy structures to aught but Parsees, and the vultures which hover around in silent flight, or whet their beaks preparatory to their disgusting

into three compartments by low stone walls running from the outer wall of the tower to the edge of the well-like aperture, and separately appropriated to men, women, and children, whose bodies are deposited loosely wrapped in cloth.* The vultures are always on the alert, and no sooner has the funeral party retired from the building, and left the body of their deceased friend to the horrors of this novel description of charnel-house, than the filthy birds are first seen hovering over, and then descending upon the scarcely cold body. Should they first attack the eye it is considered a favourable omen for the soul; but one would think this rending and devouring of the flesh, loved and cherished during life, must revolt the feelings of those among the fire-worshippers who have not wholly surrendered themselves to the necessities of their religion. After a certain time the bones are thrown into the well, with which subterranean passages communicate, and by which they are occasionally removed, in order to prevent the sepulchre from being too full

* Lady Falkland's "Journal in India."

The Parsees assign as their reason for not burying their dead that, having received many benefits from the earth during their life-time, they consider it defiled by placing dead bodies in it. Similarly, they do not adopt the Hindoo custom of burning their dead, as another element, fire, would be rendered impure.

The chief distinctive feature of the Parsee dress is the hat, to which the community cling with a pertinacity that would be extraordinary were it not common; even the Parsee representative of "young Bombay," dressed from top to toe in European costume, including a pair of shiny boots, cannot be induced to discard the abominable *topce*, or hat, distinctive of his race: though, perhaps, after all, we who live in glass houses should not throw stones, for what can be more hideous than the chimney-pot hat of our boasted civilisation? The Parsee head-dress, which contests the palm of ugliness with its English rival, is constructed on a strong but light framework, covered with highly-glazed, dark-coloured chintz. The priests, who dress like the laity, wear a hat of much the same shape as the former, but white instead of a dark colour. On occasions of ceremony, the ordinary tight-fitting narrow garment is exchanged for one with very full skirts like a petticoat, and a shawl is usually worn round the waist, which is at other times omitted.

The costume of the women is a combination of that of the Hindoos and Mussulmans, consisting of the short body and *sarree* of the former, with the full trousers of the latter. Both

sexes endure themselves at seven years of age with the sacred shirt, which is worn over the trousers; the *sadra*, as it is called, is made of a thin transparent muslin, and is meant to represent the coat-of-mail the men wore when they arrived in India, and with which they believe they can resist the spiritual assaults of Ahriman, the evil principle. The hair of the women is concealed by linen skull-caps, fitting tight to the head.

Parsee females are fair in comparison with the other women of Bombay; some, indeed, are handsome, but, like the generality of Eastern ladies, they lose their good looks early in life, and, as a consequence of the idle listless lives they lead, soon become *embonpoint*.

It is a singular and interesting sight to watch the Parsees assembled on the sea-shore, and, as the sun sinks below the horizon, to mark them prostrating themselves, and offering up their orisons to the great giver of light and heat, which they regard as representing the Deity. Their prayers are uttered, it is said, in an unknown tongue; and after the fiery face of the orb of day has disappeared in his ocean bed, and the wondrous pillars of light shooting aslant the sky proclaim that the "day is done" and the night is at hand, they raise themselves from their knees and turn silently away from the beach, which is left once more to twilight and the murmur or, if in angry mood, the roar of the sea as it breaks on the shore.



An Autumn Tour in Andalusia.—II.

BY ULICK RALPH BURKE

GRANADA—GUIDES.

WE wound up our last section with a few words on the present state of the Alhambra; and however tempting it may be to dilate upon its various beauties in detail, this has been so fully and so ably done by previous writers upon the subject, that it would be out of place in a sketch like the present to do more than touch *en passant* upon so seductive a theme. For those who desire to study the architecture and decorations of the Alhambra at home, the magnificent volume, the joint production of Owen Jones and Don Pascual Gayangos, is as accurate as it is interesting; while the little handbook published by the former for the use of visitors to the "Court of the Lions" at the Crystal Palace, gives a faithful reproduction of almost everything but the colours. Mr. Murphy's great work, also, although the plates are not coloured, is even more accurate than these more recent publications. A few years ago the palace of the Moorish kings at Granada could only be visited at certain hours, and even then many of the chambers were not shown; but at the present day the entire building is open all day long to visitors; and the attendants or guardians earn a small gratuity by an amount of civility, which, under the old *régime*, was certainly not to be met with. A necessary and most proper surveillance is, however, kept over all visitors, and it is only by obtaining a special permission, as we did, that any one is permitted to wander *unattended* through the palace of the Moorish kings. The wanton destructiveness of

former visitors has, alas! left its mark upon the walls, and the elegant *tocador*, from having been the glory of Moorish architecture and Italian decoration, is now only a standing monument of their disgraceful conduct. The exquisitely-painted walls are rudely scribbled over with the names of travellers, who should rather blush thus to perpetuate their vandalism; and the carvings and arabesque work on the windows and doors are chipped away, so as to leave but little of the original design remaining. Our engraving represents a countryman—we have a bad reputation abroad for such matters—in the act of pillage and destruction, while the guardian, well fed, no doubt, by the *milord*, turns his face in the opposite direction. We are happy to say that under the new *régime* such things do not occur; but M. Doré's sketch appears to us too good to be lost.

But the Alhambra, although the most interesting, is by no means the only interesting building at Granada. The Generalife, the Cartuja, the Cathedral, with its numerous interesting chapels, and many architectural remains of the Moorish dominion, have claims upon the time and attention of the traveller. Of these, the Generalife, the villa or pleasure house of the Moorish kings of Granada, is situated close to the Alhambra; and, having indulged in the doubtful luxury of a guide on our first day at Granada, we were shown over the Generalife in the regular "round." Manuel Lara, our cicerone, although he spoke no language but his own, proved a very pleasant and intelligent guide. He did not make a mono-

tonous oration on reaching every object of interest, as is the custom of his tribe, but knew when to hold his tongue, and only gave information when we seemed to desire it, which was exceedingly pleasant. I have a general prejudice, when travelling, against every native who speaks any language but his own; and, certainly, in the case of guides, if you can get hold of a man otherwise intelligent, the fewer languages he speaks the more agreeable and the more reliable will he usually be.

THE GENERALIFE.

The interior of the Generalife, which appears to have been ornamented in the same style as the Alhambra, has been entirely whitewashed, and that so thickly, that not only the colour, but even the patterns in relief have been almost completely obliterated. There is a small picture-gallery, but the great charm of the place is the delightful view which it commands of the surrounding scenery. The gardens are laid out in the same taste, intersected at every turn with bubbling rivulets, and fresh with hundreds of ever-playing fountains, and the plants and parterres seem remarkably well attended, which, considering the present owner, the Marquis of Campo-tejar, has never even visited it, speaks well for some one on the spot. The flowers and shrubs are of countless varieties, and would delight the heart of a horticulturist; but as I unfortunately did not come under that denomination, I was obliged to content myself with noting down some of the Spanish names, and remarking some exceedingly fine specimens of that universally familiar plant, the cabbage, which were growing in small pots on the top of an ornamental wall in the centre of the garden. Fancy a country where the pigs feed on the fruit of the cactus, and green cabbages are grown in pots for ornament!

THE CATHEDRAL.

The Cathedral disappointed me very much. Its ill-proportioned Græco-Roman structure could hardly please any one who had been so lately initiated in Arabic elegance; but the interior is not even rich. A general white and cold tone prevails. The centre nave is entirely blocked up by the choir; a profusion of statues and churrigresque ornamentation do not improve matters. There are some good pictures, especially by Alonso Cano; but the light is bad, and white and gold is not the best background in the world to show off paintings under any circumstances. The chapels are, however, interesting, especially the *Capilla de los Reyes*, containing the tomb of Ferdinand and Isabella, of which M. Doré's admirable sketch gives a faithful picture. The tomb is of alabaster, and the effigies of the king and queen of white marble; the details which may be remarked in the woodcut are exquisitely finished, the work of a Genoese of the name of Peralta. The tomb of Philip of Burgundy and *Juana la Loca*, about whom there has been so much discussion of late, stands close beside that of the Catholic sovereigns, and is somewhat similar in design and execution. But, beautiful as these tombs are, perhaps a more remarkable relic in the *Capilla de los Reyes* is the pair of painted carvings which adorn the walls. One of them represents the triumphal entry of Ferdinand and Isabella, accompanied by Cardinal Mendoza, into the city of Granada; and the other the baptism of the converted Moors *en masse* by some Spanish monks. These strange carvings are well preserved, and the costumes, the faces, and, indeed, the

subjects which they represent are of the highest interest. Some standards used at the conquest, some swords, the queen's private missal, and many objects of interest in the sacristy of the chapel are shown by the verger before conducting you into the *Sagrario*, which is, to use Ford's happy antithesis, "costly in material and poor in design."

LA CARTUJA.

About a mile from the town, on the north-east road, stands the suppressed convent—La Cartuja. We started out to walk by the Puerta de Elvira, mentioned in the old Moorish romance, "*Ay de mi Alhama*," and passing through the Plaza del Triunfo, easily found our way without the assistance of Manuel Lara, to the convent. A crowd of ragged children besieged us at the entrance, and one of them having rung a huge bell, a very old and infirm porter made his appearance, who appeared to be the only inhabitant of the deserted cloisters, and by him we were shown round the entire building, and every object was described with great minuteness and an attention to detail, which were most amusing. If we did not appear to pay sufficient attention to any particular marble or painting he would seize me by the arm, and, placing me forcibly into the *exact spot* from which the best view was to be obtained, would watch our faces with the greatest attention to see the effect produced. The old man was so evidently proud of his treasures, and so pleased at having some one to whom he could show them, that we submitted to everything he chose to put upon us, even to the discovery of fanciful resemblances to men and things in the veining of the beautiful Granada marble with which the chapel is adorned. In the Cartuja there are also the largest pieces of solid tortoise-shell and precious agate in Spain, and a cabinet of ebony inlaid with silver, mother-of-pearl, and tortoise-shell; an exquisite little statue of St. Bruno, the founder of the convent; some other good painted statues, and a quantity of second-rate pictures, depicting, with harrowing detail, the persecution of the Roman Catholics by Queen Elizabeth in England. Spain is a strange place to find religious persecution condemned; but "*Bien se está San Pedro á Roma*" (St. Peter is good at Rome), as Sancho Panza says; and while we are in the way of borrowing from Cervantes, let us again quote what ought never to be lost sight of for a moment by a Spanish traveller, "*No fida peras al olmo*" (you must not look for pears on a elm-tree). You must not expect to find any fairness in religious matters, nor, indeed, liberality of sentiment on any subject. You must content yourself with looking for the marble, the agate, and the tortoise-shell; you came to see, and you will not be disappointed.

The resources of this Carthusian convent, or, rather, monastery, before its dissolution were enormous, and were chiefly derived from an estate given to the order by Gonzalo de Cordova. On the way back to Granada we looked at the old convent of San Geronimo, which has been converted into a military barrack, in the chapel of which the great captain lies buried. His effigy, with that of his wife, kneel on each side of the high altar, and the place of their burial is marked by a brief and simple Latin epitaph. The memory of *el gran capitán* is much respected at Granada; but as a general rule the Andalusians have as little of what may be called antiquarian veneration as it is possible to conceive of people whose whole country is but a rich mine of antiquarian wealth, unworked,

alas ! and neglected, like so many of their other mines, and only enjoyed in its decay by the foreigner.

ENVIRONS OF GRANADA—EXCURSIONS—BATHS.

The country in the neighbourhood of Granada is, as we have before remarked, not only very beautiful, but very interesting ; and a great many exceedingly pleasant excursions can be made on horseback into the Sierra Nevada or along the

Vega. The kingdom of Granada is very rich in marble, and a visit may be paid to the great serpentine quarry, on the banks of the Xenil, about seven miles from the city, from whence were brought the fine columns of the church of Salesas at Madrid. The most characteristic marble of Granada is of a rich red colour, of a very clear grain, and taking a very fine polish. But, in addition to serpentine, there are marbles of almost every colour—jasper, and a great variety of alabaster, white, coloured, and veined, transparent and opaque. The mineral wealth of Andalusia is quite marvellous, for, although the gold and silver mines are exhausted, or at all events no longer worked, iron, copper, lead, and coal abound in various districts. Emeralds, sapphires, amethysts, and cornelians are also found in small quantities in the neighbourhood of Granada ; but in this instance, as in so many others, it is impossible to say whether Nature or the apathy of the Andalusians is to blame for the scantiness of the yield. The kingdom

of Granada possesses mineral wealth of a very different nature to that which we have been speaking of, in her numerous and valuable thermal springs. Of them Alhama is the most celebrated, and this ancient Moorish key to Granada, so celebrated in tradition and in song, is now becoming, as fast as bad roads and general insolation will permit, a fashionable watering-place. Do not, pray, let the word suggest Scarborough or Homburg, but picture to yourself a little old-fashioned town, picturesquely situated on a rocky eminence in the midst of the Sierra Nevada, approachable only on horseback or by diligence, over one of the most execrable roads in Andalusia. Before we leave the subject of excursions from Granada, we may

remark that good saddle-horses are to be had in the town at five or six shillings (twenty to thirty reals) a day, though the saddles may possibly not satisfy a fastidious critic. We did not go to Sota de Roma, the Duke of Wellington's Spanish estate, about nine miles from Granada, although we heard it was well worth seeing, and one of the regular horseback excursions, as we were only able to stay a week at Granada ; neither had we time to do any mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada.

Indeed, I imagine that the latter would be rather difficult to accomplish, as the Spaniards can hardly understand any one travelling from home to see beautiful Granada, and they certainly would have no sympathy with any one who should leave his comfortable quarters in the city to rough it in the Sierra—for mere pleasure ! And, under these circumstances, I am sure we should have had a great deal of difficulty in obtaining the guides, horses, and correct information necessary for such an expedition. The thing, however, is sometimes done by enterprising Englishmen, among others, by the well-known Pyrenean mountaineer, Mr. Charles Packe.



MODERN CHRISTIANS IN THE PALACE OF THE ANCIENT MOORISH KINGS, ALHAMBRA.

"EL ULTIMO SUSPIRO DEL MORO."

From an historical point of view one of the most interesting excursions to be made from Granada is to a spot called *El ultimo suspiro del Moro* (the last sigh of the Moor). It was here, according to tradition, that the ill-fated Boabdil turned round to take a last look at the

beautiful capital alas ! no longer his.

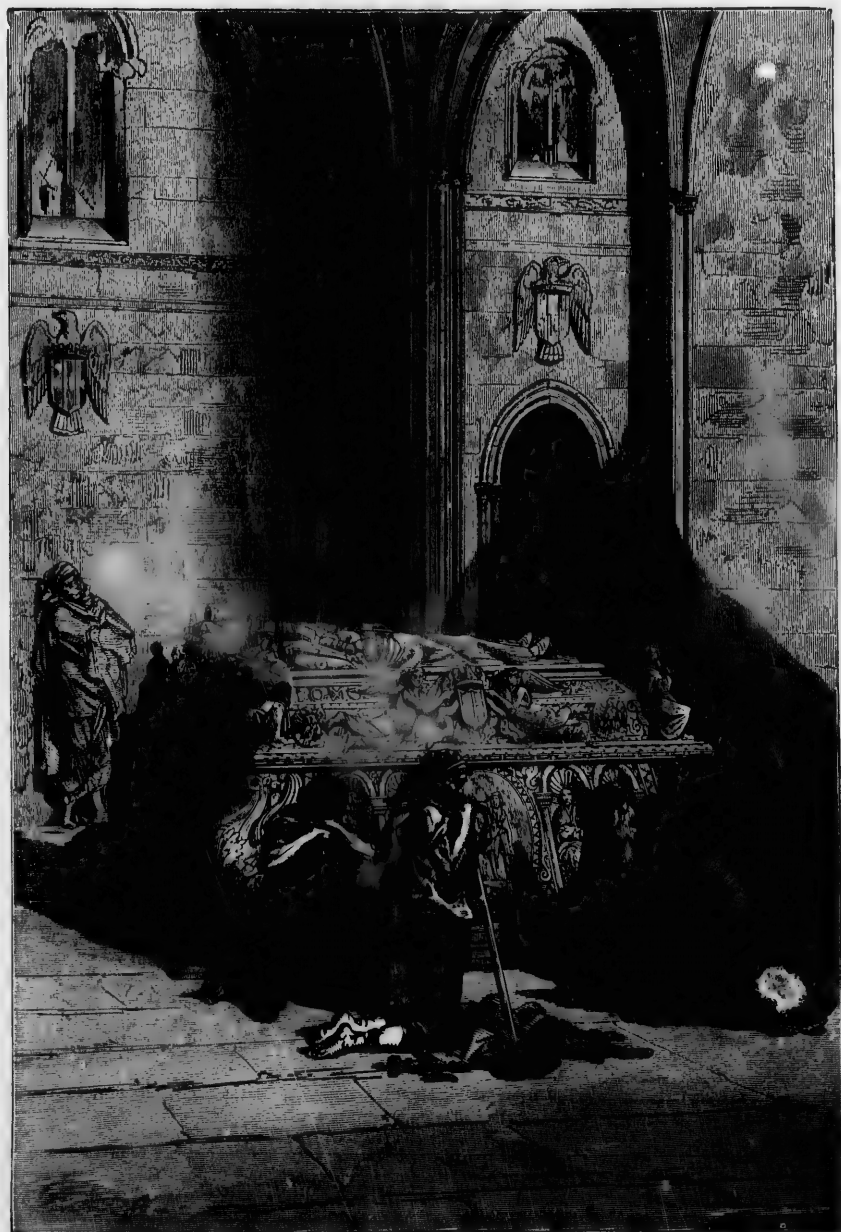
Then the hated banner of Santiago floated over the red tower of his beloved Alhambra, and all was lost for ever. He could not, indeed, have foreseen all the dark deeds of treachery and persecution which were to disgrace the banner of the Cross, and show the world the fiendish intolerance of mediæval Spanish *Christianity* ; but he knew that he was a king without a kingdom, a chief without a people, a man without hope : and he gave vent to a passionate burst of tears, which drew upon him the well-known reproof of his high-souled mother, Ayxa la Horra, "Thou dost well to weep as a woman for what thou hast not defended like a man !"

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TOMB OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA IN THE CATHEDRAL, GRANADA.

RIDICULE OF STRANGERS.

We have before taken occasion to remark that the people of Granada are morally as well as materially isolated and cut off from the rest of the world; and accordingly there is a peculiarity in Spanish character which we have never seen sufficiently noticed, and certainly never explained, in the works of the various travellers who have written about the Peninsula; and that is, the ridicule of foreigners. North of Madrid indeed this characteristic defect can hardly be said to exist, certainly not in an offensive form. You may be noticed, stared at, remarked on; but that is all. So perhaps we should say that the thing is Andalusian rather than Spanish; and every Spanish traveller knows what a wide difference there is between the two. To turn our attention therefore to the south, there is no doubt that the people, even many of what we should call the more educated classes, firmly believe that every stranger who takes the trouble to leave his own country merely to come to see theirs, or of course any other, is neither more nor less than *loco*, or mad; and every little difference in dress or manner, as well as in speech, tends most strongly to confirm this idea. We all know that our countrymen in Switzerland, and other parts of the Continent nearer home, are not very particular as to their dress. Let us warn them solemnly not to visit Granada, for the smallest deviation from Granada fashion proclaims the foreigner. In more frequented parts of the town this merely entails being stared at by every human being you pass, or who passes you until you are out of sight. People will walk past you for the amusement of turning round and laughing in your face; and if you are sitting down they will walk up to you, and stand opposite you for some minutes, staring you full in the face. And this does not happen only in the case of strangers in outlandish dresses, such as Miss Eyre wore when she was here—and was consequently so mobbed whenever she went out that she was at last unable to leave her hotel—but in the case of strangers in the most unobtrusive and even Spanish costumes. But woe betide the visitor who ventures into any of the out-of-the-way parts of the town. A crowd of boys and youths soon collect; and the intruders, *even in the case of ladies*, are lucky if they escape without stones or blows. These Granadese *gamins* must have a wonderful eye for dress. A friend of ours made himself known as a stranger by the presence of two superabundant buttons on his coat. A noble lord from England, who wore his hat at the back of his head, was so persecuted by little boys, that he gave chase; and, having singled out one urchin, followed him even to the cathedral, where he took refuge in his flight, and gave him a sound thrashing on the very steps of the altar. A well-known English commoner was not so successful in his revenge, for being one day similarly tormented, he turned round and gave the foremost of his tormentors a good box on the ear. The boy's father set the authorities in motion, and Mr. — paid for his blow with fifteen days in a Spanish prison. It is therefore just as well to keep your temper, if you cannot wear your hat or button your coat to the fancy of the people.

ESPARTO GRASS.

One of the most important branches of industry in Granada is the manufacture of *esparto* grass. This most valuable and interesting fibrous plant (*Stipa tenacissima*) is grown in most parts of the south-east of the peninsula, and was known to trade as far back as the time of the Romans. Things do not

change rapidly in Spain; and it is interesting to see the grass worked up by the manufacturers of the present day into precisely the same articles as are mentioned by Pliny. Within the last twenty years, however, the French have discovered a new use for *esparto* grass in the manufacture of paper; and it has met with so much favour in England that over 2,000,000 quintals or 100,000 tons are exported annually to that country. The paper upon which many of the English newspapers are printed is now made of this valuable fibre. Long strings of mules, laden with grass, may be seen every day on their way to the coast; and this foreign consumption has made the picking and carrying of *esparto* an important branch of industry in the south of Spain. It need hardly be remarked that in this country the long troops of mules and donkeys, which seem positively to line every road, replace the conventional "luggage train" of the northern latitudes. As to the native manufacture of *esparto*, almost all the rope, matting, baskets, sandal-soles, and mule-packs to be seen in this country are made of the grass. The manufacture, carried on entirely by hand, is extremely simple. The grass, having been dried like hay, is soaked in water and plaited in long strips, which are sewed together according to the form required. The work is of course carried on in the open air, and its mysteries may be penetrated by every *flâneur* in the narrow street.

We have alluded to the "long troops of mules and donkeys" above, and may take occasion to remark in this place that the muleteers and donkey-boys of the neighbourhood of Granada form a very large and interesting class of the population. These are in general "jolly dogs," devil-may-care fellows, with a profusion of bad language for their beasts and a good word for every passer-by; hardy, frank, and though lazy, capable of enduring great fatigue without a murmur. The specimen selected by M. Doré is no bad type of his class. His mule is stepping out apace, decked out with gay, parti-coloured trappings. The saddle-bags in front contain the provisions for both master and beast; the brilliant scarlet sash, the open shirt and the brawny chest disclosed, are as characteristic as the *capa de monte* or riding-cloak, a sort of dark grey blanket, richly embroidered in coloured wools, and ornamented with red and yellow tassels, which never leaves the muleteer, whether mounted, on foot, or asleep; while the never-failing cigarette completes the picture.

HOTELS.

As to the hotels in Granada, there are at least three which are quite up to the average of hotels all over Europe; and of these the *Fonda Victoria* is perhaps the best, while the situation of the other two is more convenient as regards the Alhambra. The cost of living is moderate, the fertile region producing excellent provisions of every kind in abundance. The figs, both purple and green, are especially good, and are in their prime in the end of August; but there is another kind, called *breba*, a small green variety, which comes into season in the spring.

The old-established guides seemed to have all died off before we went to Granada, but respectable and intelligent men are attached to all the hotels, who charge about a dollar a day for lionising visitors about Granada and the environs. A few villas are to be had close to the town for the summer and winter seasons, but I should think an hotel would be much more comfortable, certainly for any English family who wished for comfort and convenience in their own way.

We had always intended to travel on horseback from Granada to Malaga, by way of Alhama, and get a sight of the magnificent scenery of the Sierra Morena; but after meeting with numerous difficulties in what the French would call *prendre des renseignements*, I finally discovered that if the thing could be done at all, it would cost at least nine pounds, which I thought too much to pay for a ride of sixty miles. So we had to give up the scheme altogether, much to the delight of the various people that we had consulted on the subject. We then thought we would travel a route laid down by Murray, and go by diligence to Malaga by way of Loja and Colmenar. But we discovered that since the opening of the railway the diligence had given up running. There is a well-known Spanish proverb, *Quando una puerta se cierra, otra se abre* (when one door is shut, another opens), but it is equally true that when one door opens another shuts, for you never find two ways of getting from any one place to another in Spain. I had determined, if possible, not to go by rail to Malaga, and spent a vast amount of time at the diligence office and other places, endeavouring to strike out a new route; but it was all of no use; it was like dashing oneself against a callous and immovable rock. Beaten at every point, and returning again and again to the charge, we ever found the same impassible obstacles, calm and smiling at our useless endeavours! To attempt to fight against Spanish routine is like playing against the bank at Homburg, with this difference, that at the latter game you may sometimes win; at the former, never. Accordingly, having learnt this useful lesson at the expense of a few hours' absence from our favourite haunts in the Alhambra, I booked myself for two places to Malaga, and received in exchange an immense sheet of paper, whose manifold inscriptions were calculated to inspire the most sceptical with confidence. It happened that the only train in the day from Granada to Malaga left the aforesaid place at the delightful and convenient hour of 1:50 a.m.; but, as we were not timed to get to our destination until some thirteen hours afterwards, we determined to go to bed immediately after dinner; and having given strict injunctions, and a gratification to a waiter to call us at half-past twelve, we turned in "for the night." Of course, we lay awake for an immense time, and having got off to sleep just after eleven, we were roused at 11:30 by the waiter, to ask us if we had any baggage. We replied furiously in the negative, but of course did not get to sleep again, and finally, after some wild driving through the perfectly dark streets of the town, we got into the train, and puffed out of the station not much after our proper time. The day was breaking as we steamed up to the little station at Loja, whence a diligence was to convey us to the nearest completed point of the line to Malaga. This line was so near completion in 1868 that Murray ventured to mark it as finished in his map of his new edition (1869); but it is still much in the same state as when he wrote. It is dangerous to anticipate, in Spanish matters. However, we thought more of the diligence than of Murray's maps, as we stepped out of the carriage on to the platform on this clear, cold morning in September. The Vega lay behind us, but we were already in the midst of the mountains, the picturesquely-situated town of Loja, so celebrated in the border warfare between Moor and Christian, lay before us. But where was the diligence? There had been an "accident." Could another carriage be procured in time to convey us to where we were to meet the train? No one knew. Most

likely not. No one seemed at all put out, but produced cigars and provisions, with which we were also supplied, knowing how necessary it was to be so provided. There was, however, no waiting-room. Ha! ha! what a notion! There were not even seats. So my wife and I sat down, one on each bag of our invaluable *alforjas*, and lightened our load of provisions with an appetite rendered keen by the crisp mountain air. An hour passed away thus. At length I determined to make an effort to get away, for there was not even water to be had at the station, which is a rare thing in Spain. I accordingly assailed the *administrador* (every official has a fine-sounding name) and produced my "through ticket," on which was fully set forth the *correspondencia*, &c. &c. *Señor Administrador* (lord administrator), a sort of tenth-class clerk in vulgar English, was very affable, smiled at the production of my document, accepted a cigar, and preached patience in an exceedingly tranquil manner. I left him calm and unmoved in the enjoyment of my cigar, and took my departure; but on leaving his august presence I was seized upon by a very fat middle-aged Spanish lady, who called upon me to aid her in getting on to Malaga. There was a delicate irony in the situation, which tickled me much, even under the trying circumstances in which I was placed, and I thought I could not do better than retail to her some of the admirable and sententious platitudes with which I had been lately regaled by *Señor Administrador*, and, indeed, by some fellow-passengers with whom I had conversed on the subject.

Before I had done comforting the good lady, the well-known jingling and rattling which announces the approach of a diligence greeted our ears, and in a few minutes not one, but three carriages and thirty horses galloped up to the station. The noise, bustle, and confusion that followed were indescribable; but, having pushed away the Spanish lady in the *interior* and mounted the *cupé* with my wife, and shoved our saddle-bags on the roof, we soon found ourselves in motion over a road compared with which that from Menjíbar to Granada was a perfect billiard-table. But we little knew in those days what Spanish roads could be! After about four hours' drive through a mountainous and picturesque country, without any particular adventure—except the overturning of the carriage immediately preceding us at the bottom of one of the hills, which caused a delay of a few minutes—we drew up in the middle of what would have been a field had it been enclosed, and where a train was standing, looking as if it did not know how it got there, and could never get away. Get away it did, however, in a few minutes, for there was certainly nothing to wait for; and off we started on our way to Bobadilla Junction, where we were to meet the train from Cordova to Malaga, with which we were in correspondence. I did not much fancy the word *correspondencia* after our morning's adventure, although, as it turned out, we had just time enough to get to Bobadilla at the appointed hour. But we went along at a good pace, and had got already some distance beyond Antequera, when we quietly came to a standstill at a place where the absence of any human habitation or attempt at a platform plainly showed there was not a station. Of course, every one at once jumped out of the train—every one always does jump out at every possible opportunity—and in a few minutes I had learnt the cause of our untimely stoppage, which so convulsed me with laughter that it was impossible to be annoyed. The engineer had omitted to

supply his engine with water before setting out on his journey, and it needed a very slight chain of argument to show me that we were hopelessly stuck fast. As on the former occasion, no one seemed put out. Some laughed; some were apparently lost in endeavouring to understand the scientific bearings of our case. Cigars and provisions were discussed, and an employé was sent back on foot to Antequera to get another engine, which, by an extraordinary accident, happened to be there with steam up. Soon after he was gone, however, the chief guard remembered that the regulations of the railway did not permit of an engine being attached to a train behind; and, as there was only a single line, and consequently no means of getting the Antequera engine in front of us, he dispatched another foot messenger back to Antequera to telegraph to Bobadilla for a fresh engine. Before the second message however, had arrived at Antequera, the engine arrived from that place, but was not permitted to approach within a few yards of the train, and there remained with all steam up for more than an hour and a half, until the third engine arrived from Bobadilla, and towed us on to that junction, where, although four hours late, we found the "express" had waited for us. In the course of the day we arrived at Malaga, where our Spanish friend was carried off by a host of fond relatives to *descansarse*, of which I am sure she stood greatly in need.

The railway from Bobadilla to Malaga is most interesting, the passage of the Sierra Nevada being, if possible, grander, and certainly much more rugged than that of either the Pyrenees or the Sierra Morena, and there is especially one most remarkable tunnel, in the middle of which a terrific chasm is traversed by an iron bridge. The existence of this chasm was unknown to the railway engineers until the tunnel had been bored up to its very brink, so it became necessary to continue the original line of the rail in spite of this strange freak of Nature. Shortly before reaching Malaga, the train

passes through a fertile plain, whose luxuriant tropical vegetation quite excited us; for then, for the first time, we saw in lavish profusion the palms, the sugar-canes, and the lemons, which are the glory of the southern coasts of Andalusia. Malaga itself struck me as being the dustiest town I had ever seen in my life; but we did not do much more on the evening of our arrival than dine and get to bed, this time with no fear

of being called too early or too late. And we were not long in falling asleep, to dream of diligences and railways, mixed up with various types of Moors and Christians, and the green lemon-groves and the white dust, which are the especial characteristics of Andalusia.

Malaga is a most beautifully-situated seaport, backed by the magnificent mountain-range of the Sierra Nevada, and encircled by a rich plain rivalling in fertility the far-famed Vega of Granada. One of the best views is to be obtained from the rocks at the end of the mole, where a few quiet and picturesquely ragged fishermen, with long canes and short cigarettes, bask on the hot stones, and, from time to time, pull out glittering little fish, gorgeous with all the colours of the rainbow. From this quiet point of view one can see the vineyards rising behind and to the west of the town, backed by the mountains which stretch in a long range above the coast as far as the eye can reach. Straight before you in the foreground is the harbour



MULETEER OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF GRANADA.

of Malaga, which is always especially gay and busy in the months of September and October. The town rises at a slight distance behind the harbour with its various forts and other buildings, among which the cathedral stands out very conspicuously. To the east is the ancient Moorish castle, El Alcazaba; and a range of fortified walls, which are still standing, though that is about all that can be said of them, for they are in a somewhat dilapidated condition, adorn the hill called *Gibalfaro*, from whose summit a most superb view is to be obtained.

A Flying Visit to Florida.—II.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

A REMARKABLE RIVER.

THE St. John's River of Florida—termed by the Spaniards, when they first took possession of the country, "Rio de San Mateo," and afterwards changed by them to "Rio de San Juan"—is unquestionably a remarkable stream. Though of short course compared with the many other large rivers upon the American continent, its great width, and the volume of

strange, if not an actual puzzle to hydrographers. It has been ascertained by actual scientific survey, that the surface of the water at its mouth is only three feet six inches lower than what it is 250 miles above. In other words, the river has an average fall of less than the sixth of an inch to the mile!

Another singular fact worthy the consideration of the hydrographer: it has a course—taking its many meanderings



SCENE UPON THE ST. JOHN'S, FLORIDA.

water always found in its channel, entitle it to the appellation of a grand stream. Beyond this, and for several other reasons, it claims attention. As the main watercourse of Florida—for at least two-thirds of its length splitting the peninsula in twain—it takes precedence of all other Floridian rivers. And among North American streams, at least those within United States territory, it has a speciality almost, if not altogether, peculiar to it: it runs *from south to north*.

Any one who glances at a map of North America will see that its rivers trend generally either east, west, or southward. This, however, is only true of the southern half of the continent—that belonging to the United States and Mexican territories. The Coppermine, the Mackenzie, the St. Lawrence, and other grand streams of British America are exceptions to the rule.

Still the direction of the St. John's is something remarkably

into account—of between three and four hundred miles. Yet its source is not more than twelve miles from the shores of the same ocean into which it empties itself! Some of its tributaries, yet unexplored, may be found to have their heads still nearer to the sea.

It is hardly necessary to say, that the current of this stream is of the most sluggish kind, scarcely ever exceeding a mile to the hour, and often so stagnant that the traveller may think himself sailing upon an inland lake. Its great breadth, in places quite a league, lends to this delusion; which, indeed, is not altogether a delusion, since the St. John's, instead of a river, might be regarded as a series of lakes, with a slight difference of elevation, flowing into one another.

Some of its more open expanses are so characterised—having the names of lakes given them. The chief, as also

the most celebrated, is the St. George, nearly 150 miles from its mouth. Farther up are Lakes Enterprise, Monroe, and Harney, with many others that have lately been placed upon maps.

Perhaps the most remarkable hydrographic fact in relation to the St. John's is, that of a river having its source well on towards the point of a peninsula, and its embouchure near the neck of the same: this after a course of more than 300 miles! There may be others such known to cosmographers. While writing, I cannot think of any.

A SPOT SACRED TO HISTORY.

Apart from these peculiarities, of a purely hydrographic nature, there are other points connected with Florida's chief river, giving it an interest, not only historic, but historically romantic. Near its mouth is a place that, to the historian—especially if he be a citizen of the United States—should invest the *ci-devant* Rio de San Mateo with a glamour of romance, equal to any other spot on the American continent. And the enthusiast in religion, whether of Protestant or Catholic creed, cannot fail to regard the same spot with thoughts of vivid interest, though with views widely different.

As the steamer that carried me—she was “a paddle-wheel”—beat her way up the slow-flowing river, a fellow-passenger called my attention to some elevated ground on the southern or right bank, rising *en profile* several feet above the water-level. Remember, that several feet of elevation in Florida means a hill; while a ridge rising two hundred—about the highest altitude known in the peninsula—may be considered a mountain.

The hill to which my attention was drawn was far from being of the latter elevation; but, contrasted with the low-lying coast, and rising abruptly over it, it offered that aspect which in America is usually called a “bluff.”

“There's the St. John's Bluff,” was the remark made by the gentleman who had accosted me. “They say the French once had a settlement there; and that it was exterminated by the Spaniards. It's a queer story of the olden times of colonisation in these here parts. But, I reckon, stranger, you know all about it, as well as I do?”

He “reckoned” right. I did know all about it—at least, as much as is known. The “queer story” of my fellow-traveller is not fiction, but the chronicle of a real occurrence, which in tragical and romantic interest, illustrating the purest type of the *lex talionis*—with the strictest ideas of dramatic justice as then known and practised—is perhaps unparalleled in the pages of history. I have mentioned the incident already, in connection with the early explorations of Florida. Now, within sight of the St. John's Bluff—the scene of the tragedy itself—I cannot resist the temptation of giving further details.

In the year 1562 the French Government resolved upon sending a colony to the shores of America. The Spaniards then claimed this right, exclusively, basing their claim on the celebrated Bull of the Pope; though up to that time they had made no attempt at settling the continent north of Mexico. Their only right to any territory, now belonging to the United States, rested on the explorations of Ponce de Leon, Panfilo Narvaez, and Hernando de Soto. As these only entered the continent from the Gulf side, it could not have justified the Spanish claim to the whole Atlantic seaboard; which they now assumed.

It was under the patronage of the brave old Huguenot,

Admiral Coligny, that the colonising expedition was projected in France; the colonists to consist of men persecuted for their Protestant faith—most of them related to the victims of the St. Bartholomew massacre. A staunch Breton navigator, Jean Ribaut, was first sent on a sort of preliminary expedition. He entered the estuary of the St. John's in May, 1562, bestowed upon the river the name of this month, and took possession of it for France, in the name of France's reigning sovereign. This was no other than the son of the infamous Catherine de Medicis, the projector of the St. Bartholomew massacre.

Ribaut having returned to France, and delivered his report, the colony was sent out under command of a Huguenot gentleman, the Sieur René de Laudonnière, in three vessels. Most of the colonists were of the farmer and artisan class, in short, the usual admixture of honest emigrant people, such as a thousand times since have sought a home in the far western world.

Laudonnière with his companions in transport-ships, after touching at several points on the Floridian coast, at length entered the St. John's; there finding the tablet stone which Ribaut had caused to be set up—with the date of his discovery, and France's claim to possession engraven upon it.

Bringing his little fleet to an anchor under the bluff now called St. John's, the Huguenot landed his party, and at once commenced colonisation.

The first thing they did was to build a fort, stockading it strongly all round, to secure themselves against Indian attacks. They had need; for the once simple savages, having already experienced the cruelty, as well as treachery, of white men—of the Spaniards under Narvaez and De Soto, along the Gulf-coast—had by this time also grown cruel and treacherous.

The fort was named “Caroline”—or “Carrelaine,” as it is written in the French accounts of it; a name bestowed in honour of one who ill deserved it—the truculent King of France.

For more than twelve months the colonists struggled against adverse circumstances. Provisions failed them, so far that they were compelled to use some harsh means towards the already hostile Indians. This is evident, from admissions made in an account given by one of their own historians. It counted against them afterwards—the estranged natives taking part with the enemy who had determined to extirpate them.

This enemy was Pedro de Menendez, called also Melendez; who lived in a time when orthography was not very precise. Spell the name as we may, he was a native of Avila, and took rank among the Spanish *conquistadores*—those succeeding to Cortez, Pizarro, Almagro, and the like. Cruel as these men were—as history proves them to have been, and jesuitry cannot screen them from the accusation—not any of them has left behind a reputation for greater cruelty than Pedro Menendez de Avila. In cold-blooded brutality, prompted by religious fanaticism—the same that caused the massacres of Sicily, St. Bartholomew, and the Vaudois—Menendez' act will not pale before any of these; and, taking the circumstances into consideration, it is, perhaps, the most inexcusable of all.

Furnished with a strong expedition from the West India Islands—then in full progress of colonisation—under the ægis of the Spanish king, Philip II., Menendez landed upon the Floridian coast, some leagues south of the St. John's estuary. There, making everything ready, and guided by the estranged

Indians, he pounced upon Laudonnière's colony, as a hawk upon its prey—nay, more like a vulture upon some innocent animal, enfeebled by disease, not able to offer resistance.

It would take more than one chapter to give a detail of this horrible episode in American history. A volume would not suffice for as much cruelty; though, as a lesson in religious fanaticism, it well deserves being minutely chronicled.

In brief, Fort Caroline fell into the hands of Menendez—not captured by sword and storm, but taken by trickery and surprise—after which, the pacific colonists of Laudonnière were slaughtered like sheep; no, not like sheep, but as something scorned, to be trodden upon, and stamped out of existence. It was, in truth, the spirit of Saint Bartholomew or the scenes of the Vaudois valleys re-enacted on the shores of the New World.

The followers of Menendez gluttoned their fell instinct with a slaughter which comprehended all the French taken within the fort—women and children, as well as men. It was a true saturnalia of blood-spilling, such as Spanish vengeance has often exhibited in history—such as it is exhibiting at this very hour in the island of Cuba.

Fortunately, and almost by an accident, the gentle chief, Laudonnière, with a few of his following, escaped. They had got outside the fort at the first onset of the Spaniards, and found their way to a French ship then lying at anchor near the mouth of the river. The ship was one of a little squadron—sent from France after them with a subsidiary force, and fresh provisions for the new colony—under the command of Jean Ribaut, he who had originally pioneered the way.

Alas! the brave Breton was not on board the ship that gave asylum to Laudonnière. In another and larger vessel he had got entangled in a coast-storm, and thrown ashore farther south, near the inlet of San Augustine. There he was compelled to surrender to Menendez; which he did under solemn promise of his life being spared, as also the lives of his companions—in all, near a hundred of them. What cared a ruffian—drawing inspiration from Philip II. of Spain, with the Pope and the Jesuit college at his back—what cared he for either promise or oath?

Menendez, thus inspired, made light of his word; and breaking it, gave command that his prisoners should be slaughtered upon the spot—the brave Breton among the number. The command was carried into execution, instantly. The white silvery sands of Florida's shore became reddened, and reeking with innocent blood—the blood of the Huguenots—and the French were expelled from the peninsula.

Never again did they there attempt colonisation. Only once did they go back; and this brings us to the chapter of retaliation, than which we know nothing more complete—perhaps nothing more justifiable—in history.

When René de Laudonnière and his remnant of colonist refugees returned to France, and told the tale of their misfortunes, it caused, as may be supposed, some sensation. But it was not that passion of a popular kind, with a cause such as excites a nation to espouse it. Who were the maltreated and murdered people? Only Huguenots! France had herself done the same towards them. Why should she be angry with Spain for following her example? The son of Catherine de Medici; the bloody priesthood who upheld him on his throne; the Pope of Rome; all the Jesuits of Europe, were against any steps being taken to punish the inhuman act of

Menendez. In the courtly circles of France retribution was not thought of. Even justice was not demanded. If it had been, it would have been met with a refusal from the French Government, endorsed by the French people, perhaps with the addition of a sneer. The poor devils of Huguenots, what could they expect? What better did they deserve?

To the honour of France be it told, all Frenchmen did not reflect in this loose, devil-may-care fashion. There were Frenchmen then, as now—now, amid national ruin, in the hour of their humiliation—who were foremost in the lead of liberty, and the van of civilisation. Among them was Dominic de Gourgue, a Breton gentleman of Protestant faith. Stung with the outrage alike put upon his religion and his country, tortured by the thought of its cruelty, the brave Breton could not find rest by day nor sleep by night, as long as it remained unavenged.

In fine, he avenged it; and the story of that vengeance is the same I have characterised as one of the most romantic in history. In retributory completeness it may be paralleled with, though not excelled by, the defection of the Roman Coriolanus.

De Gourgue's expedition, to avenge the massacre of the Fort Caroline Colony, was purely of the "filibustering" kind. So far from the French king, or Government, giving countenance to it, they would have checked it in its first beginnings, and nipped it in the bud—as would Victor Emanuel that of Garibaldi which gave him a kingdom—if it were likely to fail.

De Gourgue, determined to avenge innocent French blood cruelly spilt on the shores of America—had to steal out of France—concealing his intent under the cloak that his expedition was intended to make war upon the coast of Africa! Even the men in his ships thought this was the adventure upon which they were sailing! Only the few sworn friends—sworn to avenge both justice and religion—knew whither the little fleet was steering.

It sailed far to the south, along the African coast—thence heading south until it came among the Antilles. Then groping its way—in those days there was no guiding chart—and touching at several Spanish ports, its purpose kept secret, it at length struck the Floridian shore at the estuary of the St. John's River.

Dominic De Gourgue proved himself as good a strategist as Pedro Menendez. The latter, after exterminating the French colony of Fort Caroline, had established a Spanish settlement on the same spot. In his short, but cruel, assault of Laudonnière's fort he had made his approach from behind, guided through the marshy forest by Indians hostile to the French settlers. This was in 1565. Three years had elapsed, and the same Indians, having meanwhile had experience of Spanish oppression, were ready to welcome back the gentler Huguenots. On De Gourgue's landing they rushed into the avenger's arms, and then guided him to Fort Caroline, through the woods and swamps—just as three years before they had guided Pedro Menendez. How wonderfully similar the result, though with motives quite unlike. The fort fell. Every Spaniard in it was put to the sword; and, when the slaughter was at length ended, De Gourgue caused a plain tablet to be erected, bearing the inscription, burnt into the wood, "*Not to Spaniards, but to robbers and murderers!*" It was in answer to a similar epitaph Menendez had set up, three years before, over the victims of his religious malignity, "*Not to Frenchmen, but to Lutherans and heretics!*"

De Gourgue, having thus fulfilled his mission of vengeance, bade adieu to the friendly savages who had assisted him, spread his sails before a favouring breeze, and returned triumphant to the country whose honour he had so efficiently vindicated. Thus ended the French attempt at colonising Florida.

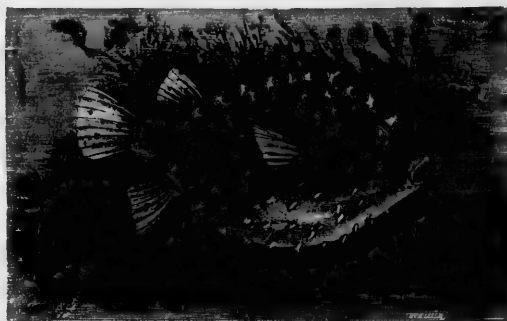
CHANGES FROM RIVER EROSION.

The Spaniards retained possession of the country; but it does not appear that they made any effort to continue the settlement of Fort Caro. line. The spot so fatal to both nations was abandoned; and San Augustine, some thirty miles farther south along the coast—just then founded—became the site of the first permanent settlement in the now United States territory.

Fort Caroline must, however, be regarded as the first attempt at European colonisation; for although it failed, it was, nevertheless, a colony in reality established and sustained—first by the French, and after them by the Spaniards—for a period of nearly seven years. There was not only a regular fortification, with trenches and stockaded outworks, but buildings sufficient to give shelter to several hundred families, along with the troops. A considerable-sized village must, therefore, have clustered around Fort Caroline. There are no vestiges now, either of fortifications or dwellings; and this has led to some doubt about St. John's Bluff being the site. The doubt will be removed, when it is known that the French fort was not on the bluff, but upon a piece of champaign ground which lay between the hill and the river's bank. This is distinctly stated in the chronicles relating to it; and that the fort buildings were by the water's edge, with a considerable stretch of plain lying between them and the base of the bluff, which was then an isolated inland hill. The plain has disappeared, through encroachment of the river; as also a portion of the hill slope, which now presents a precipitous face to the water, forty feet in height—so that the St. John's River is in reality now running over the site of Fort Caroline. No wonder its ruins are no more traceable. They have been swept into the sea; and ere long the bluff itself will follow them.



BAIT OF THE FLORIDA FISHERMEN.



THE PUMP-FISH OF FLORIDA.

CURIOUS SHELL-HEAPS.

In addition to the double tragedy detailed, this rising ground on the St. John's River has other points of interest attached to it. Here may be seen one of those grand agglomerations of shells, that have so much occupied the attention of American archaeologists and antiquarians. After passing Baton Island at the river's mouth, and before reaching St. John's Bluff, we had observed several symmetrically-shaped mounds, rising above the swampy level on the northern side of the river.

They stand at the embouchure of the "inland passage" between Fernandina and the St. John's, already spoken of. They are of different heights—the highest probably not quite fifty feet—but forming a conspicuous feature in the landscape, on account of the low-lying lands around them. Geographically they are named "The Sisters;" but a more common and less gentle appellation is that of the "Oyster-banks," from their being

almost exclusively composed of broken oyster-shells. There can be no doubt about the cause that created them. They are simply the débris of many a banquet on the luscious bivalve, made by the aborigines of the country in times long past. So long, indeed, that an old though stunted forest growth now gives greenness to their sides; and they are only discovered

to be shell mounds by digging through the vegetable crust that covers them. Similar heaps of shells may be seen upon the strands of Tierra del Fuego, still in process of formation, as Darwin has so eloquently told the world. There too may be seen the men who are making them, while the motive is easily understood. On the bleak barren shores of the "Land of Fire" shell-fish constitute the staple food of the shivering savages. But in the

"Land of Flowers," abounding also in fruits, and with an abundance of animal life, such as a hunter nation might well find subsistence upon, it is not so easy to explain the shell heaps. We can hardly believe them of a period antecedent to the hunter state, for that is coeval with the savage himself. Besides, there is evidence that the oyster-eaters were not savages—internal evidence, it may be added—since deep buried within the mounds are implements—among them pieces of pottery—

proving some advance towards civilisation. The shell mounds near the mouth of the St. John's are not to be confounded with those found further up the river, and in various places throughout the peninsula. The latter—of which we may have occasion further to speak—are composed of fresh-water species—chiefly *Ampullaria depresta*, *Paludina multilineata*, and *Unio Buckleyi*; while the former are exclusively marine shells—oysters.

The St. John's Bluff presents a layer of these testaceous remains, extending for nearly a hundred yards along its water face, and varying in thickness from a few inches to nearly three

and this statement is perhaps the more correct, since two Spanish leagues would be just about what St. John's Bluff is from the river's bar.

A VILLAGE OF FLORIDIAN FISHERMEN.

A few miles above this historical spot, our steamer made stop at a place known as Yellow Bluff, on the northern bank of the river. It is a small settlement of modern date, with a post-office, a boarding-house—in default of the usual tavern or hotel—and a population of about fifty souls. Most of the inhabitants earn a subsistence by fishing; the produce of their



HAULING IN A DRUM-FISH.

feet. A thin coating of vegetable mould overlies it, out of which rises a forest of pine and cedar, the trees showing an age far anterior to the time of Columbus.

The only open ground upon the bluff is where, during their rebellion, the Confederates had cleared a spot, and thrown up some entrenchments by way of fortification. For a time this bade defiance to the attacks by Federal gunboats, and only surrendered after an assault made from the land side; precisely as Fort Caroline had fallen—first to the Spaniards, under Pedro Menendez, and afterwards to the French, under the gallant De Gourgue. All three occasions show singular parallelism of attack and defence.

St. John's Bluff is about four miles above the river's mouth. A French chronicle, relating to Fort Caroline, places the fort six leagues from the sea. But this is unofficial; stated in the letter of a youth—one of Laudonnière's colonists—to his father in France. The Spanish account says two leagues;

lines and nets being very saleable in the market of Jacksonville, the chief town of Eastern Florida, situated some miles further on.

The steamer only makes a few minutes' stay at Yellow Bluff—just long enough to land and take in mails, or, it may be, an odd passenger. In our case there chanced to be a longer detention, owing to some accident that had occurred in the machinery of the vessel.

I had no cause to regret the delay, since it gave me an opportunity of seeing the Yellow Bluff fishermen engaged in their toil and task. They made me free to examine the bait they were using, and also the fish taken. The former is a sort of sea-snail, that floats on the surface by means of an inflated air-vesicle, or bladder, which it can empty at pleasure—so causing it to sink suddenly to the bottom. It is taken by the fishermen in landing-nets, and transferred to the hooks, where it attracts several kinds of fish that are fond of it.

Kalyan and Aurungabad (Western India), and their Buddhist Monuments.

THE traveller in search of remains of the ancient monuments and temples of India, as well as desirous of studying the picturesque life of the country, will do well, on leaving Bombay by the Great Indian Peninsular Railway, to direct his steps first to Kalyan, on the North-eastern branch line. Near this little town are the remarkable ruins of the pagoda of Ambernath, somewhat resembling in form the very peculiar temples of Bhuvaneshwara. From the station of Deolalie a small carriage drawn by zebus can be hired to proceed to the hill known to the Indians as Pandu Lena (caverns of Pandu). It is seven miles distant. The monasteries and temples cut out of the sides of this hill are called by the English "the Nassick Caves," but the town of Nassick is at least five miles further on to the S.S.W.

The hill of Pandu Lena is recognised from some distance, owing to the excavations—the face of the hill appearing as if there were a girdle drawn round it about half way up; the girdle being formed by the excavations. It contains three principal monasteries, that in the middle is the plainest and oldest. The one to the right is several centuries later, and contains a sanctuary; the one to the left is the most modern of all, and its style is also more florid.

From Pandu Lena, returning to the station of Deolalie, the railway soon conveys the traveller to Nandgaum, a journey of sixteen hours. This station is forty miles distant from the Mountain of Rosah, celebrated for its temples of Ellora. These temples are famed amongst all others for their size, their beauty, and for the discussions which have been raised as to their origin and antiquity. The distance is now traversed in a car drawn by zebus, which may be hired at Nandgaum. After the wonders of Mora, which have been frequently described, the next point of interest is the town of Aurungabad, which is twenty miles distant. Midway is Daulatabad, whose fort is most picturesquely situated. It is the ancient Devagiri, quoted by Ptolemy, under the name of Tiagura, which has always been celebrated in the chronicles of India. A lonely hill, standing apart from the northern mountain-chain, towers above the vast plain on which the village is built. On the base, which is a girdle of rocks, a verdant cone rises, from whence the black walls of several concentric enclosures appear. A minaret peeping amongst the trees forms a pleasing picture; a wall surrounds, not only the hill, but the village and its environs.

The town of Aurungabad is twelve miles beyond. It is the principal town of one of the now detached provinces of the kingdom of the Nizam. The only edifice worthy of notice is the tomb of the favourite wife, said by some to be the daughter of Aurungzebe, constructed after the pattern of the Taj Mahal of Agra, the celebrated mausoleum of the Emperor Shah Jehan.

From a little way off, this tomb is a pretty fair copy of the original. It is truly a marvellous thing, but on penetrating into the interior the first impressions are destroyed. Instead of arabesques excavated out of white marble, and mosaics of precious stones, simple stuccoed embellishments are substituted.

This monument stands in the midst of a vast garden of quadrangular form, surrounded by a wall. At the angles are

octagonal pavilions, from every façade in which a lofty square door has been pierced, all opening on a brick causeway, bordered by a stone balustrade, with openwork carvings.

The mausoleum stands in the middle of a great platform, the corners of which are decorated with octagonal minarets, each surmounted by a dome. This platform is surrounded by a trellis-work of stone, remarkable for the variety of its designs. Four great ogival doors, whose summit reaches the cornice, admit the traveller into the interior of the monument. On each side round turrets are placed, and it is finished off by a little square room. The great dome is shaped like a pineapple; it is flanked by four similar domes, but smaller. All, as is said, are built of white marble. An iron lance is planted at the summit.

The doors are closed by a very beautiful marble trelliswork, lace-like in the minutiae of its execution. The tomb, which is sunk below the level of the ground, is surrounded by a balustrade of the same workmanship. With the exception of these marble gates and the cupolas, all the mausoleum is stuccoed, and arabesques of little interest are engraved on it.

British troops are encamped within a mile of Aurungabad. The city resembles all the other Anglo-Indian cities, and the only thing that need detain the sight-seer is the prison, where a few years ago might still be seen some of the once terrible Thugs, or stranglers, captured thirty years before.

Every one has heard of that faithful and mysterious association of mystic assassins, followers of Kali, goddess of death, whose mission it was to offer up in sacrifice to their horrible god, men, women, and children. These wretches never spilled a drop of blood, but strangled their victims by means of a cord or scarf thrown over the neck. One of these murderers, photographs of whom I was enabled to procure, owned to having destroyed with his own hands several hundred of his fellow-creatures.

These monstrous facts, although made known in Europe, having received only the degree of attention generally given to novels and theatrical representations, it may be worth while to quote a fragment from Colonel Sleeman's "Walks and Recollections;" for he it was who first brought the horrible truth to light, and whose book has proved the only source from which novelists and dramatists have drawn their inspirations.

"In 1822, '23, and '24 I was placed in command of the civil and judicial district of Mersingpoor, in the valley of Nerbudda, and neither theft nor murder committed by any ordinary criminal could escape my vigilance. I knew the secret haunts of every pickpocket and outlaw, as well as their characters and antecedents, and I could trace all their movements with the greatest facility. At that time, if any one had come to me with information that a band of assassins, whose hereditary profession was murder, were residing in a village not four hundred yards from my tribunal; that the beautiful jungles round Mundlesoor, a day's march from my bungalow, were the spots in which occurred more assassinations than took place in any other part of India; that these bands of murderers coming from Oudh and the Deccan, met annually beneath their shade, and spent weeks there, in order to carry into execution their

atrocious pursuits in the cross-roads of the vicinity; that the zemindars, whose ancestors had planted these thickets, aided and abetted the murderers—I should have taken the accuser for a knave or a fool, whose wits had gone astray from listening to childish tales of horror. Nevertheless, it was too true. Hundreds of travellers were every year buried beneath the jungle of Mundlesoor. A whole tribe of assassins was encamped, as it were, at my very gates, during my governorship of the province, and its members were in the habit of carrying on their horrible atrocities as far as the environs of Poonah and Hyderabad.

"When Feringhea, one of the chief amongst the Thugs, first favoured me with his revelations, my revolted feelings refused credence to his words. As a convincing proof, he suddenly ordered to be exhumed, from the very ground covered by the carpet of my tent, thirteen corpses in various degrees of decomposition, offering at the same time to disinter from all around an unlimited number. I was thunderstruck, and incapable of putting my ideas into order. I was, nevertheless, obliged to believe the evidence of my senses, and to recognise the truth of the horrible dramas, the proofs of which stared me in the face like Banquo's ghost. Thanks to Feringhea's confessions, I was enabled to capture the numerous bands of Thugs already assembled in Rajpootana to commence their yearly campaign."

The British Government once put into possession of this terrible secret, has taken measures for the prevention of the evil. Even if the war waged against the Thugs has not entirely succeeded in suppressing the association, it has at least hindered the frequency of the crime.

At Ajuntah are the most celebrated monuments of the Buddhist form of worship to be found in India. The road thither is deserted, as are all those in the states of the Nizam, of which this district has long since formed part, and the country around is barren. Sometimes, however, we came across little villages resembling those in the presidency of Bombay, and there, scattered at intervals amongst the houses, little domestic altars may be remarked. On these altars, the ryots, or peasants, may be seen carefully attending to a *tulsi* planted in an earthen pot. The *tulsi* is a little meagre-looking plant, whose holiness is universally acknowledged in all India. Tulsi, Ward informs us, was a woman of exemplary piety; after submitting to most painful austerities, she demanded marriage of the god Vishnu, as a recompense for her virtues. Lakshmi, the spouse of this god, having become acquainted with this daring request, cursed her, and turned her into a humble plant. Vishnu promised the wretched creature never to desert her in her troubles, and agreed to become himself a *shalgram*, in order always to remain with her. The reader will probably inquire what kind of an animal or plant this mysterious *shalgram* may be, and fortunately it is not difficult to explain. A *shalgram*, then, is a small variety of those fossil shells known under the name of "ammonites." More, in his "Hindoo Pantheon," says that the fortunate possessor of so precious a stone carefully preserves it in a valuable case, from whence it is only removed in order to undergo a certain process of bathing and perfuming. Any water which has touched it is said to purify the soul from sin.

The worship of the *tulsi* consists in general of a certain number of gyrations round the little altar, during which cabalistic prayers are muttered.

The circus of Ajuntah, a large enclosure containing twenty-six subterranean temples hollowed out of the rock, is perhaps one of the most grandiose and wild that could be met with. It is three miles distant from the bungalow of the travellers to Futteepoor.

These subterranean temples are the last of the Buddhist monuments in this neighbourhood, and a few general remarks on the subject will not be inopportune. It has already been asserted that the first monasteries were simple natural caverns, where Buddhists were wont to retire in order to dwell in that solitude enjoined by their chief. In after days they were enlarged, and cells were dug out around the central hall in which the *Sangha*, or chapter, were accustomed to assemble. When the Buddhist religion became corrupted, and when the people, incapable of comprehending its metaphysical dogmas, began to mix up with it their own superstitious articles of belief, it took a different form in the different countries where its tenets had been preached; it was universally accepted in India, because of the great humanitarian principles it proclaimed; but as it did not teach the worship of the one God whom all instinctively acknowledge, it was incapable of being taken up as a distinct form of worship, and the pre-existing religion was accordingly engrafted in it.

Its transformations may be followed in the subterranean temples of Western India, of which so cursory a description has been given. To return to what has already been described. First in order come the natural caverns, afterwards cells hollowed out of the rocks and approached by a gallery, or level supported on octagon pillars; next comes a *viharé*, which is a square chamber, with or without columns, more or less decorated, and surrounded by little rooms.

These *viharés*, constructed without interior pillars, and without carvings, are all of ancient date, and never contain a sanctuary. It is only the hypostyle monasteries that contain statues of Buddha.

The *chaitiyas* of Karli, of Kanheri, and of Ajuntah are all varied, and their façade is generally adorned with horse-shoe arches, the shape of the vault and of the arches reproduces that of the dagobas, whose vertical cup they represent. These Buddhist cathedrals present the same transitions as monasteries. There are *chaitiyas* with teak ribs, which are used for supports to the white draperies with which it was customary to decorate the temples on feast-days. There are other *chaitiyas* without ribs, which were formerly cemented with *chunam*, or white stucco (at Nassick and at Ajuntah); there are others, again, with stone, or even with wooden ribs, which, when re-covered with stucco, become converted into hard surfaces, the engravings on which stand out better from a frame set off by arabesques. One may easily trace back the successive changes which have thus been introduced into these monuments. The white linen with which in old days the soil of the temple was covered, has been replaced first by stucco, equally white, and then by *chunam* set off by frescoes of various sorts. The frescoes themselves have been replaced by those ornamental and symbolical bas-reliefs which abound in the most modern edifices.

The dagobas differ also according to the date of the construction; and the same is the case with regard to the statues of Buddha, which, from being perfectly simple and unadorned, became in after times surrounded by divers attributes.

It must be remembered that the earliest dagobas were

erected on the relics, more or less authentic, of Gotama, and as a mark of respect and gratitude for his memory. These funeral and commemorative monuments shortly became objects of adoration to the ignorant and superstitious multitude. The great dagobas of Magadha and of Ceylon, soon after the adoption of Buddhism in Western India, were imitated in the monasteries of that region, where they were treated as altars, or rather as idols, to which the faithful brought offerings and addressed prayers. The Buddhists afterwards very naturally conceived the idea of erecting around the object of their worship a temple of sumptuous design, whose vault should resemble in form the dagoba it contained. The adoration of images and of statues was only propagated later.

The simple dagobas, dating from the first centuries of Buddhism, like those of Karli and of Kanheri, became converted into a sort of tabernacle, where a statue of Buddha was exposed. Ajuntah is of all others the place in which to trace the alterations of which we have been speaking. It is not probable that the Buddhist monuments were decorated with bas-reliefs before the second century of our era. Those dagobas which are adorned by an image of Gotama date at earliest from the fifth or sixth century, just at the time when this form of worship began to decline on the continent of India. Buddhist monasteries and temples were decorated with carvings after their excavation; their columns have been retouched, and sanctuaries have been added to them. It was natural enough that the monks who inhabited *viharés* should seek to ornament their abode by degrees, as soon as the primitive simplicity of Buddhism had fallen into disuse.

At Karli, at Salsette, and at Nassick the exterior sculptures were executed long after the chaitiya itself, and it is very

certain that the bas-reliefs of the abacuses of the chaitiya of Karli are comparatively recent.

The Buddhist religion has everywhere become mixed up with the pre-existing forms of worship throughout the different parts of India. If, on the one hand, at the island of Ceylon demons and spirits were more particularly adored, or if, on the coast of Coromandel, the Khonds and other aboriginal tribes have from time immemorial addressed their prayers to the god of death and misfortune, to whom alone human sacrifices were welcome, the inhabitants of Western India, on the other hand, worshipped animals. These native superstitions and uncouth religions grafted on Buddhism, have little by little absorbed it, going even so far as to have caused its very traces to disappear. Even at the present day, amongst the Jains and amongst the Banyans, the worship of unknown animals exists, and apparently has existed from the remotest ages in this country. One of the numberless inscriptions engraved on the rocks of Nassick, dating back as far as the year A.D. 337, indicates that amongst all charitable actions that of establishing a hospital for animals bears away the palm. Everything tends to prove that this form of worship, whilst imbibing the tenets of Buddhism, was the first to introduce the art of designing bas-reliefs of animals of fabulous origin, and of antelopes, lions, &c., which surround the images of Buddha in many sanctuaries of Western India.

It is curious enough to find in the ancient chaitiyas the *chakra*, or symbol of universal power, which is now the attribute of Vishnu, and which is also to be seen in the temples of Orissa, where the lingam is adored. This is another proof of the connection between the Buddhist and Sivaitic beliefs from the very beginning.

Across the Mexican Table-land.—From Perote to Puebla.

A COUNTRY OF CHANGING SCENES.

THE traveller, proceeding from the Gulf-coast at Vera Cruz, and following the National Road, first strikes the Mexican table-lands after clearing a pass over the northern flank of Perote. The first sight he has of these elevated plateaux is when descending the pine-clad skirts of the *cordillera* near the village of Las Vigas. At Cruz Blanca, a little farther down, he is upon their eastern edge; keeping the Cofre de Perote on his left, a hour or two brings him into the old town of this name, famed for its grand fortress, built during the Spanish possession of the country.

On his journey from the coast, in all only two days by saddle or less by the *diligencia*, he will have passed through three—I might say four—distinct zones of vegetation; not only differing in this, but in many other points that give an aspect to the scenery. So far as the *flora* and *sylvæ* are concerned, I think four zones may be spoken of. First the low-lying coast region, with its purely tropical vegetation; after it a strip of country where the forest is of stunted growth, with stretches of savanna intervening; the trees mostly belonging to the thorny leguminous genera, as *algarobia*, *mesquite*, with cypas, cacti, and the uncultivated aloes. This kind of forest in Mexico is

usually called *chaparral*, a name almost synonymous with jungle, or thicket; and but for the species of plants and trees being different, it might be likened to a scrubwood of pheasant cover in England. In this zone there is a hot sun without much humidity; and except on the banks and bottoms of the streams running along a lower level, the aspect is one of sterility. The armadillo crawls through these chaparrals; and they are frequented by the *cascabel* among reptiles, and the *coyote* among quadrupeds. The little Mexican dove, not bigger than an English sparrow, delights to dwell among the mimosas, and may be often seen running along the dusty track, reluctant to take flight, before the traveller's horse.

This belt once crossed—less than a day's riding does it—a third region is reached, of a character quite distinct. You enter the *piepmont*, or foot-hills of the mountains—the eastern *cordillera* of the Mexican Andes—in which are seen the conspicuous summits of Orizava and Perote; the former being a *nevado*; that is, a mountain from which the snow never disappears.

In this region the moisture floating direct down from mountain clouds, gives a freshness and vigour to the vegetation; and passing through it, up to the bases of the mountains themselves,

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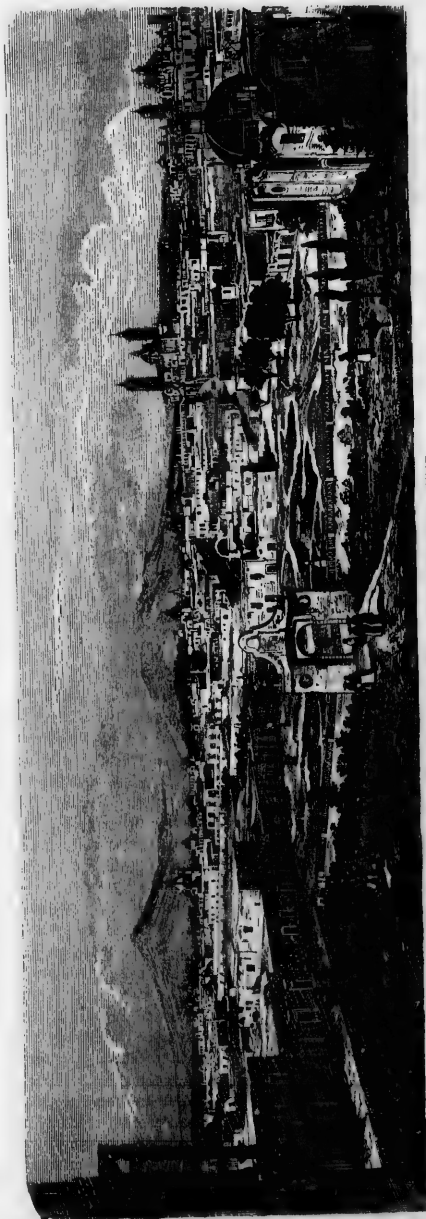
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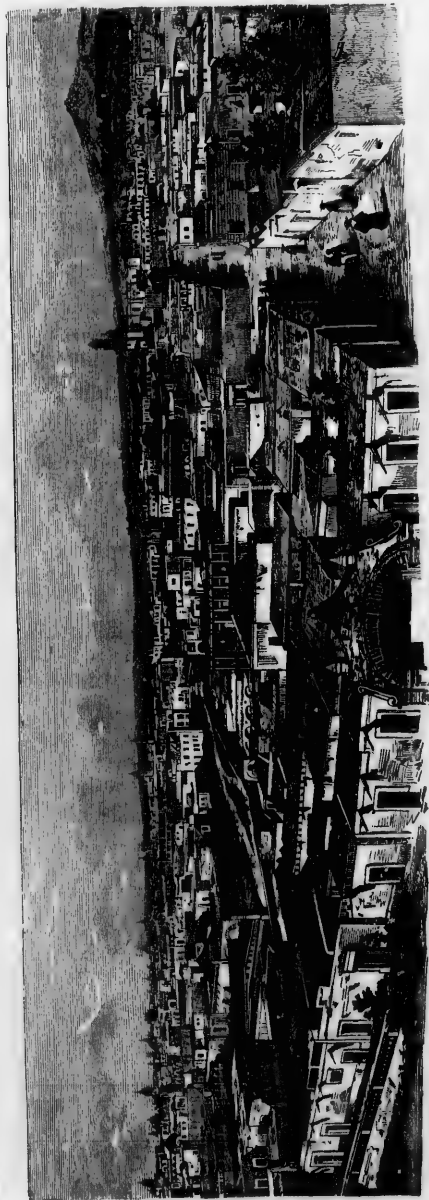
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PUEBLA DE LOS ANGELES—FROM THE WEST.



PUEBLA DE LOS ANGELES—FROM THE EAST.

you look upon a landscape of uneven surface, with a verdure that never shows decay. It is the region of the evergreen oaks.

Jalapa, famed for the most disgusting of drugs, as also for the most beautiful women—perhaps the pleasantest of Mexican towns—stands in the centre of this evergreen hilly district; of which the traveller takes his leave at the village of San Miguel el Soldado (St. Michael the Soldier) still further up towards the mountains.

A little above San Miguel he enters the region of the pine forests, where the scenery is as different from that he has been passing through, as the lakes of Cumberland from the Highlands of Scotland. This is the fourth zone alluded to. If, instead of keeping to the National Road, through the depression in which lie the romantic villages of La Hoya and Las Vigas—the former facing east, the latter on the western declivity of the pass—if instead of doing this, he chooses to take a branch road, and strike over a higher *at* amongst the mountains, he will enter a fifth zone of scenery and vegetation—both purely Alpine.

But without doing this, and keeping to the great road, constructed by Spanish engineers of the viceregal times—and which shows skill that would do credit to the most advanced science of the present day—still riding along this National Road, the traveller at the first glimpse of the Mexican table-land, which he will get through the pine branches near Las Vigas—will there certainly see a fifth zone—more than a zone, a grand extent of territory stretching before him, as unlike any through which he has been lately passing through, as is a North American prairie to a scene among the Himalayan Mountains.

Between the low coast-lands—*tierra caliente* of Mexico, or even the mountain slopes facing east or west toward the Gulf and the Pacific—between these and the table-lands, although on each side separated by a single sierra, a mere mountain wall, there is as much difference as between two countries laying a thousand miles apart.

Blindfold the traveller in crossing one of these cordilleras, coming either from the Pacific or Atlantic side, he might know, or suspect, that he was still in the same country, by hearing the same language spoken—that of Castile—and noting but a slight variation in the costumes of those speaking it. Their dwellings would not give him assurance of being in the same land. On the contrary, the style of architecture would only be likely to mislead him. Going from Vera Cruz for the first thirty miles, he would see *jacales*—cage-like structures, with walls of bamboo (*caña vaquera*) set upright, and a thatch of palm-leaves. Further on, and upward, where the nights are more chilly, the open bird-cage disappears, and the poles composing the walls—no longer bamboos—are cemented by a plastering of mud. Still higher up among the foot-hills—as around Jalapa—solid stone houses appear, with the flat roof, or *azotea*. And then amid the passes of the cordillera, as at La Hoya and Las Vigas, where splendid pine-trees, thousands of them fit for a ship's mast, stand thickly round, the domicile becomes a veritable log-house or cabin—widely different from that of the American backwoods. The roof has a higher pitch, and greater projection of eave; in short, more like the Swiss chalet than the log cabin of the United States.

STRIPPING THE TABLE-LANDS.

Entering upon the table-land, as the traveller does, just before reaching the town of Perote, the whole aspect of the country became changed. We no longer looked upon the

damp tropical jungle, nor the dry thickets of chaparral nor evergreen oak forests, nor yet the more sombre pine-clad mountain slopes. This we could still see by looking to our left, up the sides of Perote. But before us, far as the eye could reach, and much farther, as our knowledge or fancy informed us, extended the great Mexican plateau-land—the true land of Anahuac—plain succeeding plain, separated from each other by mountain chains (*sierras*), here and there having saddle-like depressions, that give easy passage from one plain, or *vallé*, to the other; all nearly treeless, but none so sterile as that before our faces on leaving the town of Perote, and taking the road to “La Puebla de los Angeles” (the city of the Angels).

Not confident that the latter place might prove a Paradise—anything but this, we were told—we soon became aware of having to pass through something like Purgatory before reaching it. Scarce had we cleared the suburbs of Perote, when we found ourselves in a desert tract of country, bare and forbidding as the African Sahara. This is the plain lying adjacent to the mountain of Perote, extending westward from its base, and known by the same name. It has a superficial area of several hundred square miles—the average of the larger Mexican mountain plateaux, such as that of Puebla, Tlascalla, Toluca, and the *vallé* in which lies the capital itself.

Crossing the plain of Perote, the stranger will see much to interest him, notwithstanding its sterility. There are spots by no means sterile, but wonderfully fertile and productive in the *estacion de las aguas*, or rainy season. The direct road across the plain of Perote will not take him through these; but generally over tracts where the only vegetation seen will be cacti, aloes, and yuccas, with the scrubbiest forms of the *mimosas* and *acacias*.

THE MIRAGE AND “MOLINA DE VIENTE.”

To compensate for the absence of sylvan scenery, the wayfarer will have before his eyes many objects that may be new to him. Upon the plain of Perote he will be almost certain to get sight of a *molina de viento*—perhaps a dozen of these singular objects—passing over the plain, and bearing some resemblance to tall light-house towers set spinning upon an axis. The *molina de viento*—literally windmill—is our whirlwind, upon a larger scale than we are accustomed to see it in England, and acting with greater force. Sand and pebbles of considerable bulk are picked up by those observed on the desert plains of Mexico, and dwellings have been damaged by their contact. But that they have been known to carry whole flocks of sheep into the air, or even a single one, I am not prepared to assert; though the story has been told me by men who might be deemed reliable. There is not anything so very improbable about it, when one reflects on the well-known effects of the ordinary hurricane, or cyclone. Certainly the sand is carried up in them to a height of nearly 500 feet, swirling on a diameter of some eight or ten yards; thus forming a tall column of a dun-yellowish colour, all the more singular from its being in motion. Frequently half a score of them, of different heights and thickness, will be seen coursing across the plain at the same time, sometimes moving in different directions, crossing and changing places as partners in a dance—gigantic Titans going through the figures of a quadrille. The scientific explanation of these sand turbines is that the bare surface, becoming heated by the sun, in turn heats the super-imposed atmosphere, causing it to ascend; and that

then, from the shaded ravines of the neighbouring mountains, colder currents, rushing along to fill up the vacuum, come in contact with one another, and so take the rotatory motion.

Similar phenomena are common on the desert plains of the East, both in Africa and Asia.

Another remarkable object connected with the atmosphere greets the eye upon the plains between Perote and Puebla. This is the *mirage*, which at a certain season of the year—during the dry months—is sure to appear to the traveller. As he rides on, he will see lakes of clear water spread out before him, frequently with trees around their shores, and islets in their midst. The delusion—for it is such—is often so complete, that a stranger to the country will with difficulty be convinced that both trees and water are only “empty air.” The conviction may be gained, by turning round and looking back at the ground just gone over. There the lakes may be also seen, lucent as those in front.

RARE MOUNTAIN FORMS.

It is scarcely necessary to say that on the table-lands of Mexico the traveller is never quite out of sight of mountains. Although many of the *vallas*—or plains, as they will be more appropriately named—are of large expanse, like that of Mexico itself, Puebla, and others, the mountain ranges that limit them are never beyond eyeshot. And to the eye the forms and outlines of these are constantly changing, as the traveller changes his position. There is, thus, an endless variety of views. Mountain profiles are seen assuming all shapes—saddles, sloping or horizontal ridges, some narrow like the back of a knife, rounded domes, pyramidal peaks, square turrets, or needle-like pinnacles, may be all seen during a single day's ride. Sometimes a series of sharply-defined summits strike the eye, suggesting the dentated appearance of a saw. Hence the word *sierra*, given by the Spaniards to mountain chains in general; while *cerro* means a single and usually isolated mountain of inferior altitude—at times merely a hill.

On starting from the town of Perote to travel westward, a remarkable mountain soon makes itself conspicuous. There is Perote itself with its *cofre*, a huge box-like mass, on the summit, composed of black porphyritic rock. This is now on the left shoulder. Farther southward is seen the snow cone of Orizava, or, as the Indians term it, “Citlatepetl,” the “Mountain of the Star,” in allusion to the star-like fire that once appeared upon its summit, when its *volcan* was in activity. Perote they term “Nauchampatepetl, a name of similar signification as *cofre*, the Aztec *nauchampa* meaning a box or chest.

Besides the two celebrated summits that belong to the main cordillera of the Sierra Madre, there are others, towering over other chains, almost as interesting to contemplate, while some stand solitary upon the plain, separated alike from the main cordillera, as also from the transverse or connecting ranges. Of these is the one I have called remarkable, and it is well deserving the qualification. It comes conspicuously in view while crossing the plain of Perote. It is the mountain known by the name Pizarro, I presume so-called after the celebrated Peruvian Conquistador, though why I have not learnt, nor why the honour should not have been conferred upon the conqueror of Mexico itself. Another isolated mountain, a little farther on, dominates the city of Puebla, bearing the name of Cortes' Indian sweetheart, the celebrated Malinché. The Cerro de Pizarro rises abruptly from the plain of Perote,

or seems rather set upon it, just as a teacup turned upon its mouth, only with a sharper apex. The mountain is, in fact, a very regular, though not acute, cone. There is no *piedmont*, or foot-hills, encountered in approaching it. The level plain runs into its very base; the first inequality met with being some scattered boulders of trachytic rock that have rolled down its sloping sides. And here may it be remarked, that this is a special peculiarity of the mountain masses that tower over the Mexican table-land, whether isolated peaks or continuous ridges. They rise at once from the level surface of the plains—whether these be sterile sand or green savanna—without any rolling or hilly region between, just as a mountainous island out of the ocean.

This peculiarity may be looked upon as a simple geological phenomenon. These *vallas*, or table plains, have once been real valleys, or hollows among the mountains, in process of ages filled up to their present level by eroded matter carried down by the rains from the ridges above. Possibly, at one time, they were all the beds of extensive lakes, such as those still existing in the valleys of Mexico and Serma, and which, within the short historic period of three and a-half centuries, show a silting up of several feet. Indeed, the land-surface of the Mexican valley would, no doubt, now have been several inches higher than it is, but for the *desague*, or artificial draining-canal of Huehuetoca.

DEVIATION FROM THE BEATEN TRACK.

The road from Perote to Puebla does not pass quite close to the mountain of Pizarro. The traveller will think himself within a mile of it, when he is distant not less than ten. Delusive, almost as the *mirage*, is the idea of distance in the rarefied atmosphere of these elevated plateaux. You are fatigued after a long ride—a day's journey—your horse more than yourself; but the inn is at length within sight. Only another mile, and you will be dismounting by its door, or inside its *patio*. To your chagrin you discover your mistake about this matter, after riding five or six miles and still seeing the house at a good distance ahead.

We—my travelling companions and myself—were aware of this optical deception, when turning from the travelled road and setting our horses' heads towards Pizarro. We knew there was a couple of hours' brisk trotting in store for them. But we could not resist the temptation to visit this singular *cerro*, and climb some way up its slope. We had no intention to go to the summit, a feat that could without much difficulty be accomplished. We knew it to be an extinct volcano; and as we had looked into other such craters, we cared not to examine this. The lure that led us was a singular report we had heard, connected not with the geological world, but with that of zoology and, to some extent, botany. One of my companions—a keen botanist, and also skilled in the cognate science of ornithology—was desirous of informing himself about the truth of a report that had gone abroad about certain birds belonging to the genus of the woodpeckers. A very singular habit of these birds having been observed on this very mountain, Pizarro.

Looking up the slopes of the mountain from the plain below, and at some distance off, you perceive a certain amount of verdure, mingling its tints with the dark trachytic rock, and the lighter-coloured scoria underneath. In spots you might fancy it a covering of forest trees, but, drawing nearer, you

make out the forms of the wild *maguay*, or Mexican *mell* (*agave*), its radiating bunches of stiff spinous leaves rising scarce a yard above the surface, but overtopped by a flower-stalk springing out of the centre, and shooting up many feet higher. The flowers may be dead, and the scape seeded, or there may be no flower-stalk at all. This depends on the age of the plant, whose inflorescence occurs only once, after several years of growth. The Mexican *maguay*, like the swan, sings its sweetest song before dying. Whether it be the cultivated species producing the drink called *pulque*, or the several wild kinds put to other uses, the agave blossoms only once, and then decays.

A species of the wild or uncultivated kind—that known as the *pita* plant—forms the almost exclusive vegetation on the slopes of Pizarro. Not altogether. Among these stiff, rigid vegetables rises another, equally rigid, generally somewhat taller, and overtopping them. This is a species of arborescent *yucca*, with radiating tufts of leaves resembling a *chevaux-de-frise* of bayonets; whence its name of "Spanish bayonet," given by the people of the more northern regions of America, of Saxon descent.

With slight exception, these two kinds of plants, both belonging to closely-allied genera, form the flora of the mountain Pizarro.

Its fauna is on a like limited scale, no one as yet having observed upon it any living creature, excepting some birds, as I have said, belonging to the family of the woodpeckers. Of these, two or three species, and of distinct genera, inhabit the sides of the mountain, making their home among the agaves and yuccas. Two of them have been identified as the *Colaptes Mexicanus* and *Melanerpes formicivorus* of Swainson, both known in Mexico, as are all woodpeckers, by the name of *carpinteros*, or "carpenters." The name has been suggested by the noise these birds make with their strong beaks, while tapping the trunks of the trees, and which, resounding through the forest, bears some resemblance to the strokes of a carpenter's hammer.

THE CARPENTER BIRDS OF PIZARRO.

The singular chapter of natural history to be observed on Pizarro is this. The *maguay* plant, as already stated, after inflorescence gradually decays and dies. Its life is of different periods of duration from seven to fifteen years, according to the particular species, the soil in which it grows, and other circumstances, but not a hundred years, as was once fabulously asserted, and which erroneous belief led to its being called the "century plant." As a consequence, in districts where the wild *maguays* abound they are seen of all sizes and stages of growth, from plants not larger than a little house-leek, which the young ones somewhat resemble, to grand radiated masses, several yards in diameter. Some in a state of inflorescence, with the tall single flower-stalk running out of the central whorl of thick succulent leaves, and carrying its grand banner of blossoms at the summit. Many of these will be seen, as also the plant, quite desiccated and dead; and in this state they will stand for years, in an atmosphere where decay is of the slowest, as it is upon the Mexican table-lands. The flower-stalk then becomes a hollow cylinder—the medullary matter having contracted in drying up, while the fibrous outside skin remains firm and of tougher texture from the loss of the sap. The woodpeckers have thus a storehouse ready made for their purpose, which is to fill these hollow tubes with acorns

of the evergreen oak. This they do by first commencing a little above the base, and then making a hole large enough to admit the acorn. They find an auger in their strong sharp beaks, that are hard as ivory itself. When the vertical shaft has been laid open, they push in the acorns one after another, allowing them to drop down into the vertical hollow until it is filled up to the hole. The bird now opens another window several inches higher up the stalk; fills in again; then makes a third hole; fills up as before; and so on, till a point of the stalk is reached where the inside opening is too narrow to admit the oak-nut. The reason for making these successive lateral openings is, that the whole cylinder may be occupied with the acorns. Its interior is not a regular smooth tube, but frequently interrupted with a remnant of the dried pith; so that if only one lateral opening were made near the top, there might be a stoppage before the acorns got halfway down, and most of the storage room would remain empty. At a certain season of the year, that which precedes the months of our northern winter, but which in Mexico is known as the dry season, the woodpeckers of the two species named, and perhaps a third, may be seen in flocks upon the sides of Pizarro, busied in the operation described. But, although they have been thus seen by many travellers, naturalists among the number, there are several strange circumstances connected with their labour—mysteries they deserve being called—that have not yet been explained. In the first place, there are no oaks growing nearer than the slope of the main cordillera of the Sierra Madre, at a distance of at least thirty miles. There is not an oak-tree on Pizarro itself, and none on any of the isolated sierras near, or on the surrounding plain. Whence do the woodpeckers obtain the acorns? They transport them in their beaks, no doubt. But from what *encinal*, or evergreen oak forest?

And it is quite as much of a mystery to the ornithologist what these birds do with the acorns. It is well known that they are neither gaminivorous nor frugivorous, but live upon larvæ and insects. Do they leave the acorns to decay, until maggots have become engendered in them, and then make a meal upon these? It would seem a very roundabout way of providing food; in short, too improbable, considering the size of the birds, their voracious habits, and the more convenient manner in which they might find provisions. For it is to be noted that, independent of the great distance to which the oak-nuts must be transported, the mode of storing them is no easy task. The outer rind of the *maguay* flower-stalk is tough and hard, and must give even woodpeckers some trouble in perforating it. Altogether, this must be accounted a very curious chapter of ornithology, one requiring a continued observation of many months to elucidate.

Another singularity connected with this bird-industry is that the stems of the yuccas are also found penetrated with holes made by them. These pass through the bark into the soft interior pith, each being about the size of an acorn. The birds are said to insert the smaller end of the nut into one of the holes in order that it may be held fast, while it proceeds to peck the acorn to pieces, either to eat it or obtain such larvæ as may be found inside.

My companions and myself having satisfied ourselves of the existence of these singular ornithological facts, though unable to find the correct explanation of them, returned down the mountain, and resumed our journey towards Puebla.

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MOSQUE OF NUTHUK, NEAR TRICHINOPOLY.

Trichinopoly and Madura (Southern India), and their Temples.

THE railway journey between Tanjore and Trichinopoly is accomplished in two hours, and the line runs along the banks of one of the branches of the Cauvery. After traversing a well-cultivated district, the traveller finds himself in a vast but sterile plain, and in the far distance the rock of Trichinopoly may be perceived. This railway has only a single line, and appears to have been constructed with but little care, as is proved by the uneasy jolt to which one is exposed.

The English camp at Trichinopoly is situated a mile from the railway station. The town, which is still another mile further, is surrounded by a wall which formerly served as a fortification, but is now in ruins. In the centre is an enormous rock, crowned by a pagoda on a small scale, and dedicated to Siva, and there are no mandapams. This abrupt mass produces an imposing effect, as the steepest part is decorated with large white stripes.

Before arriving at the stairs which conduct to the summit of the rock, a little pond is reached, the centre of which is occupied by a mandapam in ruins, one of the sides being bordered by an architectural gallery of the *nyakara* order; its arches are pointed and contain some beautiful stucco-work interspersed with mystic figures; the columns themselves are heavy and massive. To the right of the gallery over the door an oval shield may be distinguished with two sabres crossed, and a globe covered with pointed stars, a triangular flag ornamented with a sphere floats from each side of the shield, on the top of which is a royal crown, of which only fragments remain.

It is not easy to make out to what monument these ruins have belonged, but their architecture indicates in a very distinct manner that they are of earlier date than the palace of Tanjore; they bear the impression of Christian influence.

A street of low and small houses leads to the foot of those stairs which conduct to the summit of the rock. The staircase is a wide one, and its walls are constructed of large stones which add to its solidity. There was formerly a gallery, covered with wide slabs supported by sculptured columns leading to it, but it is now quite in ruins. Three hundred steps have to be mounted, which are cut out in a fissure of the rock, and the traveller who reaches the summit is rewarded by a magnificent panoramic view. The Cauvery is seen for a long distance winding like a silver ribbon amongst green rice-fields which it fertilises by irrigation; below is the town, which with its houses shaded by cocoa-nut woods and its picturesque mosque, makes the whole appear like a beautiful park. Beyond is the arid plain whose grey stones contrast with the rich verdure of the country round Tanjore. These contrasts form an enchanting view, which delights the lover of the picturesque.

At short intervals on the staircase little sanctuaries are seen, ornamented with bas-reliefs. These are disagreeable and offensive, owing to the smell of the oil with which they are constantly anointed. They represent some of the Hindoo divinities and other quaint subjects. English sentinels planted every here and there guard the approach to this natural citadel.

The rock terminates in two peaks, of which the least elevated is surrounded by a wall, and on this is built a sanctuary dedicated to Siva. The entablature of the inner wall is decorated

with a great number of statues representing Nandou, Ganessa, &c. On the topmost point are erected two mandapams, one of which, with its pyramidal roof, is surmounted by the spire peculiar to Hindoo temples, with its full complement of bells. It is amusing to watch the monkeys which inhabit this rock; their habits are quite aerial.

Trichinopoly not having in itself much to detain the traveller, the next thing to be done is to cross the bridge thrown over the Cauvery, and to land on an island in the stream on which the famous temple of Siringam stands.

Six concentric enclosures surround the temple of the god Vishnu. The Rajah Gopuram (royal gate), which is still unfinished, gives entrance into the first of these, where Hindoos of inferior caste reside, another *gopuram* conducts to another court where only Brahmins dwell, a third *gopuram* leads to Outrevidi, where certain families belonging to the priests of Vishnu live. Within this third *gopuram* is a wooden chariot, highly-carved, whose foliage and figures are black with age. This chariot is used to convey the image of the god on feast-days.

The fourth *gopuram* leads to an enclosure which contains several small temples and several mandapams. One of these, known by the name of the "Mandapam of the Thousand Columns," has a row of columns sixteen in number and sixty-five deep, but unlike most native monuments, they are without the ornaments which generally cover them in profusion. In the centre is a car of stone with wheels and horses of the same material; the god at certain seasons of the year is exposed in this vehicle to the adoration of pilgrims. The first gallery which is reached has monolithic columns, decorated with bas-reliefs representing human beings mounted on monsters with formidable horns, the trunks of which are interwoven with those of little elephants, on whom they seem about to fall. This gallery has fourteen rows of columns, and two small platforms, the highest of which is supported at each corner by four pillars most gracefully grouped. This is very different from most Hindoo monuments, which in general lean towards a massive rather than towards a light and elegant style. The shaft of the inner colonnade is alternately square and polygonal, and its different façades are much sculptured; the other columns are more delicate, their base is cubic, and their shaft polygonal. The roof of these platforms is covered with paintings, now half effaced, depicting scenes from the lives of the gods.

To the left of the Mandapam of a Thousand Columns, a gallery conducts to a sanctuary some of the pillars of which attract attention by their sculptures. It is only at Conjeeveram, Siringam, Madura, and in this place, that those monoliths are found, in which with indomitable patience the Hindoos have chiselled columns ornamented with gigantic sculptures in relief.

In one place may be seen a monster, ready to spring on the profane individual who dares to plant his impure foot on the sacred soil of the temple. In another place a warrior mounted on a galloping horse may be perceived, whose lance has penetrated the body of some unlucky wight already crushed by his remorseless steed. These carvings are carefully executed. The figures are life-like, but that which most attracts attention is the great distance to which the colossal figures stand out from the column. The base is decorated with other sculpture

of a kind too common in Hindoo decoration. Only eight of the forty-nine columns which adorn this gallery, and which are situated at the side of the great mandapam, are at all remarkable. The Grecian columns of rounded form are only ornamented with flutings, the square form, or rather that form with divided facets so characteristic of the Hindoo pilasters, allows of their being covered with sculptures, bas-reliefs, and foliage; they are always works of mere fancy.

The great gopuram to the right, the most elevated of all in Siringam, is not decorated with statues like the others; it is simply of brick, and unadorned.

The central enclosure, where the god Vishnu reposes in eternal sleep, cannot be seen by ordinary visitors, though it has been rumoured that certain Europeans belonging to the higher order of freemasonry have obtained leave to penetrate this holy of holies. In this enclosure is the kitchen where the god's repasts are carefully prepared. The smoke, which escapes from the furnaces in white clouds, is the only thing that can be seen by the worshippers who are without the gate, and the sanctuary in which the idol reposes is, according to custom, adorned at the summit by a globe of gilt copper.

If the Rajah Gopuram, which is as yet in an unfinished state, is included, there are, in all, five pyramidal doors through which the traveller must penetrate before reaching that sanctuary, the dome of which forms the centre of all the enclosures. To the right, there are three other gopurams, and these are the highest yet constructed. To the left, there are but two. When the temple is finished, there will be in all as many as twenty.

Six miles to the south-west of Trichinopoly, in the middle of the jungle, is a perfectly deserted pagoda, whose very existence seems to be unsuspected by the majority of the inhabitants of the country round. It bears the name of Sattan-Rowil (or royal residence of Satan). It appears to be built of stone, at least in part, and its carvings are more finished though less beautiful than those of the well-known temple of Soubramanga at Tanjore, which has been already mentioned.

Madura is situated eighty-two miles south of Trichinopoly, and is reached by a beautiful road, shaded by trees of great age. To the north of the city is a huge mass of syenite: it stands isolated from the surrounding hills, and from a distance bears a resemblance to an elephant couchant, with its trunk extended along the ground in front of its head. The natives tell you in all good faith that on one occasion a colossal elephant miraculously emerged from a sacred well in which the King of Conjeveram was in the habit of throwing the remains of those unhappy victims whom he frequently offered up in sacrifice to the river. Near the banks of the stream are pillars intended to serve as a refuge to those travellers who are unexpectedly thrown into danger by the sudden rise of the water during flood. They remain here until help can be obtained. A little mandapam situated in the centre of this river, and used as a resting-place for the idol of the temple, on the occasion of the annual processions, produces the most graceful effect.

The three monuments most worthy of the interest of the traveller in the town of Madura are the great temple, the palace, and the Pagoda Perumal.

The principal temple is dedicated to the worship of Siva, who is addressed in these parts by the pompous appellation of Sunda-veshwaram, or Choka-lingam, the lord of beauty. The temple is also jointly dedicated to his amiable spouse, Kali, called by the Tamuls by the sweet name of *Minakshi*, or

better still *Ankayal Kannamaya*, the goddess with eyes of *rayah* (a fish peculiar to the Indian seas, and remarkable for its large eyes). This temple covers a vast extent of ground, and offers a spectacle which it is impossible to forget.

Situated in the centre of the town of Madura, this pagoda, whose form is rectangular, measures nearly 700 feet, and its east and west front 800. The north and south is surrounded by a stone wall with a coping of brick, whose height is thirty-six feet; the pedestal is of stone, the superstructure is in brick and chalk. The face to the north is entirely free from ornaments and sculptures, though all the others are covered with them; it bears the name of Mottai Gopuram.

To the east on entering, the Rajah Gopuram comes first. Both this and the Gopuram of Siringam are as yet unfinished, only the stone base being built. The royal gateway is not so large as that of the temple of Vishnu, but its proportions seem better, its design more correct, its ornaments more artistic, and its bas-reliefs more elegant. The door is supported by four beautiful monoliths, fifty-seven feet in height, covered with graceful arabesques, between which are allegorical representations. In the wall of the passage recesses have been pierced, and these are allotted to the guardians of the temple. In front of it are four columns with shafts, which are alternately square and polygonal.

The base of the Rajah Gopuram of Madura is the most beautiful of its kind, even when compared with all the temples of the Deccan. Local tradition attributes it to Tirumalaya-Nayakar. It is 176 feet long and nearly 120 feet broad from east to west. Its height is thirty-two feet, and the door is more than twenty-two feet wide.

On leaving the Rajah Gopuram it will be well to visit the Puthee Mandapam, better known in Southern India under the name of Choultry of Tirumalaya-Nayakar, the most beautiful in all the Deccan. Only at Conjeveram and at Siringam can one meet with edifices in the same style, and they are not to be compared with those of Madura.

The Puthee Mandapam is a portico in front of the eastern gopuram of the sacred enclosure. It was erected by King Tirumalaya whose name it bears, and it serves as an entrance to the pagoda. As an entrance it is on the grandest scale, rivalling even the great avenue of sphinxes of the Egyptian temples. It was commenced in 1623 in the second year of the reign of the celebrated monarch, Nayakar. It took twenty-two years to construct, and cost the sum of one million sterling. This mandapam is built entirely of stone; it is more than 300 feet long, and nearly 80 feet wide. The interior, which is about twenty feet high, is roofed with enormous slabs. It consists of a central nave, and two low ribs with a transverse gallery at each extremity. The roof consists of 124 huge blocks of granite, which rest upon pillars.

The front columns of the portico are richly sculptured, and nowhere in all India is such perfect workmanship to be seen. Horsemen are represented eagerly rushing out and piercing with their lances the wretches already trampled on by their horses. On the pillar to the left is sculptured in bas-relief the single-footed god, from whose loins emerge Siva and Brahma; the right pillar represents Siva dressing himself in the skin of an elephant which he has just killed, and whose head is weltering at his feet.

The three great galleries belonging to this mandapam, particularly the central one, are very grand in their aspect, and

would be more so were it not for the crowds of native merchants who there exhibit stuffs, and a thousand other objects. Each of the pillars of the door of entrance is ornamented with a statue. The capitals of these and indeed of all the columns in the *choultry* represent sanguinary monsters who are curled up in the way peculiar to the feline race, and who appear to be the guardians of the holy enclosure, and ready to burst upon the unlucky visitor who should attempt to violate the sanctity of the spot.

In the central gallery, besides the bas-reliefs and arabesques with which each column is profusely decorated, there are isolated pillars, supporting statues of monarchs. Amongst

blood of the victim, and all efforts to remove the stain proved fruitless. It remained as a terrible warning to husbands inclined to give vent to their angry passions.

To the left a black granite throne is erected at the extremity, and the raised seat, which is supported by pillars, is enveloped in a lacework of stone. On certain days during the year the idol is exposed on this throne.

The portico at the farther end of the mandapam is decorated with statues of gods; the façade on this side is also very fine. The ornamentation of the columns is similar to that of the principal façade. The pillars at the side represent first Siva and his wife destroying Ravana, the hundred-headed giant; the



ROYAL GATE OF THE TEMPLE OF SIRINGAM.

these are Visnanatha, the head of the Nayakar dynasty. Towards the right on entering is Tirumalaya, commonly called Trimal-Naik, the founder of this beautiful monument; and by his side are two of his wives and a servant.

The Hindoos, so wrapped up in everything tending towards the marvellous, are fond of relating the following anecdote:—Tirumalaya, having married the daughter of the King of Tanjore, brought the princess home to his palace, and took pleasure in exhibiting its splendours to her. The queen, who was suffering from home-sickness, expressed neither astonishment nor pleasure, and merely replied 't' at her father's stables alone outshone the luxury displayed in the palace at Nayakar. These humiliating words so exasperated the king that he stabbed his wife with a dagger. To expiate his crime he was desirous of placing the statue of his wife in his choultry; but when the marble figure appeared, it was covered with the

other represents the same god quarrelling with his spouse. It would seem that among the Orientals, as in the classical mythology of Greece and Rome, these graceful connubial scenes are not rare amongst the gods; and the knowledge of this may give some comfort to many poor mortals, less richly endowed in other respects than these vicious immortals.

Entering by the western gopuram into the sacred temple, the temple of Minakshi, or Kali, is seen to the left of the door, and its front is decorated with a bas-relief, set off by quaint and staring colouring, of which the Hindoos are most prodigal. Statues of Ganesa and Soubramanga are placed at the sides.

In this pagoda are four concentric enclosures, the innermost of which contains the symbol of Hindoo worship, and several statues of gods and goddesses of an inferior order, who escort Siva in processions. At the door of this innermost enclosure is a pillar of wood or stone, covered with leather, to

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SACRED POOL NEAR TRICHINOPOLY.

which devotees hang their offerings of stuffs. No pariah—consequently no European—can go beyond this pillar. Whenever travellers are not permitted by the Brahmins to penetrate into these small sanctuaries, this pillar will be found planted near the door of entrance.

The symbolic idol of Madura, in common with those of all great temples of Siva, is during the ceremonies surrounded by the folds of a *naja* or cobra di capello, whose head spreads out above that of the gods. The images of these reptiles are constructed of precious metals, and ornamented with diamonds, pearls, and precious stones of all sorts.

After having passed the gopuram, a long gallery is traversed, occupied by merchants. This gallery is supported by richly-carved columns. To the right is the *mandapam* at which the god and goddess annually re-marry. It is considered desirable often to renew this ceremony between the gods in India, in order that they may not forget their duties as husband and wife. A little further on there is another portico, composed of sixteen columns. On the outer side may be remarked figures with odd-shaped trumpets in their hands. These are in bas-relief; the base of the others is alternately square and polygonal. Hindoo artists dislike simplicity and repetition in any form.

To the east of the nuptial hall the portico of a thousand columns extends, forming a handsome quincunx all along the wall of enclosure. The interval between the pillars measures four feet; most of the pillars are alternately square and polygonal at the base, and ornamented with festoons and foliage. When this forest of stone is illuminated by torchlight, during the night festivals, the effect must be magical. The capital of the columns is formed, as in many Hindoo edifices, of a capping of stone overlapping the square pedestal on two and sometimes four sides; this allows of giving them a space of greater width than that of the slabs which serve them as supports. There are twenty-nine front columns and thirty-five side columns (fourteen of the latter are united by a wall); some are only outlined, and bear traces of the workman's chisel; but the central gallery, which is parallel to the eastern wall and which leads to a small sanctuary, contains a whole collection of monsters, gods, and human beings. Before reaching this gallery a portico of sculptured columns in bas-relief must be passed through; two staircases, whose balustrades consist of stone elephants, conduct to it. Some of the statues in this portico are smeared with clarified butter and oil, with which the pious Hindoos are careful to anoint them daily: all are larger than life. At the entrance is a central column, surrounded by several little ones: all appear to be sculptured out of a single block of stone.

The colonnade which surrounds the pond of the golden lotus, so celebrated amongst the Tamuls, is distinguished by its green and stagnant waters, which are a redoubtable poison, particularly amongst the Hindoos. Nothing can be dirtier or more fetid. It is therefore not astonishing that no sacred animal, of which the basins are full in the pagodas, will occupy it. If you ask the Brahmins the reason why, they will readily tell you, and your curiosity will be easily satisfied, unless you are curious to an extent seldom to be met with in a traveller. The Brahminical explanation is as follows:—

A white heron was hungry. Standing on one leg on the borders of the Lake of the Golden Lotus, whose waters were then unrivalled in India for clearness and limpidity, he sadly reflected on the sufferings of life. A devotee on a

pilgrimage to the temple came to bathe by his side, and whilst wringing his locks in order to dry them after bathing, beautiful silver fish fell from them which began to swim about joyously. Hunger suggested to the heron to open his great beak, and to swallow some of these creatures. A human being could not have resisted the temptation, but the prudent bird took care to respect the sanctity of the spot. From time to time, it is true, he involuntarily made a noise with his bill, opening and shutting his jaws, in the extreme desire of gratifying his appetite; but heaving a deep sigh, he refrained from eating. Siva was a witness of the fact, and, contrary to custom, having risen in good humour, wished to reward so remarkable an act of sobriety. Earth being unworthy of this virtuous bird, he carried it off to adorn his Olympus. "What wouldst thou?" said heaven's ruler to him. "Speak, and thy wishes shall be granted." The humble animal paused to consider, and it soon occurred to him that another poor heron might perchance be subjected to the same temptation if the waters of the Golden Lotus Lake were always full of fish, and that, perhaps, unlike himself, he might be unable to resist the cravings of a famished stomach; he therefore demanded that the sacred waters of Madura should never again furnish nourishment for any living creature, and after mature deliberation in counsel amongst the gods, the favour was granted.

The Potta-marai, or dead lake, measures 200 feet in length, and 146 feet in width, and its direction is due east and west, as is also the direction of the wall of the pagoda.

The gallery surrounding this basin is covered with frescoes representing Hindoo scenes of every description. The drawings are peculiar, the subjects inelegant, and the figures expressionless—they have not even that quaintness which covers so many defects. These paintings have nothing curious about them, as far as art is concerned, but they faithfully portray local manners and customs, and these are always interesting to the traveller.

The temple of Madura is doubtless the most admirable and the most curious monument that the Hindoo genius has ever executed, and the impression left on the memory by a ramble amongst these marvels of architecture is very powerful. From the moment of entrance into this sacred enclosure the eye is riveted by the innumerable columns covered to profusion with quaint sculptures of the most original kind, rising everywhere—court succeeds court, gallery succeeds gallery, portico succeeds portico, and everywhere bas-reliefs and paintings are to be seen. Even certain dark stone avenues add to the effect produced by a multitude of monster figures apparently starting from the columns, and can hardly fail to fill with terror the superstitious spirits of the devotees.

The general aspect is very grand, and produces a powerful impression on the mind of the visitor. A special study of each statue is unnecessary in temples of this class; all that is required is to have a general view of the whole—it is best to walk quickly through these groups of monsters of every kind, with their quaint forms, cruel looks, and fantastic attitudes, and fancy oneself the prey of an eccentric dream. These pagodas of the Deccan are indeed altogether creations of fancy. The Hindoo architects do not give themselves up to profound study concerning the great and beautiful; they care but little for proportions; the rules of art as established in our lands are to them unknown, and if known they would be disregarded. Therefore form, simplicity, and truth, must not be sought after,

neither must one expect to find any other idea than cruelty sometimes varied by a cold immovability. The bodies are all either distorted or dislocated. The Hindoo artist has never chosen for his model that which is beautiful, nor sought to approach perfection of outline. He has rather endeavoured to depict sickness and delirium in stone, but degraded as is this taste, it is not without its grandeur.

Who has not allowed his thoughts to wander at will, and who has not in spirit visited strange worlds peopled with fantastic beings? Of such are the incredible conceptions, the mad fancies realised in the temple of Madura, where they unfold themselves written in granite before the traveller's eye. Even, as has been before remarked, the coarse colouring with which the Brahmins have clumsily adorned their statues, adds, in the gloom of these corridors, to the grotesque and hideous aspect of the objects sculptured.

When one comes to consider that these columns carved in bas-relief and externally decorated with a thousand different ornaments, figures, foliage, garlands, are all monolithic, one cannot but be lost with astonishment at the vast amount of time and labour consumed by whole generations of men in these gigantic works, and at the considerable expense which doubtless has been incurred in constructing these monumental marvels. The Hindoo architects, like the Egyptians, seem to have cared more for overcoming difficulties than for any other object.

The palace of Tirumalaya-Nayakar is, next to the great temple of Siva, the most important of the monuments of Madura, and one of the most curious in India, where few edifices of this kind are found. Formerly it covered an immense expanse of ground, but now it is falling into ruins. Happily there still remains the beautiful Hall of Durbar, or throne-room, which, notwithstanding its state of dilapidation, still retains an aspect which permits the traveller to imagine what was formerly the splendour of the Nayakars of Madura.

The exterior of this edifice is highly picturesque, thanks to the black tint which the lapse of centuries has given it, and to the plants which grow between the cracks in the stone, or crown the facets of the half-fallen walls. The rectangular or square domes, pierced by a thousand openings, add to the general effect of the whole. Nevertheless it is not probable that it could ever boast of the grand character which great European edifices present. Hindoo artists never could bow to the exigencies of a uniform plan, always obeying the impulse of the moment without considering what had been formerly done, and what still remained to be carried out. In consequence of this, the external aspect is not unfrequently mean, and all the result arrived at consists in forming a more or less considerable assemblage of buildings. The Hindoos work in detail, and do not study uniformity. Their morals, their habits, their religion, all are matters of detail. They build in juxtaposition, and thus their constructions are wanting in that unity which larger views and well-considered plans require.

The palace of Madura, built by Tirumalaya, the second rajah of the Nayakar dynasty, who reigned from 1621 to 1660, contains many rooms, on the top of which extend terraces and domes propped up by massive pillars, the style of which reminds the traveller of Mussulman architecture.

The court sessions are held in the ancient throne-room of the Kings of Nayakar, but the door which now opens into it is modern.

This room, as is the case with the one at Tanjore, is surrounded by a colonnade which is reached by stone steps. Three rows of rather high columns here meet the eye. The general aspect is heavy, owing to the want of plinth, and the columns are disfigured with a thick layer of plaster, in conformity with the invariable custom of the Hindoos. In the ceiling are several arches, two of which in the centre of the lateral galleries are rectangular, and four are square at their extremities. They are pierced by many windows, which gives them a peculiar aspect. The Mussulman influence may be easily traced in this monument, which presents the elegant details and ornamentation of the vaulting, the round forms of the column, the almost total absence of human figures or of representations of animals, and the domes with cupolas rising to a point: all this indicates among the Hindoo architects of the seventeenth century an acquaintance with the Mussulman monuments of Bidjanaggar and other cities fallen under Mongol rule. That defective symmetry so common to the Hindoos, though displayed in the grouping of the columns, has here disappeared in the ornamentation of the domes.

The ceiling of the galleries is but slightly arched. Often, indeed, it is flat, and formed—Hindoo fashion—of bricks laid horizontally, and stuck together by mortar. It has been already pointed out that this was the usual construction in Tanjore.

On both sides of the central arcade, where formerly the royal throne was erected, may be noticed a winged angel in bas-relief; it resembles those in Christian drawings, and is represented as holding one extremity of a sculptural wreath placed above the central arch. Between each arcade a monster is seen projecting from the columns, whose features are less horrible than those of the Hindoo statues. Here neither the monkey god Hunooman, nor those other figures of Hindoo divinities, always more or less grotesque, are to be met with, though so often seen on the bas-reliefs of the palace of Tanjore, and the gallery of Trichinopoly. The last-mentioned edifices have more of the Hindoo stamp about them than the palace of Tirumalaya, and are probably considerably older.

Above the great slab of black marble, on which the cushions of the king were spread, a beautiful dome is erected, called the "celestial arch," which measures nearly sixty feet in diameter; the height of the cupola above the throne is about sixty-five feet.

The general effect of the great hall is grand; and formerly, when the rajah, clothed in his splendid vestments of silk and gold, was accustomed to sit on a richly-jewelled throne, surrounded by an ivory balustrade, in the midst of numerous courtiers and thousands of soldiers, this scene under a tropical sun must have been striking indeed.

All the palaces that have been mentioned are built of brick, but this is hardly perceptible, owing to the rough coating of stucco which is used to such a preposterous extent by the Hindoos in all their private and national edifices. Good building stones, in their opinion, only derive their value from the fact that they are more durable than wood or brick in their damp climate; they prefer a surface of stucco, which lends itself to every species of ornamentation.

Before quitting the town of Madura it would be well to visit a small pagoda which well deserves mention. According to Mr. Fergusson it connects the ancient Buddhist style of architecture with that of the temples in the south of India. It

bears some resemblance to the monolithic pagodas of Mahabalipuram. The sanctuary, which is larger than that of most of the Deccan temples, is capped by the inevitable sphere, which seems as if borrowed from the Buddhist dagobas.

In the village of Ramisueram, situated eight miles from Pamben, is a temple which yearly attracts thousands of pilgrims from all parts of India. Before reaching this temple a long street is passed through with fine houses all along it. The wall enclosing the temple is pierced by four doors, from each of which there is a gallery conducting towards the central sanctuary. The circular colonnade, forming the outer wall, encloses the sacred pool and several small temples. In some places there are two ranks of columns, in others three or four, supporting this colonnade. Many of these columns are monolithic. They are sculptured in low relief, and represent the benefactors of the temple—rajahs and queens—who are seen with folded hands in an attitude of prayer. Unfortunately the greater part of these enormous pedestals and statues of natural size are so coated with stucco that the original material, with its lines and proportions, is lost sight of, and one might almost imagine that the figures were mere plaster statuettes. But this is not all. The Brahmins have not hesitated to cover these columns with a red wash similar to that which is daubed over the Hindoo houses. The general

effect is destroyed, and it requires some effort of the imagination to perceive beneath this thick crust the really grand character of the edifice. Far better would it be to see the pagoda in ruins than disgraced by the trowel of native masons.

This pagoda is renowned throughout India for its sanctity; nevertheless, none of its galleries will bear comparison with those of Madura, where the traveller may easily imagine himself transported to another world. In this temple the eye vainly seeks those elegant designs which are to be found on the banks of the Yumbudra, in the ruins of the ancient city of Vijayanagar, and also in the most venerable of the sanctuaries of the Southern Deccan, namely, the beautiful temple of Tripetty, which lies hidden eighty miles to the north-west of Madras, in a defile of the Ghauts, a spot tolerably secure from the prying eyes either of the Mussulman or the European.

The island of Ramisueram is planted with enormous baobabs (*Adansonia digitata*). These trees, which may truly be called elephantine, so far as their massive forms are concerned, are essentially African, and the question arises, how have they been imported into Asia? They seem too old to have been planted by the Portuguese. Perhaps they were introduced by Arab merchants who before our era were engaged in commercial enterprises with the inhabitants of Ceylon.

A Flying Visit to Florida.—III.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

FISHING IN FLORIDA.

ANOTHER favourite bait with the Florida fishermen is a kind of sea-butterfly, a mollusc of the family *Hyalus*. It is found among the *Algae*, where it feeds upon the small larvæ of water-insects that attach themselves to the stalks and leaves.

Upon the hooks thus baited many kinds of fish are drawn up out of the waters of the St. John's, some of them far from welcome to the Yellow Bluff fishermen, and usually received with an exclamation bearing a somewhat strong resemblance to an oath.

Among these little-cared-for captives is the "pump-fish," a sort of sea-hedgehog, bristling with spines. It behoves the fisherman to take care how he handles it, as the pointed tubercles, when touched, discharge a virulent poison. It is the *Diodon maculato-striatum* of Cuvier, taking its trivial name of "pump-fish" from the faculty of inhaling the air with a certain sound, as of a pump-sucker, and also similarly exhaling it. The fish is worthless for the table. Even the negroes will not eat it, believing its flesh poisonous as its spines. In the Lower St. John's it is so common as to be, as already stated, a curse to the fisherman.

In this respect almost equalling it, is the "tobacco-box fish," the *Ostracion triguter* of Linnaeus, a fish whose body is enclosed in a horny cuirass, box-shaped, with holes that allow play to the fins and tail. The box contains no flesh; only a fibrous substance mingled with a fluid of an oily nature. It is abso-

lutely uneatable—though the ugly brute is itself rapacious, preying upon other fish of more savoury nature.

The St. John's fisherman is disappointed when either of the above sea-monsters swallows his bait, and is lugged to the surface. But he is compensated by the occasional catch of a "drum-fish"—one of the most curious submarine dwellers. There is nothing very remarkable in the appearance of the drum-fish; above all, nothing to cause *dégoût*. That of the Floridian coast is simply a gigantic sea-perch, often weighing nearly fifty pounds avoirdupois. It is the *Pogonias chromis* of Cuvier, of a silvery colour, burnished along the back, and easily distinguishable by the bunch of long spinous bristles attached to its under jaw, and trailing backward as it swims. Its trivial name of "drum-fish" has been given from the singular sound it can produce, resembling the distant reverberation of a drum; and which can be heard when the fish itself is far down—at least fifty feet—under water.

I am not aware that any naturalist has yet explained this ichthyological puzzle.

AN ARCHÆOLOGICAL QUESTION.

Nearly opposite Yellow Bluff, on a point of land, can be seen what appears to be the remains of an old Indian settlement, with an earthwork which American archaeologists suppose to be of Spanish origin. About the latter there need be no speculation. It is evidently the site of one of the forts which the Spaniards were in the act of constructing when the

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SCENE ON A CREEK, TRIBUTARY TO THE ST. JOHN'S, FLORIDA

Huguenot captain came upon them. The chronicle distinctly states that De Gourgue found the enemy erecting two other forts above that of Caroline, and on opposite sides of the river. In all probability the second of these was where the village of Yellow Bluff now stands; while the first one—as also the fort attacked and taken by De Gourgue—was that whose traces still exist. It was carried by a *coup-de-main* cleverly executed, the men who manned it being taken by surprise, as they were sinking a well within the half-finished works.

The other was carried with like ease; and then the Frenchman, availing himself of some cannon captured from the enemy, as also from information forced from the prisoners he had made, descended on Fort Caroline—the main stronghold of the Spaniards.

This last was not taken by surprise, but by an act of strategy, proving the Huguenot captain possessed of military talents on a par with his patriotism.

FLORIDA'S CHIEF CITY.

Shortly after passing through these scenes, sacred to the ancient colonial history of the "Land of Flowers," we came within sight of other scenes marked by its modern progress, with a very different idea, and far more vigorous forms of colonisation. The name of the city that now—rising over the waters of the St. John's—loomed upon our view, suggested this. It was Jacksonville.

To describe Jacksonville, the present, and no doubt the future, chief city of Florida, would resemble the telling of a well-known tale.

As the steamer lay up against its wharf, I could see nothing more than the usual aspect presented by a Southern United States town, with the sea washing near enough to give it the title of seaport.

Indeed, the St. John's up to Jacksonville, and far higher, is more like an inlet, or arm of the sea, than a river; and one can only think of its being the latter, by seeing land on both sides—generally a border of silvery-white sand, scantily covered with forest vegetation.

Disembarking from the steamer, and entering the streets of Jacksonville, you become less impressed with the idea of its being a *Southern* town. The hotel, or "tavern," at which you stay, the "store" into which you go shopping, a large proportion of the people promenading the streets, are all unlike what you expected to see in the South, or anything you may have already seen in Charlestown or Savannah.

In these typical Southern towns, there is something that speaks of an ancient aristocracy, with the pride appertaining to it; more especially in the South Carolinian capital, with its *ville noble* descended from Huguenot refugees.

In Jacksonville, Florida, you find nothing of this. The town itself is new, the people comparatively poor—if rich, evidently of the *nouveaux riches*—while the houses appear as if erected but the day before you landed.

Moreover, the men who meet you in the streets, most of them, have not got the faces of the true Southern—such as he appeared in the times of slavery, before the great rebellion.

Whether for better or worse—for better be it hoped—Jacksonville now exhibits in its streets a type of countenance very little differing from what may be met with in Newport, New Bedford, or any other New England town.

And, saving some touches in the picture laid on by a semi-

tropical vegetation, the traveller would hardly know that he had gone South nearly a thousand miles. He would feel doubtful that he had yet left the territory of the Northern States. All this comes of the new colonisation by Northern men—chiefly New Englanders—commenced at the close of the late war, and going on ever since.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Jacksonville derives its name from General Andrew Jackson, conqueror of Florida from the Spaniards, and twice President of the United States; unquestionably the greatest man that has yet made his mark upon the page of American history. The name of Washington deserves reverence, and will still be revered by those who do honour to decent respectability. But between these two men, the greatest of American chieftains—comparing them in point of genius—there must be drawn a difference wonderfully wide, to become wider in the far future, when there is no personal or political influence to hinder the truth from being told. Then will it be acknowledged that George Washington was but the creature of circumstances, all concurring to favour him; while Andrew Jackson was the creator of every circumstance that gave fame to himself, and glory to his country.

One who has made a careful study of the character of both can come to no other conclusion. In Washington he finds the cautious conservative, with a good deal of the "trimmer"—a man careful of offending the susceptibilities of the age and time, caring far more for this, than for any extension of the area of human liberty. His views went not beyond the independence of a particular people—his own—with an eye also to their aggrandisement. In Jackson the student of character finds liberty itself personified, his heart having been so wholly devoted to it, that all and everything else seemed of secondary consideration.

After comparing the two, this conclusion must we come to. Others may speak for themselves. I can only say that, treading the streets of Jacksonville, Florida, I felt proud to think I was among a people so appreciative as to have named their chief city after the greatest soldier, as well as patriot, America has yet produced.

AN ANCIENT CROSSING-PLACE.

Jacksonville is situated on the left bank of the St. John's, about twenty-five miles above its mouth, near where the river, forsaking its northern course, turns eastward towards the Atlantic. At this point there is a considerable narrowing of the stream, which has been, ever since the first colonisation by the Spaniards, the chief crossing-place for travellers passing from San Augustine to the northern and north-western settlements of the peninsula. The old Spanish military route, called the "King's Road" (*Camino del Rey*), crossed over at this point, the crossing being called the "Cow Ford"—a name which the English, during their short occupation of the country in the latter part of the eighteenth century, translated from its Spanish synonyme.

That the place bore this name in the times of Spanish possession is evident from the account of it given by William Bartram, the English naturalist, who himself crossed at the Cow Ford, in 1774, on his expedition up the St. John's. At that time, and up to the American occupation, there was no town of any importance at the Cow Ford; only some huts inhabited by fishermen, and people who derived a subsistence by accommodating such travellers as made stay at the crossing. Even after Florida became part of United States territory, the present site of Jacksonville remained for a long time without

showing any sign of becoming a prosperous settlement. The country adjacent is far from being fertile, but rather of a sterile nature. It is sandy, with a scant vegetation, and of an aspect altogether uninviting. So little was thought of it as the "location" for an important city, that the Yellow Bluff, already mentioned as being some miles farther down the river, came very near being the site of Jacksonville. The real or modern founder of this city was a certain Colonel Hart, one of those enterprising American speculators who, inoculated with grand views of their country's certain increase, go in for colonising on an extensive scale. The colonel had fixed upon Yellow Bluff as the spot on which first to erect his log cabin, and then lay out the plans for a future flourishing city. But the country around the Bluff lies low, and is surrounded by extensive marshes; it filled him with fears—very properly so—about its sanitary condition; and yielding to these, he ascended the river a little higher, planted his roof-tree upon its left bank at the Cow Ford, and so founded the city of Jacksonville. Topographically he could not have chosen a better spot, one more likely to make him immortal; for although the adjacent land be sandy and sterile, the point itself is commanding, as regards transit and commercial intercourse between the eastern side of Florida and the Northern States. A road running due north from San Augustine River near the coast, and crossing at the mouth of the river, meets with many obstructions from swamp, inlet, and lagoon. The Cow Ford, therefore, must remain, as it always has been, the main route for entering the peninsula, and Jacksonville will be its *entrepôt*.

In the streets of this prosperous city the traveller will see very little that may be new to him, especially if coming from Savannah. There are the same spacious hotels of wooden construction, with verandahs, or "piazzas," as they are there called, as are met with in other American Southern cities. There are also many substantial buildings of brick, mostly private residences; but as a general rule the city is a wooden one—the houses of the usual planed weather-boarding, painted snow-white, having a numerous array of windows furnished with green *jalousies*, or Venetian shutters.

Many very handsome residences, standing conspicuously upon the river's bank, are seen on approaching the place, with others in process of erection.

A PROGRESSIVE FL.

In Jacksonville, the signs of progress—the forecasts of future greatness—are everywhere evident. There is a lively bustle about the place, with a concourse of commerce in the streets which augurs well for this. On all sides may be heard the clink of the bricklayer's trowel, or the tap of the carpenter's hammer; and the extensive saw-mills of Scottsville—a suburb lying to the east of the city—turn out building material in the shape of "lumber" to an amount of millions of feet weekly. This is, in fact, one of the most important industries of the place.

The population of Jacksonville, including that of its suburbs—for it already has suburbs—cannot be much under 10,000. But for such a place no estimate of population can be relied upon longer than a single year, if so long. Perhaps within six months it may show an increase of fifty or a hundred per cent.; and Jacksonville is sure at least to double itself in every succeeding decade for perhaps a half-century to come. It bids fair to be the Chicago of Florida.

Antecedent to the Southern rebellion it was already show-

ing signs of vitality. The mild, salubrious climate of Florida had begun to attract invalids from the North, with men of capital to provide accommodation for them. To a certain extent the war put a check to this kind of immigration; and during the internecine strife the town suffered severely. Its name recalling the old patriot and the old patriotism, should have protected it by begetting and stimulating a fraternal feeling. But no. When brother's blade is bared against brother, there is no stop or stay to the bad blood—no cessation to its letting. The chief city of Florida was especially a victim to the fraternal spite then raging, being for a time almost turned into a ruin. It was first partially burnt down by the Confederates, then taken possession of by the Federals, again to fall into the hands of the rebellious enemy. A second time it changed masters, and a third—catching fire as it was for the third time assaulted by the Union troops. On this last occasion, half-a-dozen squares or "blocks" of buildings were consumed, including the Catholic and Protestant Episcopal churches.

For a year or so after, the place wore an aspect of ruin—of desolation. Grass and weeds grew waist-high upon the streets, while cattle roamed through them at will, taking shelter from sun or storm in the untenanted shops and dwellings. There is no sign of this desolation now, any more than on the face of the Phoenix.

A drawback to Jacksonville is the danger of that dreaded disease—the pest of so many seaports in the Southern States—yellow fever. It is a rare visitant to the St. John's; still it has shown its saffron-coloured visage in Jacksonville, being epidemic there in the year 1857. Otherwise the town is healthy enough, though there are many spots in the Floridian peninsula less liable to disease—miasmatic complaints among the number.

A HUNTING-PARTY ORGANISED.

In Jacksonville we formed, or rather organised, our little party, who were to travel together throughout the Floridian peninsula. We had already made acquaintance on the steamer that brought us to the St. John's; and in a few days completed our preparations for ascending the river. There were four of us in all, of kindred though different nationalities; Gordon, a Scotch Highlander, who had seen service in the East Indies; a "Sassenach," named Neville, of Kent county and Oxford University, England; a true-born American, of New York State, yclept Van Olinda, the name showing his Netherlandish descent; and myself, a pure-bred Hibernian. We were all four devotees of the chase—worshippers of St. Hubert—he of Hollandic extraction being a skilled naturalist, I an amateur in this pursuit.

At first we thought of ascending the St. John's by steam, as far as Enterprise, upon Lake Monroe, and at once plunging into what bears repute as the "hunting country" of the peninsula.

An old campaigner, encountered at the hotel where we were stopping—of myself a brother-officer in the old Mexican-American war—said something that caused us to forsake this programme, and change it for another. He told us that we would find as good sporting ground on many parts of the Lower St. John's as above, after exhausting which, we might then continue upward and southward, to new scenes. These would be all the more attractive by a gradual approach to them, quietly in a sailing-boat, instead of noisily in a puffing, burking steamboat.

We adopted his suggestion; chartered the kind of craft recommended; filled it with our hunting *impedimenta*; not forgetting a goodly stock of provisions, brandy and tobacco included; and spread our sails to the first breeze that promised to waft us in the direction of the equator. Having read old William Bartram's account of his boat voyage up the same river nearly a century before, we knew the St. John's to be a stream navigable by sailing craft, despite its many curvatures. The breadth of its water surface, often a league or more, thus continuing for nearly two hundred miles, gives the wind fair play for the working of sails; and if now and then it strikes the canvas adversely, it needs but to put in-shore, spend the spare time in cooking, hunting, or exploring, and then on again, at the springing up of a favourable breeze.

OUR FIRST SHOT FIRED.

We were not long embarked, before finding the counsel of my old campaigning comrade to be valuable advice, and in every way worthy of being followed. Being masters of our means of transport, we enjoyed a freedom of action and quietude we could not have had, controlled by a noisy steam-engine with its accompaniment of plashing paddles; to say nothing of being surrounded by a crowd of fellow-passengers afflicted with catarrh and pthisis—of whom we had had enough during our sea voyage down the coast. By comparison, our new life was delightful; and we had not been twenty-four hours aboard our boat before discovering that, so far as hunting was concerned, we might have that on the Lower St. John's, to satiety. Less than twenty miles after leaving Jacksonville, we came opposite the embouchure of a tributary stream, which appeared a suitable place for our first night's camp. The boat's prow being set towards it, we sailed in, and up towards an elevated point that promised well for a landing as well as camping place.

Our Highlander, the keenest sportsman of the party, was delighted with what we there saw, as was also the American naturalist. The latter was in ecstasies, as well might he be. Audubon himself never looked upon a greater variety of ornithological life, seen at a single *coup d'œil*. Nearly every species of water and wading fowl known to the North American continent could be seen disporting themselves—some swimming upon the surface, some diving underneath it, others winging their way from place to place, still others perched upon the overhanging branches of trees, and not a few soaring in the heavens high overhead, as if contemplating the movements of those stirring below.

Among the many species could be distinguished the great American crane, two or three kinds of herons, the black and scarlet ibis, the rose-tinted spoonbill, the singular snake-darter (*Plotos ankinga*), with half a score of web-footed birds belonging

to the tribe of the *Anatide*. High overhead, perched on leafless trees—scathed by lightning or otherwise blighted—were the two species of American black vultures—the carrion crow and turkey buzzard (*Cathartes atratus* and *aura*). Still higher up, soaring in the air, could be seen the fishing-hawk or osprey (*Pandion Carolinensis*) now and then shooting down to pick up his finny prey; while, roosted on some tree-top, and watching this piscatory play—dishonestly intending to profit by it—was the great bald-headed eagle (*Haliaeetus leucocephalus*), the supreme lord and tyrant of the feathered community.

What gratified our eyes yet more, a small herd of deer—a buck, accompanied by several does—had come down to the creek to drink. They were just entering the water as our boat rounded a point of woodland hitherto concealing them from our view. As no one was making any noise at the time, they did not immediately take fright, but for several moments stood gazing at what to them must have appeared a strange intrusion upon their solitary domain.



THE PINNATED GROUSE (*Tetrao cupido*).

I have often seen the American deer act in this manner. In districts where they have been little chased, or not at all, they will permit the stalker to approach close enough for a shot. This the prairie hunter well knows—provided it be a prairie not frequented, or not recently visited by the Indians or trappers. Deer when unused to the dangerous proximity of man have at first little or no fear of him, and a herd will sometimes keep its ground after several shots

have been fired at it, even after some of its number have fallen. In some parts of Florida—the thinly-settled or uninhabited portions of the peninsula—they will do this. The thing seems strange so near to Jacksonville and other populated centres, where hunters are on the alert. It may be explained by the fact of our approaching in a sail-boat, with no plunging of oars. Our craft, with its canvas spread, presented to the animals an appearance unusual; hence piquing their curiosity, and causing them to stand still.

Whatever excites this passion or sentiment in the cervine creatures—common to them with women—it cost one of them its life. Our guns, already prepared to play upon the feathered denizens of the creek, were instantly turned towards the deer, and after a volley of four barrels, a doe was seen stretched along the sward; the remaining individuals of the herd going off into the forest like so many flashes of lightning.

There was some dispute as to which of us had made the successful *coup*. There need not have been any; for on becoming better acquainted with the distance at which the animals were when fired at, it was evident that no gun among us, saving the long-range rifle of Gordon the Scotchman, could possibly have carried so far.

On gaining possession of the carcase, the bullet that had made it one was found buried in the flesh. As might have been

expected, it proved to belong to Gordon's gun—easily distinguishable. Of course the Highlander, a chieftain by right of birth, felt somewhat triumphant.

There might have been disappointment, but no ill-nature on the part of his companions. The Englishman, Neville, carried a double-barrelled shot-gun, and now knew it was impossible to have killed at such a distance. His only chagrin was at the deception caused by the clear skies of Florida. In future he would know better when to level his piece and when to draw trigger. The naturalist cared not so long as the quadruped had fallen, giving him an opportunity to examine it scientifically. He did this, pronouncing it to be the *Cervus*

As good fortune would have it, we experienced none of the aforesaid drawbacks. They are rare on the first night of a hunting expedition; or if they come are scarcely felt. The soul, strung to the expectancy of future joys, does not easily get gloomed by any little disappointments or disagreeables of the present.

Of these we had not many; only the biting, perhaps still more the buzzing, of mosquitoes; and, at intervals, the sounds peculiar to a southern forest, often of a lugubrious character,—being a concert of frogs, tree-toads, cicadas, and owls; in Florida assisted by the wailing of the whip-poor-will, and the bellowing of alligators.



A FLOATING ISLAND.

Virginianus. Of course no other species of deer could be encountered in the hunting grounds of Florida.

For myself, I can say that I had no ambitious inclinations. Though a fond follower of St. Hubert, I could never aspire to be a grand Nimrod. I was only rejoiced to think we should have roast venison for supper. We enjoyed it far more than could those who eat their haunch after purchasing it in the market.

THE DANCING BIRDS.

Taking in sail, and laying our boat along-shore, we encamped; of course before partaking of the supper above spoken of. We had everything to make our night bivouac sufficiently comfortable—a tent of good size, hammocks to swing to the trees, waterproof coverings in case of rain, cigars to smoke whether it rained or not, with cognac to make us cheerful despite the cloudiest of weather.

As none of these creatures were deemed dangerous, we slept well, notwithstanding the *fracas* made by them; all of us maintaining the horizontal position, until the blue haze of dawn—so cool, so sweet in tropical climes—stealing down through the leaves of the magnolias, announced the coming of the day.

Then were we startled by a sound, quite different from any of the nocturnal noises of the forest, and which only one of the four sportsmen could explain. I had before heard the "drumming" of the ruffed grouse, and often interrupted them in their curious quadrille. It was this that had excited curiosity in our camp. Close to the spot where we had pitched our tent ran a ridge: its crest being some fifteen or twenty feet above the general level of the surrounding country. Like all such land in Florida, it was covered with a forest of pine—the exclusion of most other species of trees.

The pine has this peculiarity—its needle-like foliage, after falling, does not soon decay; but leaves a stratum over the surface of the ground, at times so thick as to choke and kill any shrub or weed that may attempt to elevate its head under the jealous shadow.

Among these pine forests the ruffed or pinnated grouse, —formerly called *Tetrao cupido*, now by some naturalists, discontended with the name, termed *Bonasa umbella*—finds a spot congenial for its sport.

It was a ball of this kind that had disturbed the equanimity of our camp. Cautiously going towards the place whence the sounds seemed to proceed, we became witness to the singular spectacle already described by ornithologists—the dancing and drumming of the ruffed grouse.

THE SCENERY OF THE ST. JOHN'S.

Having made breakfast on provisions brought along with us from Jacksonville, supplemented by what remained of the roast venison, we once more set our sails, glided out of the creek, and up against the current of the St. John's—a breeze that blew from the north favouring us.

Keeping to mid-stream in Florida's main river, the scenery is of the tamest; in truth almost as monotonous as in mid-ocean. This is due to the little elevation of the land on either bank. There are no mountains to interrupt the skyline with their pleasing profile, scarce a ridge to vary the flat horizontal contour stretching on both sides, apparently illimitable—certainly beyond the reach of vision. As the highest land in Florida does not exceed, if reaching, two hundred feet, there cannot be anything much resembling mountain scenery, and of this less on the Lower St. John's than in some other parts of the peninsula. There, as a general rule, the surface of the dry land is but a few inches above that of the river; and a flood, arising from any unusual downpour of rain, even a slight freshet, lays thousands of square miles under inundation.

Flood or no flood, to make landing on either side of the stream is no matter of choice—as we found with our sailing craft. Only here and there could a point be discerned where our boat could be beached. Elsewhere the keel of the navigator is sure to get stranded on a bank of mud, or his craft become entangled in a reedy marsh, with not a spot of *terra firma* on which to plant his foot.

To us explorers the novelty of these scenes was rather attractive than repellent. As hunters their wildness had a charm; which was soon dispelled by the continuous monotony. Every day, every hour, the same low-lying landscape—in fact no landscape at all, but a mere belt of greenish hue interposed between the blue of the sky and the chocolate-coloured water, through which our boat made, at times, but slow seaway.

Only when we sailed close in-shore, could we appreciate the splendour of the scenery through which we were passing. Then, when near enough to the magnolias to trace the outlines of their great laurel-like leaves, and inhale the fragrance of their flowers—near enough to distinguish the forms of the fan-palms and saw-palmettoes—to hear amidst them the humming of bees and the singing of birds—we ceased to long for mountains, and were contented to feast our eyes on the sylvan scenery of Florida.

FLOATING ISLANDS.

One of the most singular sights to be witnessed upon the St. John's, as on other Floridian rivers, is what may fancifully be termed "floating islands." These consist of masses of vegetation in a growing state—frequently several species of plants, shrubs, and even small trees—adrift on the surface of the water, and moving from place to place as the current or the wind carries them. Their origin is explained by the existence of a very curious aquatic plant, common to most of the lagoons and sluggish streams of the peninsula. It is the *Pistia spathulata*, belonging to the order of the *Lemnads*, or duckweeds; its leaves bearing some resemblance to a lettuce, only more nerved, of tougher texture, and lighter in colour—the latter being a bright yellowish green. The plant is thoroughly aquatic in habit, growing on the surface of the water, with long thread-like fibres that descend from the centre of the core, or stalk. These striking down into the bottom mud, take root in it, not only affording sustenance to the plant, but keeping it in its place; so that it may be likened to a ship riding upon her anchor. The *Pistia* first propagates itself in stagnant water, where it covers vast spaces, the plant growing so thickly as altogether to conceal the aqueous surface, and looking very like a weedy field or meadow. By some violent storm, or an increase in the current by unusual inundation, a tract of this tangled vegetation becomes detached from its anchorage, and drifts about wherever the wind may chance to carry it. In its movement it is thrown up into thick masses; logs and fallen trees get caught in it, and then other plants and shrubs spring up out of the mass, from seeds carried thither by birds. Many species of these last alight upon and make stay by the floating island; while several kinds of reptiles—among others, the alligator—find it a congenial place of residence or concealment.

Some of the Floridian rivers are almost entirely covered by the *Pistia spathulata*, not a spot of their water surface to be seen, the current slowly making its way underneath the verdant canopy.

The Ocklawaha, the largest tributary of the St. John's, was in many places thus mantled, and is so still. A portion of the vegetable covering, however, has been lately removed, to make way for the steam navigation now introduced on that river. In fact, the meadows of *Pistia* were the chief difficulty encountered in ascending it—the steamers not being able to force a passage through them any more than if they had been fields of ice.

The obstruction is removed in a manner very similar to a ship cutting its way out of ice. The tracts of *Pistia* are sawed into pieces, and these, being set adrift upon the current, are either carried down stream, or towed to some out-of-the-way place on shore, and there made fast.

Many of the floating islands are of large extent—some being strip-formed of several miles in length, by three or four hundred yards in breadth; others are mere islets; and frequently one may be observed of regular outlines, beset with flowering plants and shrubs, birds flying over and alighting upon their branches, just as on an island of the ocean.

To perfect the resemblance to real land, as the old botanist, Bartram, quaintly remarks: "There seems, in short, nothing wanted but the appearance of a wigwam and a canoe to complete the scene."

A Buck Hunt in a South African Colony.

SOON after the sun has risen my host and self, having enjoyed an invigorating plunge in the adjacent river, sit down to a substantial breakfast, and begin to discuss the probable chances of sport—the vexed question of the comparative merits of breech-loaders and muzzle-loaders.

A number of Kafirs have already assembled, and are to be seen squatting in a semicircle outside the verandah, talking, laughing, gesticulating, and taking strong snuff in such enormous quantities that tears roll down their cheeks. These are the men to be employed in driving the coverts and carrying home such game as may be secured. Almost before we have done justice to our early meal, numerous horsemen come cantering up to the door, each either carrying a gun or followed by a Kafir gun-bearer. Numerous dogs of various breeds, and some apparently of no breed at all, are being collected. Here a pointer, whose neglected education had led to his being used as a buckhound, rather a mongrel sort of greyhound, muscular and fast, though rather dispirited and mangy in appearance. Now a little coarse-haired mongrel, showing rather more terrier blood than anything else, comes dancing about his master's heels on the verandah floor, evidently perfectly cognisant of the motive for this goodly assemblage, human, equine, and canine. Despite his insignificant appearance, "Tiny" is a brave little fellow, and has followed and secured many a wounded antelope, which but for his services would never have been "brought to bag," and his diminutive size is a decided advantage in the thick and low-growing coverts. As for the dogs which the Kafirs have brought with them, they are for the most part a half-starved and wholly mangy-looking pack of snarling curs of no traceable breed. The route having been decided upon, cartridge-belts, flasks, &c., are buckled on, girths tightened, and a general mount ensues, the hunters moving off, many of them puffing out little white clouds of tobacco-smoke on the still fresh morning air. The Kafirs, though some of them seem rather disconcerted at not being allowed to carry their *assegais* (spears), move quickly along with their firm elastic tread, chattering and laughing. But now we leave the roadway, and extend our line, the Kafirs fall behind, while we ride at a foot-pace over the *veldt* (plain), now and again passing a rough Kafir maize-garden and kraal, and riding through occasional tracts of land covered up with tall *tambootic* grass, reaching to the saddle-flaps. Once or twice already a horse has put his fore-feet into a hole made by the ant-eater or ant-bear, as he is here called, in his search for food. These ant-bear holes are very troublesome, as of course they are sometimes entirely concealed by the long grass and weed. Suddenly, as we ride quietly along, an antelope of a slate-grey colour springs up almost under the nose of one of the horses, and starts off at a rapid pace, though with a peculiar leaping and plunging gait. The rider, a rather new hand at buck-shooting, lets fly both barrels in a somewhat hurried manner, and the antelope still bounds on, evidently unscathed. But another report is heard on the right, and the *duyker* still continues his course, though in a decidedly crippled manner. "Wiped your eye, old fellow!" is the remark of the successful shot, as his horse, not quite so fond of gunpowder as his rider, commences a series of violent plunges. The *duyker* is soon

pulled down by the dogs, and, seized first by one and then another of the numerous hounds, continues to utter plaintive cries until he receives the knife of mercy, when he is packed up among the branches of a mimosa-tree, "to be left till called for." The hunting-party again moves on, approaching a long, deep valley, thickly wooded, and with a rivulet or *spruit* running along its bottom. As we approach, the peculiar chattering of monkeys is heard, and almost as soon as we have seen a troop of these animals disporting themselves among the trees, they have vanished, leaving no traces of their presence, except the rocking and swaying of the boughs from which they have leapt. Arrived at the end of the valley, or *kloof*, as we call it, all dismount, and the horses are handed over to the Coolie and Kafir servants. Some owners, removing saddle and bridle, knee-halter their animals, leaving them to graze. Knee-haltering is performed by fastening the reins (a strip of hide which is sometimes carried attached to the head-collar), round the leg, just above the knee, allowing the horse to feed and move about, but cramping his movements sufficiently to enable the owner to secure him when he again requires his services.

After some little discussion, places are assigned to all the hunters, due care of course being taken to leave sufficient distance between the guns to ensure perfect safety. The Kafirs and all the dogs then start off, making for the further end of the valley, where they have been directed to enter the bush and commence driving; and in a short time their sonorous voices are heard singing a Zulu hunting-song in perfect time, accompanied by a great amount of yelping and barking from the dogs. All this noise seems, as it really is, very distant; and, as the sun is growing rather more than warm, we take our seat on a hillock, within the shade of an overhanging tree, listening to the various singular sounds within the bush, where, owing to the stillness of the morning, the movement of the smallest bird, the hum of an insect, or the tiny footfall of the little African mongoose is distinctly to be heard. Peering into the bush, we notice a troop of the last-mentioned little animals, foraging about among the dead leaves, and uttering a peculiar little low note, evidently indicative of contentment. A slight involuntary movement on our part sends them scampering off in all directions. They are pretty little animals, of a bright brown colour, marked with transverse black bars, and not much larger than a guinea-pig. Next a harsh grating chatter within the bush breaks upon the ear, and after some heavy fluttering sounds a lory (crested turaco, I believe, the naturalist's name) sails away overhead, his bright green and crimson wings looking splendid in the sunshine. But there goes a shot! and there another—both barrels, too! The voices of the Kafirs and the barking of the dogs begin to sound a good deal nearer; the hunting-song ceases for a time—from want of breath, I should say, did I think it possible that a Kafir could ever be in such a predicament—and the words, "Vuka!" "Puma!" "Suka!" ("Wake!" "Get up!" "Be off!") intermingled with various epithets addressed to the unoffending buck, ring through the bush. A loud report on our left, and a small, bright red-coloured buck, after running a few paces, sinks upon the grass, slowly nodding his head as

he falls. And now ours becomes rather "a warm corner," the exquisite little blue buck and the bright-looking red buck breaking cover from time to time, and being bowled over, or missed, as they afford snap-shots before again plunging into the bush. The reports from some of the guns sound very loudly, four drams of powder being considered a by no means extraordinary charge. The Kafirs are now distinctly to be heard talking to each other, and here and there an eager-looking dog rushes out from, and again plunges into the bush. Now bounds forth the last buck we are likely to see to-day from this valley—a grand-looking old bush buck (*inkonka*). Evidently heavily wounded, he leaves the bush, which he had re-sought for safety, and gallops slowly across the veldt, followed by several dogs in full cry. A couple of

Bags and baskets are now ransacked, and pasties, cold meat, and bread and cheese produced, flasks of various descriptions, a common soda-water bottle sewed up in pig-skin or leather being a favourite pattern, and some bottles of beer make their appearance, when all sit down to a slight repast after what is unanimously pronounced to have been a good morning's sport, though it is regretted as usual on all hands that we have not had the luck to see a leopard, or "tiger," as we generally call that animal in South Africa. Luncheon, or "tiffin," over, our horses are again saddled up and mounted; and on our way home a few small coverts are drawn, with but indifferent success. The Kafirs are as brisk as ever, but the lolling tongues of many of the dogs, and the debilitated manner in which they lie down in every stream or *spruit* we



REST AFTER THE CHASE.

charges of S.S.G. shot are let fly at him, and the dogs come up with, surround, and bring him to bay. He faces his assailants boldly, stamping his fore-feet upon the hard dry ground, the hair along his neck and spine bristling, and, with head down, levels his sharp strong horns first at one and then another of the dogs, who, though they make great noise, seem to think discretion the better part of valour, and remain at a respectful distance. An *inkonka*, when brought to bay, is often ready to charge his foes, human as well as canine. A charge of heavy shot, directed against the chest, ends the troubles of one of the handsomest bucks we have seen for some time. The Kafirs and dogs now leave the bush, and we all assemble under some shady trees, glad to enjoy a little rest after the toils of the day. The bucks which have fallen during the morning are brought up, and sent off to our host's home, on the shoulders of Kafirs; two of the stout fellows staggered away under the load of the great *inkonka*, whose legs they had tied fast to a long pole cut from the bush, the ends resting on their brawny shoulders.

pass, show plainly that they have had enough of it. Just before leaving the veldt and taking to the road, a couple of reed-bucks leap up from among some long grass, and bound away. There is a general cry, "Don't shoot the doe!" Several barrels are discharged in succession at the ram,* who begins to stagger; the dogs again seem to wake up, and rush upon him.

This buck is a fine-looking animal, weighing perhaps ninety pounds, and looks very handsome as he lies stretched upon the ground, his fine horns curved forward, the marks at their bases showing that he has enjoyed many years of freedom on the plains. A couple of Kafirs are told off to carry this our last head of game, and the hunting-party then breaks up, the horsemen starting off in different directions at the canter, trot, and gallop, not a few of us electing to accept our host's hearty invitation to "come over to his place and finish the day."

* The male antelope is generally spoken of as the "ram" on the South African coast.

A Ride Round the Valley of Mexico.

A SPLENDID PANORAMA.

FROM the belfry of Mexico's great cathedral, or a *mirador* surmounting one of its private dwellings, we command a panoramic view for picturesque beauty not easily matched, and interesting historically, geologically, geographically. To the historian I might say romantically interesting, from the heroic though cruel deeds of Cortez; to the geologist grandly so, on account of the plutonic and other agencies within the scope of his vision; not less to the physical geographer, from its unique superficial aspect.

and even continuous ridges, will show a blanching upon their summits.

Only three real snow mountains, or *nevadas*—those above-mentioned—can be seen from the city of Mexico; the first and second directly rising up from and dominating the valley; the third separated from it by a branch of the main *cordillera*—known to Mexicans as the *Sierra Madre*, or "mother chain."

In any part of the valley of Mexico, as in the city itself, standing upon any of its flat house-tops (*azoteas*), or walking along its streets, you cannot turn your eyes towards the



FOUNTAIN AND AQUEDUCT, CITY OF MEXICO.

This is the valley of Mexico.

The city stands a little to the west of its centre; but from any elevated point, as above, the eye may take in the entire area of the valley, to its extremest limits, east, west, north, and south. Around the full horizontal circle can be seen no real horizon—only a profile of mountains, piled high against the heavens, so high at certain points as to have summits shooting several thousand feet above the line of everlasting snow. On the south-east, one of these, Popocatepec, or the "smoking mountain," shows an almost perfect cone; a little to the north of it, and on the same *sierra*, with only a *col* or depression between, is Ixtacihuatl, or "the white woman," of the Aztecs, by the Spaniards also termed "La muger blanca," from the resemblance of its snowy profile to a woman in white robes reclining upon her back. From certain points—as the western shore of Lake Tezcoco—this similarity is so striking as fully to justify the bestowal of the name.

Away westward, and a little to the south, another tall mountain, Toluca, raises its crest, crowned with the never-melting snow; while on a very cold winter day, should there chance to be rain fall in the valley, several intervening peaks,

horizon without seeing mountains. If down upon the pavement, it will depend upon what street as to whether these mountains be *nevadas*. But, in any case, a mountain meets the view; and although it may be ten, fifteen, or twenty miles off, it will appear close up to the suburbs of the city, and barring the passage beyond—so fine and clear is the rarefied atmosphere of the Mexican table-land.

A MEXICAN VALLE NOT A VALLEY.

It is customary to speak of the mountain-girdled tract of territory on which the Mexican capital stands as the "valley" of Mexico; and in the heading of this section I have not departed from the practice. The name, however, is calculated to mislead: as the term *valle*, in Mexico and other parts of Spanish America, has a very different sense from our supposed synonyme of nearly similar pronunciation. The *valles* intervening between the mountain ranges of the Mexican Andes, as also those of South America, are not valleys in the English or European sense, but simply *plains*. Table-plains, or *plateaux*, they are sometimes called, with reference to their elevation above the surface of the sea.

Of these, the plain on which the city of Mexico stands is certainly one of the most remarkable; lying between seven and eight thousand feet above ocean level, and yet having a large portion of its superficial area occupied by lakes. Of these lakes there are six, all of considerable size. Maps and geographers—Humboldt among the latter—mention only *five*; but there are six, as we may have occasion to point out, when speaking of them more particularly.

It is scarcely necessary to say that these grand sheets of water—one of them, Tezco, showing a clear surface of over a hundred square miles—aid in giving variety as well as beauty to the panoramic landscape above spoken of.

The Mexican plain is still further diversified by isolated eminences rising out of it, usually of rough rocky aspect, with sides sometimes bare, sometimes scantily clad with a hirsute vegetation, in which the agave, cactus, and mezquite—the last a species of spinous acacia—are the principal plants.

Many of these eminences exhibit singular forms—some conical or pyramidal; others like *frustra* of both; still others trending in ridges, with their sides ascending almost perpendicularly from the plain, and having table-tops—the *mesa* formation of Mexico.

A large number of these are ancient *volcans*; now extinct, but with craters to prove their volcanic origin, as also extensive fields of lava around their bases—the last showing a rough seamed surface, in places quite impassable for either horseman or pedestrian. These tracts generally bear the name of *pedregals*.

A CIRCUITOUS RIDE RESOLVED UPON.

Surveying the valley of Mexico from a standpoint on the dome of its cathedral, noting these salient points scattered over its surface, and reflecting on them as rich treasures that would repay exploration, I resolved upon an excursion—a ride round the rim of this splendid amphitheatre. An English gentleman, long resident in the city, agreed to be my companion and guide. In the latter capacity he was likely to be of the greatest service; since he knew every road and path leading through, into, or out of this remarkable mountain basin. He proved what I had taken him for, "the right man in the right place;" but this is anticipating.

Having chartered a pair of stout Mexican mustangs—in my opinion the best roadsters in the world; and equipped ourselves in *ranchero* suits—also, to my thinking, the most convenient travelling costume; being each of us provided with a *serape* of Fresnillo—waterproof and of the best quality—we started on our circuitous expedition.

Leaving the inn at which we were both stopping—the Casa de Diligencias—we rode down the Calle de Plateros (street of the silversmiths), the Regent, or rather Oxford, Street of Mexico. This brought us into its continuation, the Calle de San Francisco, with its wonderful convent of similar name, covering several acres of ground; once a place of great monastic power, and focus of fanaticism; now, under the liberal government of Juarez, converted to better purposes.

On our right, passing the *Alameda*, the Kensington Gardens of the Mexican capital, and on our left the *Acordada*, the great convict prison, generally filled with malefactors, we came out into clear open country upon the *Paseo de Bucareli*—the fashionable ride and drive—the Rotten Row of the Mexican cavaliers and señoritas. We did not dally upon this, both having exhibited there several times before. Besides, it was at that early

hour forsaken; the afternoon, as in England, being the time to take "airing."

Riding along the Paseo alone, with only one mule-mounted attendant after us, casting a glance at the *ciudadela*, or citadel, seen to the left, thinking of the many revolutions, plots, and pronunciamientos of which it has been the conspicuous source, we at length passed through the *garita* (customs' gate), and set our faces towards Tacubaya.

This village—a sort of Mexican Richmond—was to be our first halting-point; bringing us close to the elevated ground forming the rim of the valley. Thence we designed to take departure, proceeding upon our circular tour to the left, and contrary to the usual course of the screw.

THE WATER SUPPLY OF THE MEXICAN CAPITAL.

The road from Mexico to Tacubaya runs alongside one of the two aqueducts that supply the city with water. Both are grand structures, worthy of a civilisation more advanced, or progressive, than that of the present Mexico. They are, indeed, rather relics of the past—of the viceregal days, when the colony of New Spain vied with its mother-country in almost every kind of magnificence, even in the splendour of its court.

The road we followed was that which brings water from out the rock of Chapultepec, a mile's distance from the city. The aqueduct is therefore more than a mile in length, with, of course, a corresponding number of piers and arches. It is certainly a respectable piece of architecture for any age or people, and does credit to the viceregal rule.

The other—called San Cosme—is a much more extensive affair, from having a longer conduit. Its water is drawn from a mountain stream, running valley-wards from a source far beyond Chapultepec. At the base of this isolated eminence the two approach very near one another; then diverge widely, to come close again at their fountain debouchures in the city. At each of these there is some architectural ornamentation worthy of being examined—columns, pilasters, urns, statues, inscriptions—of which the engraving on page 81 gives a very good idea, saving pen details. At either, and during all hours of the day, a crowd may be seen, who have come thither to supply themselves with water. The professional *aguador* will be conspicuous, with his leathern skull-cap, and two straps over it, front and back, sustaining two red earthenware jars, that balance one another in the bearing. As there are no water-pipes in the city of Mexico, the *aguador* is an institution; the men who follow this calling frequently exerting a considerable influence over the household, in times of drought bordering on the tyrannical.

It is only in the dwellings of the wealthy the water-carrier can thus play despot. The poor have free access to the fountains; and can supply themselves—to use a London tavern phrase—"in their own jugs."

These Mexican aqueducts are not things of European introduction. Long before the discovery of Columbus, or the conquest of Cortez, the Aztecs understood this mode of transporting water from one place to another, and practised it on an extensive scale. The ruins of their *acequias*, or irrigating canals, are found all over the North American continent, from Panama to the "Seven Cities of Cibolo." It is not necessary to add, that the Peruvians were equally acquainted with the art.

If not the actual aqueducts now in existence, Cortez found water-conduits of a very similar character—and carried from

the same sources, conveying the precious fluid into the streets of the ancient Tenochtitlan. These might not have been so grandly constructed as those now existing; still did they serve the purpose required of them, which was to provide the subjects of Moctezuma with drinking water, as also for culinary uses. For bathing their bodies, or washing their faces, they had sufficient without aqueducts. The briny lake Tezcoco, then surrounding their city—sometimes, and too often, inundating it—gave them this to a surfeit.

Within the last decade, Mexico has received a supply of fresh water from a new source, independent of the aqueducts. An enterprising engineer has bored a number of artesian wells within the city limits, as also in other parts of the valley.

The result has been satisfactory, not only as regards getting water, but in a sense interesting to geologists. The perforations prove, what was long suspected, that the present *valle* of Mexico was once a real valley among the mountains, that has been filled up, assuming a horizontal surface from the *silt* carried down the adjacent slopes, through ages of rain erosion.

THE SUMMER PALACE OF MOCTEZUMA.

The road to Tacubaya, running by the side of the aqueduct, passes close under the hill of Chapultepec, a place historically celebrated even before the conquest.

Its summit stands some two hundred feet above the valley level, the hill on three sides showing a precipitous front towards the plain. The fourth, which is on the southern side, slopes down abruptly to its base, and for several hundred yards beyond, shadowed by a grand grove of cypress-trees, known as the cypresses of Moctezuma. On its tabular top—now occupied by a handsome edifice, erected by the Spanish viceroy Galvez, and since converted into a military college—the sybaritic Aztec emperor had a summer palace, in which he was accustomed to hold high court, and revel. The cypresses, now ancient trees, may have then been a part of the young shrubbery of the attached grounds and garden, their shadows falling softly over the brown-skinned Aztec, Opata, and Ottomac maidens of his harem, as they do to this day over the pretty *poblanas* of modern Mexico, who escaping from city dust, and linked arm-in-arm with their sweethearts, seek the cool arcades of the Chapultepec cypresses for an "outing."

A CHAPTER OF REMINISCENCES.

To Americans Chapultepec is brimful of interesting associations and stirring reminiscences, being the scene of their most sanguinary engagement during the investment of the Mexican capital. It was also the most important in its results, for the fortified castle of Chapultepec was in reality the key to the city. If the former were not captured, the latter, in all probability, would not have been taken at that time, or by that army. Indeed, it is more than probable, that had Chapultepec held out, Scott's invading band would have been repulsed and totally destroyed. Less than ten thousand strong, it had entered the mountain-enclosed valley, directing its march towards the capital. This was defended by an army outnumbering that of the invaders by five to one, to say nothing of a patriotic population, ten times this amount, surrounding and supporting them. The fortified military college on the summit of Chapultepec, strengthened by several weeks spent upon its works, had to be taken. There was no alternative. The city of Mexico stands on a perfectly level plain, where water is

reached, by digging, but a few inches below the surface—this everywhere around its walls, and for miles off on every side.

It does not seem to have occurred to military engineers that a position of this kind is the strongest in the world—the most difficult to assault and easiest to defend. It only needs to clear the surrounding *terrain* of houses, trees, or ought that might give shelter to the besieger, and obstruct the fire of the besieged. As in the wet ground trenching is impossible, there is then no other way of approach. Even a charge by cavalry going at full gallop must fail; they would be decimated, or totally destroyed, long before arriving at the intrenched line.

These were the exact conditions under which Mexico had to be assaulted by the American army. There were no houses outside the *enceinte* of the city walls—no cover of any kind, save some rows of tall poplar-trees lining the sides of the outgoing roads (*calsadas*), and most of these had been cut down. How then was the place to be stormed, or rather approached within storming distance? The eyes of some skilled American engineers rested upon the two aqueducts running from Chapultepec into the suburbs of the city. Their mason-work, with its massive piers and open arches between, promised the necessary cover for skirmishers, to be supported by close-following battalions.

And they did afford just this very shelter, enabling the American army to capture the city of Mexico. But to get at the aqueducts, Chapultepec had to be first taken, otherwise the besiegers would have had the enemy both in front and rear. Hence the desperate and determined struggle at the taking of the castle, and the importance of its succeeding. Had it failed, I have no hesitation in giving my opinion that no American who fought that day in the valley of Mexico would ever have left it alive. Scott's army was already weakened by the previous engagements of Contreras, Churubusco, and Molina del Rey—too much to hold itself three days on the defensive. Retreat would have been not disastrous, but absolutely impossible. The position was far worse than that of Lord Sale, in the celebrated Cabool expedition. All the passes leading out of the valley, by which the Americans might have attempted escape, were closed by columns of cavalry. The Indian general Alvarez, with his host of spotted horsemen—the Pintos of the Acapulco region—had occupied the main road by Rio Frio, the moment after the Americans marched in. No wonder these fought on that day as for very life. Every intelligent soldier among them knew that in their attack upon Chapultepec there were but two alternatives: success and life, or defeat and death.

The writer of this article has a romantic and, in some respects, melancholy reminiscence of the day and the place. He had the honour of leading the "forlorn hope" at the storming; in return for which he received a shot that dropped him from a scaling-ladder, and came very near sending him to his grave. The melancholy part is, that the wound then and there got, still gives him trouble. Writing anonymously, he hopes to be pardoned for this bit of egotistic digression, elicited by the seriousness of the souvenir.

During the days of the imperial Germano-French occupation, Chapultepec became invested with a new interest. The unfortunate Maximilian made it a sort of summer residence, in imitation of Moctezuma. Thus recalling the days of the Aztec emperor, he thought to win the patriotic regard of the Indian population—a dream he did not live to realise.

The cypress-grove, erst the garden of Moctezuma, lies to the southward of the hill—on that side where the ascent is easiest. Some walks laid out, with a few seats of painted mason-work, both in a rather neglected condition, are the only evidences of the place being kept as an ornamental ground.

are of great age and vast dimensions, the largest being that rendered historic by the measurement of Humboldt.

A MEXICAN SUBURBAN VILLAGE.

Leaving Chapultepec, a short canter carried us into the streets of Tacubaya, a picturesque village composed chiefly of



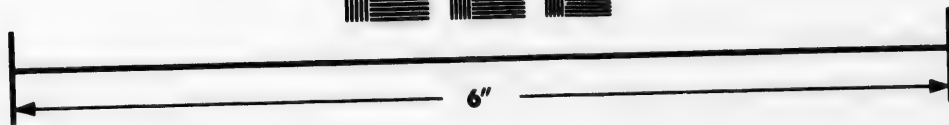
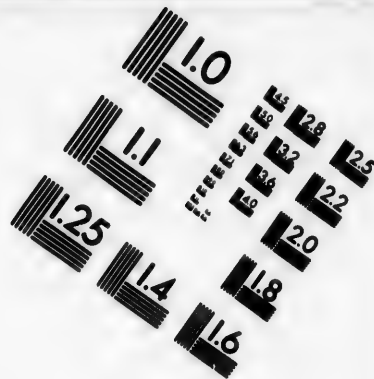
CYPRESS GARDENS OF CHAPULTEPEC.

These cypresses, by the Mexicans called *ahuehuates*, or "lords of the water," are gigantic trees, that flourish only in moist marshy soil, and nearly always garlanded by the parasite called Spanish moss (*Tillandsia usneoides*). Solitary specimens, and sometimes groves of them, are found in several places over the Mexican table-land, as at Tezcoco and Amecameca, where they are held sacred among the Indian population, as the banyan in Hindostan. Those in the garden of Chapultepec

suburban villa residences belonging to the *ricos* of the city; among them the *arobispado*, or palace of the Mexican archbishop. Through Tacubaya passes one of the main roads leading out of the valley of Mexico. Some distance beyond the village, it commences ascending the thickly-wooded mountain chain, through passes deemed dangerous, and justly so, on account of the *salcadores*. It is the western route leading to Lerma and Toluca. Upon it these "gentlemen of the road"



ENTRANCE TO THE CATHEDRAL, MEXICO.



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have long practised their profession, to the dread and damage of travellers.

It was not our route, else we might have been more cautious, two of us riding alone. Even keeping inside the valley itself, we might have felt called upon to practise caution; as the traveller is sometimes not safe close to the very gates of the city. My companion, however, as myself, besides being well equipped, was armed to the teeth—each of us carrying holster-pistols, revolvers in our belts, and rifles upon our shoulders. It was seen, too, that we were either Americans or Englishmen; and this among Mexican robbers is usually a pretty good safeguard.

The little business we had in Tacubaya was soon transacted; after which we headed our horses towards Coyoacan, and then on to San Angel, another of those residential villages, where the *familias principales* of Mexico find a tranquil and congenial retreat from the stirring cares of the city.

A SPECTACLE OF WHOLESALE HANGING.

Before entering San Angel we passed a spot where I had once witnessed a spectacle, perhaps the strangest I ever saw in my life. Horrid, too, as strange: for it was the hanging of *twenty-eight* men at one and the same instant of time!

They were deserters from the American army, who had been taken prisoners in the action of Churubusco fought a few days before.

The mode of this wholesale execution was so novel and original as to deserve a word of description. The gallows, erected the day before, consisted of a series of uprights set in a row, with a long beam, or beams, connecting them at their tops—this furnished with twenty-eight ropes, each having a noose at its end.

Underneath, seven wagons were driven—the spacious vehicles belonging to the army commissariat—with double mule-teams, the teamsters, whip in hand, seated in their saddles. The wagons had been arranged in such a position that their beds were directly underneath the long gallows-beam, with its already prepared ropes. They were not empty. Each carried eight men; four of them being the deserters condemned to death, the other four being soldiers designed to execute the sentence. By command of an officer, the nooses were all adjusted around the necks of the ill-fated men, at the same instant of time, and with the promptness of a “present arms.”

A second order caused a drummer to give three taps of his drum. This was a cue to the teamsters; who, themselves accustomed to a kind of military discipline, cracked their great leathern whips, causing their mules to move forward.

The trained animals, obedient to the signal, stepped out, dragging the wagons after them. But at the first step made, they might have known by the lightening of the vehicles they had lost half their load. Then only four of the men remained in the wagons. The other four were seen swinging from the long transverse beam; some of them spasmodically kicking, but most only showing a gentle oscillation—these evidently dead, killed instantly by the quick jerk having dislocated their necks.

Soon twenty-seven out of the twenty-eight hung motionless, like candles upon a string. The twenty-eighth still kicked and writhed upon the rope; the appalling spectacle lasting for many minutes. It at length came to an end, by his limbs

dropping vertically down, and remaining motionless—showing that he, too, was dead, a relief to the spectators.

It was no great gratification to me to be told—as I was, upon the spot—that the man who clung thus tenaciously to life bore my own family name; which in reality he did. I was perhaps better pleased, to think I could not claim him as a relative. At the same time the circumstance caused me a reflection—that there must be something in names; for I too, more than once, had held on to life, as the trappers say, by “tooth and toe-nail,” when the chances were terribly against me. I can say with truth, that I have twice, and twenty years apart, read my obituary in the newspapers; on both occasions couched in such complimentary terms, as to make me think it worth while living a little longer.

On the same day and hour that these twenty-eight deserters were executed near San Angel, fourteen others were similarly disposed of at Mixcoac, and eight more near Tacubaya—in all, fifty men hanged simultaneously!

It was certainly justice of the sternest and severest kind; but the circumstances called for, and justified it. That day the American army was in what the Americans term “a fix,” and treason might have destroyed it. There had been some desertion before; there was none afterwards.

I may remark that the men were mostly Roman Catholic Irishmen, and their religious faith had to do with their defection—in reality the chief cause of it. The Mexicans, themselves steeped to the ears in Popish fanaticism, had issued proclamations intended to reach their co-religionists—the Irish soldiers in the American army. Unfortunately they did reach them, bringing about the lamentable consequences described.

THE MONKISH FRATERNITY OF NEW SPAIN.

A pretty clear water stream runs through the village of San Angel, and on through Coyoacan, emptying itself into the lake of Xochimilco, at its northern end. It comes from among the mountains that bound the valley at its south-western angle. Close in to their foot is the mill of La Magdalena; a factory which turns out coarse cotton cloths, and cheap woollen *serapes*.

Like most establishments of the kind in Mexico, it is worked, as well as owned, by foreigners—chiefly Englishmen. In this case the proprietor was a “Britisher,” and my companion having *liens* of friendship, had resolved upon paying him a passing visit.

I too had reasons inducing me to ascend the little stream that runs through San Angel. Some miles above the village, and close in to the mountain foot, is a tract of ground of which I had other souvenirs. It was the scene of a battle in which I had borne part; known to American chroniclers as “Contreras,” but by the Mexicans called “Padierna.”

I was also desirous of visiting a noted place to be seen on the same line of tour. This was the ruined monastery of “El Desierto,” mentioned in most books of Mexican travel.

We “did” the factory first; which differs very little from such establishments in England or the States—except that the “mill girls” were brown-skinned Aztec maidens, and the mill-men yellow *lepers*, such as we had seen by thousands in the streets of the capital.

The old convent is interesting, both from its history and situation. It stands among the mountains, on a ledge or little

platform surrounded by cliffs. In its cloisters, now tenantless, and fast yielding to decay, once dwelt, and as report says roistered, a band of monks, physically comfortable and mentally gay, as the brotherhood of Bolton Abbey. Any one who has read the curious volume of old Friar Gage, giving an account of his experience in Mexican convents, can easily credit the above description. For myself, I did not need any testimony beyond that which my own experience had furnished me.

During the campaign in which I had taken part, chance had thrown me into the company of Mexican monks of more than one order. Certain circumstances that need not be here particularised, gave me the *entree* of their convents, and an intimate acquaintance with the brethren—even to joining them in their cups. These, consisting of the best wines of Spain and her colonies—Xeres, Canario, Pedro Ximenes—with now and then a spice of Catalan brandy, opened the hearts and loosened the tongues of these cloistered gentry so much, that I can speak to the character of the present monks of Mexico, as Friar

Gage spoke of that of their fraternity more than a century ago. I pronounce it *flagitious*.

Turning away from El Desierto, I felt no regret in having found it literally a desert, its convent a crumbling ruin, inhabited only by two or three old men in monkish costume, who subsist upon the gratuitous offerings of curious tourists, attracted thither by the ancient reputation of the place.

After looking upon the ruins of El Desierto, and contemplating its past, it was a relief, at least to me, to stand once more upon the battle-field of Contreras. The action, so-called, had been sanguinary, more especially to the Mexicans. It had no doubt wrung many a tear from child, sister, and wife; but it had also opened up a new idea of national life, dispelling the illusions and many of the tyrannies of the past. To a certain extent, it ended military rule in Mexico, by making this ridiculous, and so leading to satisfaction, with the present peaceful *régime*, under the greatest patriot and statesman that Mexico, perhaps even the American continent, has yet produced—the pure-blooded Indian, Benito Juárez.

Notes on Albania.—II.

BY F. A. LYONS.

As our caravan resumed its journey, the route we had to follow lay to the north-west of Doiran, passing through ravines and defiles of difficult access. This road is not a generally beaten track, and, besides, it had the disadvantage of crossing a wild country, where the inhabitants were not quite what they ought to have been. Their steep mountains, deep ravines, and thick forests seemed to have an irresistible effect in tempting them to turn into amateur brigands. It is beyond doubt that the wild features of nature produce corresponding wild sentiments within the human breast. I must allow that while gazing on those wild mountains and forests, a sort of passion for brigandage began to seize me. My mind could relish the idea that to carry on the business of a brigand in such a congenial neighbourhood would be as good as any other sport. Of course, on passing through the thickets of shrubs and dwarfish trees, the subject of our conversation was brigandage. Our guides used to relate the wonderful deeds of Milo or Gabro—how they began brigandage, whom they had murdered, how many places they had attacked, and where they had been seen last.

While marching, we came suddenly underneath a village composed of a few huts, perched on the top of a rock. Here our guide stopped to show us the house of a new brigand, who was roving about the neighbourhood. As we went a little farther, a deep ravine hindered our march, and compelled us to proceed carefully, one after the other. This spot had been the scene of a fight which had taken place between the brigand in question and the police; of course, the police got the worst, and the brigand escaped unhurt. Our guides showed us in all their details the movements and counter-movements of the two parties, but, by their putting more or less stress on some incidents of their narrative, it was evident that their sympathies were

with the brigands. It is strange how generally the peasantry is morally predisposed in favour of far-famed brigands; this is unquestionably the effect which wonderful and portentous narratives produce on the minds of superstitious people.

As that spot was pretty nearly half-way between Doiran and Ostrundja, we thought it best to alight there and make the khan which was in the valley our halting-place. Of course our revolvers and carbines were ready for service at a moment's notice, for we were in the gloomy defiles of the Radovitz Balkan, and close by the den of a brigand, and common prudence required that we should be looking sharply around us. Our luncheon, and its usual sequel, the coffee and cigarette, once got over, we were again in the saddle, endeavouring to get out of the narrow and ominous valley.

From here, the route or rather the track we followed, continues to ascend the Velita-dagh till it attains the little plateau of Ostrundja. This plateau is a dismal and solitary plain, about one mile in extent, over which hang, to the east and west, the higher ridges of the Velita chain. Ostrundja is the name given to the plateau, as well as to a small village which is in the middle of it. The village scarcely deserves to be mentioned, as it consists only of some twenty or thirty huts placed alongside the road. Amongst these thirty huts, we had, however, to choose our quarters, a difficult task indeed, as it was a choice among the worst of human abodes. We ended, however, by selecting three of them—the most aristocratic mansion was destined to receive the colonel and myself, and the other two were given to our fellow-officers.

Strange to say, the accommodation inside these huts by no means disappointed or annoyed us; of course the mattresses, quilts, carpets, and other such household furniture were thoroughly rustic and coarse, but a very neat appearance

prevailed in the interior arrangements of each dwelling. These huts were made out of white, rough-hewn stones, which seemed to need neither mortar nor lime to cement them together; above these walls there was a slight shed, for which the only materials employed were branches of trees and earth. But what struck us as singular at Ostrundja was the almost total absence of the male element; the population of this village seemed to muster only sunburnt, stout-made, and very ugly women. Their dresses were coarse but picturesque, in the same style as the costume of the Jewish girl, of whom an engraving is given in another page. The pretty face of the Jewess evidently tempted our artist to add her portrait to his collection of beauties; but such an honour could not reasonably be extended to the Bulgarian women of Ostrundja, whose coarse exterior could hardly have suited his classical tastes. As a rule, the costumes of the town people or of the country folks throughout Macedonia do not differ much in fashion; the costume of the women consists of a white gown of coarse cloth, and a sort of polka or cloak which descends below the knees. In the towns women wear a small frilled cap, over which they put their veil or head-cover; amongst the peasantry the sort of head-dress worn is a white cloth arranged very much in the same fashion as that which is in vogue amongst the peasantry of the Campagna, near Rome.

On the following morning we resumed our slow and tedious march, taking the direction of Istip. From Ostrundja to Istip there are no more defiles or picturesque scenery to be met with, as the route follows the northern slope of the Velita, passing through a succession of small ridges. All the way the country is open and pleasant; as far as the eye can reach the whole extent is covered with rich fields of wheat and corn. This district produces a good quality of wheat, also some rice inferior only to the grain of Commanova, a fertile district to the west of Philippopoli, which is watered by the Meritza. On approaching Istip, the country again becomes rough and mountainous, on account of the presence of a secondary range which shoots out perpendicularly to the Velita chain, and follows a course parallel to the river Vardar. It is just above Istip, within two miles' distance, so that the traveller has to climb up a ridge, the slopes of which are covered with vineyards; the town remains invisible until one gets to the top of the ridge, from whence Istip is to be seen at the bottom of a ravine, surrounded by rocks and narrow defiles.

Before we began to ascend, we made a halt of a few minutes in order to examine a particularly interesting little spot, to which our Kutcho-Vlak drivers drew our attention. It was a little clump of trees, situated a little way off from the road. The interest, or rather celebrity, of this spot was derived from a sad occurrence which had taken place there some few weeks before. A Jewish Rabbi, one of the modern saints or prophets of Israel, had undertaken a mission with the object of visiting the Jewish congregation of Istip, to whom he intended to preach the glories of Jerusalem and the splendour of its Tabernacle. For that purpose he had left Judea, and taken a ticket to Salonica, and from thence he had travelled unhurt through the same route which we have been following, *i.e.*, through the Radovitz and Ostrundja defiles. But the unhappy Rabbi was unconsciously drawing near his end, being destined to be gathered to the bosom of Abraham just at the moment he thought he had reached the place of his destination. The Rabbi, who seems to have been a bold man, had

ventured on his errand accompanied by a single driver, who was a Christian.

This cheap way of travelling may have been in harmony with the financial notions to which his co-religionists strictly adhere, but it was by no means a safe one. The Christian driver, the one he had taken from the last halting-place, was a Bulgarian, who seemed to have entertained queer notions with reference to the right of the Jews to have a soul, as well as to filling their pockets. His intimate conviction seems to have been that both those blessings have been unjustly granted to people who crucified the Saviour, and that, therefore, the best way to put things to rights would be to knock down the Rabbi and take both his soul and his money. No sooner had the Bulgarian conceived this meritorious and profitable scheme than he set to work to accomplish it in the speediest way possible. One blow with a bludgeon lowered the Rabbi from his horse, while the knife freed him in an instant from all his earthly ties. The assassin, as soon as he had achieved the bloody deed, cleared the Rabbi's pockets and portmanteau of all their valuable contents and took to flight with all possible speed.

The Jews of Istip, who had been waiting for their Rabbi, not seeing him return, sent a deputation of devotees in order that they might meet him and bring him back in triumph in the midst of their congregation. That evening the devotees went some way along the road and waited in the open country till dusk, but came back disappointed and weary. On the following day another batch of Jews went out in order to meet the Rabbi, but, seeing no signs of his arrival, they began to feel uneasy about him, and took to searching the neighbourhood all around. After a good deal of searching, some of the Jews got close by the clump of trees, and there they fell on the corpse of their Rabbi. No sooner did the bewildered Jews behold the fearfully mutilated body of the unfortunate man, than one and all set up a wild shriek, their shrill cries filling the air for miles and miles around. "Oh, our Rabbi! Oh, our poor Rabbi! Oh! oh! oh!" while thus shouting and shrieking, every one rushed on the dead body, and those who could dip their handkerchiefs in the Rabbi's blood run off half mad into the town to convey the sad news to their brethren. On the following morning the whole of the Jewish population formed itself into a long procession, composed of men, women, and children, and, headed by their Rabbis, went to take the body of what they styled a martyr to Christian perfidy. The same scenes which had taken place on the previous day were of course repeated then on a much larger scale by the mass of the congregation; the grief felt by its members was so intense and wild in its nature, that the body run the risk of being torn to pieces by the thousands who were eager to snatch a relic of the martyr.

Istip is a neatly-built town, containing something like fifteen hundred houses, or a little more than six thousand inhabitants, composed of Bulgarians, Jews, and Albanians, in somewhere about equal numbers. Istip, it is to be noticed, is the first place eastward of Albania, where the Albanians are very numerous. At Salonica for instance, many Albanians are to be found, but there they are generally birds of passage. The Jews of Istip are pretty numerous, and constitute a well-organised community with their synagogue and school; they are by far the most advanced and prosperous amongst the population, as it is they who carry on the commercial relations

between this productive district and Salonica. The facility which the Jews have in assimilating themselves with the manners and customs of other races has been effective in bringing about a thorough fusion between them and the natives; and this fusion is such that it requires a sharp eye to detect any difference between them. The Jewish women dress exactly in the same style as the natives, viz., they wear the white gown with the broad open sleeves and the tight polka jacket.

The town of Istip possesses, besides the synagogue, four mosques and a newly-built church of the orthodox denomination. This place is the residence of a *mudir*, who has been invested with the magisterial powers on account of his wealth and the influence he exerts over the people. It was at the house of this little provincial tyrant that we alighted on our arrival. As the houses of such fellows are generally provided with all the blessings which have been extorted from others, we had nothing to complain of during our night's halt there. We and our drivers, servants, and horses, had a good time of it, such as might be expected in a house where everything good abounded. From Istip to Uskup is a distance of something like ten hours' ride; with good horses it might be reduced to seven, and

thus it would be encompassed within the limits of an ordinary march. The wretched animals which were dragging us along were, however, incapable of so much exertion. We therefore decided on reducing that day's march to six hours, and fixed on a village named Kosteroon, as our halting-place for the evening. The following day we should, by this arrangement, have only three or four hours' ride to accomplish before reaching Uskup. As the description of a country uninteresting in its aspect would by no means gratify the reader, I will not attempt to describe the mountains, hills, and valleys we traversed on the way from Istip to Kosteroon. What I shall say, however, is that, during the whole of the journey, from Ostrundja down to Uskup, our party was never able to get a sight of the Vardar River, which we knew to be within a short distance. The range we were skirting served as a natural screen, which shut up and limited the horizontal line within a very narrow compass.

After ascending a series of zigzags, at dusk we reached

Kosteroon, a small hamlet situated on a high ridge. This place was thoroughly rustic, as much so as any I have ever met with during a whole life-time of ramblings. Though Kosteroon does not number more than thirty houses, yet it stretches itself for a mile round the edge of a precipice; as for the architecture of its houses, I must say that it was very simple, the buildings being mere barn-like structures made of large and rough beams placed one on the top of the other. The inhabitants of Kosteroon consider windows a pure luxury: that accounts for the fact that not a single window was to be seen in the whole place. With regard to lighting, I do not know what are the notions enter-

tained by that primitive people; judging, however, from what I saw, or rather from what I could not see, the Kosteroonians do not seem to understand lighting either their houses or streets, as I did not detect a single light in any of the houses. Through the information we gathered afterwards, it was ascertained that neither candles nor lamps have as yet been introduced into the town of Kosteroon. The inhabitants obviate the want of lights by going to bed at sunset. In case of an emergency, however, they make use of pine-wood, which they burn in small pieces, in an iron grate.

Our arrival was one of those emergencies which compelled the

Kosteroon people to have recourse to this system of lighting. No sooner had they become aware of our presence in their hamlet than they hastened to show us the way to our night quarters, by illuminating our march with their pine-wood chandeliers of primeval simplicity. The house to which we were shown was a building, specially devoted by the municipality of Kosteroon, to the purpose of receiving strangers who might knock at their doors. With the object, therefore, of showing hospitality, as well as of sparing themselves the annoyance of receiving visitors, the people of this place decided on building a *Musafir Khaneh*, where strangers and travellers were henceforward to be sheltered. Besides this public building we saw also a mosque, or rather a large barn consecrated to the worship of Allah; this mosque had been erected in order to endow the neighbourhood with an edifice in which the faithful might gather every Friday.

On the morning our party was again in the saddle, directing its course towards Uskup. The three or four hours' route we



KUTCHO-VLAK DRIVER.

had to make was along a charming country, where the vegetation was most beautiful and luxurious: especially one of the lateral valleys, which, opening on the plain of Uskup, charmed us all by the loveliness of its aspect. When once, however, we entered the plain, the landscape lost all attraction, as the tediousness of the dull level had nothing to relieve it but the faint outlines of the distant mountains. The plain of Uskup measures some eight miles in length, from south-east to north-west; it is irrigated by the river Vardar, which we saw at last, on approaching the town. This plain is very fertile, as arable land, pasturage, or gardening. Fruits here are plentiful and excellent, and, judging from the water-melons, they would defy competition in any horticultural show or exhibition. As we were passing close by an orchard, the gate of which was wide open, I felt tempted to get in and have a try at some of the water-melons that were peeping from under the leaves. My comrades followed suit, and getting off our horses, we formed circle and rested under a tree. The proprietor of the grounds came up in order to greet us (*merhabah*), and with that simple and hearty manner peculiar to the Mussulman peasantry, inquired whether we would like to taste his water-melons.

"Well, Babah," said the colonel, "that's just what we came here for; we must eat some of your melons, that Allah may make them plentiful."

Before this request had been uttered, the Albanian gardener turned towards a heap of water-melons which were close by the gate, selected three of them, and putting them before us, said, "Cut them with a *bismillah* (a prayer), and you will have good luck." Complying with the gardener's pious suggestion, we operated on the water-melons, the very sight of which was enough to make our mouths water. What I can say of them is, that they were only second in rank to the famous water-melons of Jaffa in Syria. We did not prolong our stay in the orchard longer than was necessary to dispatch the melons; that over, we hastened to make our entry into Uskup.

Uskup is a large old place which bears signs of bygone prosperity; the town may be said to be as old as the hills, and that is by no means an exaggeration, because, as a rule, a site which, like Uskup, offers many military and commercial advantages, is not likely to be neglected either by past or future generations. Uskup is prettily and advantageously situated on the left bank of the river Vardar, the most important stream of Macedonia, and by its position it commands the defiles which give access to the plains of Upper Albania, as well as the routes, which from the shores of the Archipelago lead to central Roumelia and to the Adriatic. The sharp eyes of the Romans were not long in detecting the advantages, military, commercial, and political, which the conquerors of these regions ought to derive from the possession of Uskup. Some remains of a Roman fort are still to be seen on the bastion which commands the town; the ancient wall serves as a foundation to the Acropolis, inside which the native pashas of Uskup have built their harem and stables. Besides the foundation of the citadel, another Roman construction is the aqueduct; this ruin is at a short distance from the town, and it consists of fifty-five arches in a good state of preservation. Modern Uskup can boast of several large and imposing buildings, the dilapidated condition of which attests the downfall of Islam. These decayed monuments are an *imaret*, or house of refuge for the poor, one *medressah*, or theological university, two mosques, and two khans where merchants and tradespeople

transact their business. The same squalid look and ruined appearance is visible everywhere, in the private dwellings of the well-to-do people, as well as throughout the bazaars and streets. In the shops there is scarcely any show of goods, and the activity of the turbaned shopkeepers is displayed by the filling of their pipes, and scratching their legs and heads. I must not omit to say that Uskup has a suburb on the right bank of the Vardar, and joins the town by means of a wooden bridge. The Vardar could be easily made navigable as far as Uskup, but that is a feat of engineering which the present rulers of the country are totally incompetent to achieve.

The real cause of this state of decay which is visible and tangible everywhere throughout the Turkish provinces, is undoubtedly the centralisation policy inaugurated by the Porte at the epoch of the destruction of the Janissaries. Up to that period the Turkish dominions had enjoyed an unrestrained liberty of self-government; every province and district being administered by the patriarchal authority of their respective chieftains. These men, though despotic in their principles and coarse in their tastes, were, however, well acquainted with the state of their country, and with the wants of the inhabitants, a knowledge which used to render them capable of achieving useful undertakings. Besides, being natives of the country, the love of their birth-place and the vanity of shining above their neighbours, used to incite these provincial rulers to promote the interests of their countrymen, which were one and the same with their own. Thus the native pashas of Vidin, Seres, Trebizond, Sivas, and of Bergama, have all left standing monuments of their munificence and piety, and for this reason the names of the Paswan-oghlu, the Jussuf Pashas, the Haznedar-zades, and the Cara-Osman-oghlu, will for ever be cherished by their countrymen. The native Albanian rulers of Uskup were known by the name of the Hifzi-Pashazades, who, up to 1840, ruled over that part of Albania. The fate which awaited these representatives of self-government is the following:—They were all made to submit to the centralising action of the Porte by strangling or by poison.

The administrators whom the central government sent to take the place of the native rulers allowed their old prosperity to droop, and fell, like so many hungry wolves, upon everything they could meet with. Thus all the old *imarats*, mosques, khans, &c., were deserted and abandoned, and their revenues went to fill up the Constantinople treasury.

Some duties connected with the service compelled us to prolong our stay at Uskup for three or four days; the *caimakan* of the place billeted us on some of the better class, who received us in the same manner as one would greet the arrival of a bore. Their coolness was visible enough, and we had an opportunity of seeing it plainly on our departure, as the faces of our hosts were radiant with delight while paying us the farewell compliments. We took advantage of our short stay at Uskup in order to provide ourselves with good horses. For that purpose, we applied to the military authorities, and through them we obtained a batch of regimental horses, out of which every one of us had to choose his charger. With fifteen or twenty pounds we were thus enabled to become proprietors of young and fiery horses, which contrasted advantageously with the miserable quadrupeds we had been riding hitherto. One great boon we derived from having horses of our own, was that of ridding ourselves of the annoyances which our Kutcho-Vlak drivers were continually causing us. It is impos-

sible to meet with a more lazy, peevish, and obstinate set than these Vlaks; so reluctantly did they accomplish their duties as drivers, that their system of marching reminded us of the motions of crabs, which seem to take one step forward and two backward. In order, however, to obviate this particular tendency of the Vlaks, we were often compelled to use thrashing as a stimulant, which invariably reversed their marching order, by making them take two steps forward and one backward. The portrait, on page 89, of one of our drivers will serve to show what miserable specimens of humanity these Kutcho-Vlaks are. It is to the care of these sort of people that one must entrust his person while travelling through Roumelia, as it is they who hold the monopoly of locomotion, and who have taken possession of the principal thoroughfares of the country. As the reader may not have so minute a knowledge of ethnology as to know to what tribe or class these Kutcho-Vlaks belong, it will be necessary here to say something about them. By the name of Kutcho-Vlaks, the Greeks define a race of men who, like flies, are not settled anywhere through Roumelia, but are to be found everywhere. "Kutcho-Vlaks" signify in Greek the lame Wallachians, *i.e.*, the false, adulterated Wallachians. These people are also called by the Germans Zinzars, on account of their not being able to pronounce the sound *tch* used in the Wallachian language; the *tch* is pronounced by them *ts*, and instead of saying *tchintsch*, they will say *sins*. These Kutcho-Vlaks are, in point of nationality, Wallachians, and their presence on this side of the Danube is attributed to a large emigration movement which took place some two centuries ago. These people are now scattered all over Roumelia, through Greece, Servia, Albania, &c.; everywhere they get hold of the inns,

khans, and cafés, where they carry on retail business. In the large towns they become commercial tradesmen and merchants of some consequence; many of the principal firms in Egypt and Europe, which are nominally Greek firms, are nothing else but Zinzare firms, like the Tossitzas, the Zuccas of Egypt, the Mitos of Vienna, and many other more or less known houses. This phenomenon is the result of the process of amalgamation or absorption which takes place in Roumelia, where the Greek and the Slavonic element absorb the minor nationalities. Thus the Kutcho-Vlaks who inhabit the Pindus and the Greek provinces have gradually become Greeks, and the Zinzars who reside in Servia and in the other Slavonic districts are being transformed into Servians. This amalgamation is the more easily achieved inasmuch as the orthodox creed, professed alike by all these races, serves to facilitate the fusion.

On leaving Uskup we took a north-westerly direction, in order to get into the defile of Katchanik. It is by this pass that the traveller must cross that branch of the Hæmus which divides Upper Albania from Macedonia and Thessaly. The Katchanik Pass is a most beautiful defile, not more than 300 yards in breadth, and something like eighteen miles in length. In the middle of it a fine, clear stream pours its waters over a bed studded with white stones and pebbles. The road which skirts, all the way, the left bank of the stream, is very beautiful, and unsurpassed in this part of the world. But what increases still more the engineering merits of this Turkish imperial *chaussée*, is that a tunnel has actually been cut through the massive rock so as to render communications possible. This tunnel is some thirty yards long, and the natives, who know nothing of other similar works, believe it to be one of the wonders of the world.

An Autumn Tour in Andalusia—III.

BY ULICK RALPH BURKE.

MALAGA—HOTELS.

THERE are two hotels at Malaga, which are about equally good, or, rather, indifferent, the Alameda and the Victoria. There is a rumour of a third being shortly established, but such rumours are always to be distrusted in Spain, where schemes are "commenced late, and never finished." A really good hotel, I should think, would pay admirably at Malaga; and, in addition to being a great convenience to many of the residents, and all the visitors who are now to be found there, it might perhaps induce a certain number of consumptive people from other parts of Europe to take advantage of its delightful winter climate.

We all know very well that there are plenty of fashionable winterages nowadays, and every doctor or other interested person writes one or two books to prove that his *station d'hiver* is the best. Pau, Cannes, Nice, Hyères, Mentone, Rome, Algiers, and Cairo find their various advocates; and I saw a letter in the *Times*, not long ago, informing the public that a village on the coast of North Wales was equal to any of them. But I believe there is no doubt that Malaga, although not a

fashionable place, enjoys really one of the mildest and most favourable winter climates in Europe. It is rather inaccessible from England; and this, together with the unknown language and habits of the people, will always prevent it from becoming a place of general resort for English invalids. Living at Malaga is rather expensive for Spain, but certainly less so than at most of the winter-quarters we have mentioned above. The hotel charges are calculated as in almost every part of Spain, at so much per head per day, even should you only stop there one day; though, of course, in case you should remain a considerable time you might make more favourable terms than those accorded to a mere casual visitor. Indeed, under all circumstances, you may get a reduction in price by making your terms beforehand, as I very often found, to the great saving of my pocket. This much, however, applies more generally to the south of Spain than to the north, and refers not only to hotel expenses, but to every conceivable article of commerce, from a sheet of paper to a valuable picture, and, indeed, everything but the railway and diligence fares. But as regards Malaga hotels, a married couple could have a bedroom

with a sitting-room out of it for about 50 reals (10s. 6d.) a head a day, or a bedroom and sitting-room, in one, for from 30 to 40 reals (6s. to 8s.). This includes the price of the rooms, *déjeuner à la fourchette* at any hour in the public dining-room, *table d'hôte* dinner at half-past five, lights, and attendance. Chocolate early in the morning and coffee after dinner are extras in Andalusian hotels, but are usually included in the terms per day in the northern provinces and at Madrid.

Sometimes attendance is an extra, in which case two reals a head per day is the recognised allowance, which includes and satisfies all the servants, and is added to the bill, if desired, in the most business-like and satisfactory way. "Tipping," in our acceptation of the word, is not practised in Spain, and except in the few places where English people, and especially young officers from Gibraltar, have corrupted the people, it is not expected—hardly understood. It is certainly very pleasant, and had the effect of making one feel much more liberally disposed than when one knows every one is on the watch for one's shillings and half-crowns.

I think Antwerp is the most insufferable place in this respect in Europe, and its cathedral and picture-gallery hardly make up for the chronic irritation caused by the greedy and impudent loafers who beset you at every corner, and leave not a moment's peace to the unhappy stranger. The only place in Spain where I remember having suffered from this annoyance was in the Mezquita at Cordova, of which more in its proper place.

But to return again to Spanish hotels, apropos of that much-discussed question—the food. And here let me recommend the prudent reader who has never been to Spain, and has no intention of going there, to lay down this "part," or at least to turn over the next few pages, lest his orthodox notions of Spanish cookery and Spanish dinners should receive too rude a shock. *Et à quoi l'en ?* If he does alter his received opinions nobody will believe him. Nobody believes me, although I have often been in Spain, and have only just come back. On second thoughts, however, as I find that those who are most

obstinate and determined that they are right and I am wrong have never been to Spain at all, possibly the opinion of one who is similarly circumstanced, and who cannot therefore have had his notions warped by travel, might be entitled to greater weight. I remember once listening patiently to a graphic account of a bull-fight and its attendant horrors, by a gentleman who had never left the jurisdiction of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; and on my modestly remarking at the conclusion

that I had seen a good many bullfights, at which, strange to say, none of the incidents he had mentioned had occurred, he made a very composed answer, and appeared to set me down as a very ignorant and somewhat misguided fellow. But to dinner.

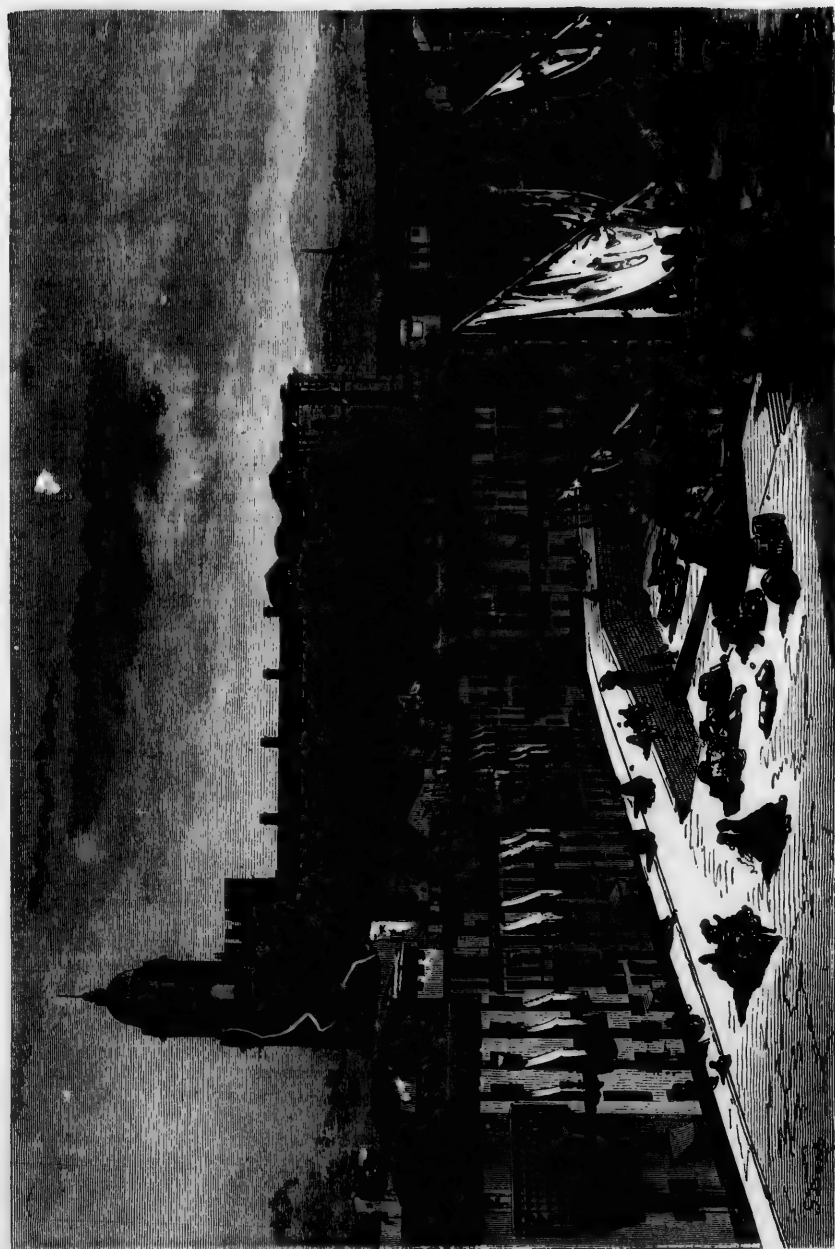
SPANISH COOKERY.

A cigarette in boiling water for soup, and a clove of garlic fried in oil for *pièce de résistance*, is the basis of almost all foreign ideas of Spanish cookery; but we certainly met with more variety, to say the least of it. Garlic there certainly was, but usually in delicate, not to say imperceptible, proportions, giving a flavour which we supply in England by onions, shalots, and such-like. And oil, too, we certainly did meet with; but Spain is the country of the olive, and good oil is decidedly better than bad butter, to say nothing of lard, dripping, and such unpleasant but highly necessary articles of cookery. And cigarettes, too, also made their

appearance at the dinner-table; but they were smoked after dinner, and not boiled before. Up to within a very recent date, however, it was customary to take a few whiffs between the courses. But I will attack a Spanish dinner in detail, and as fairly as possible. First, the soups of Spanish *tables d'hôte* are two, one thickened with rice and the other with vermicelli. The first is the especial dish of the neighbourhood of Valencia, where the rice (*arroz*) is grown. Beyond the range of these two *potages* the Spanish *chef* rarely wanders. The next dish handed round after the soup is boiled beef, accompanied by a heterogeneous mass, in which bacon, cabbage, carrots, parsnips, and Bologna sausage is apparent,



MULETEER OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF MALAGA.



MALAGA.

together with well-boiled maize or Indian corn. This last is an invariable and most characteristic dish at every Spanish dinner. The fish follows next, boiled or fried—in oil of course, but none the worse for that; as Monsieur Brillat-Savarin, who is reputed to be no mean authority in such matters, says fish should never be fried in anything else. At inferior hotels one *entrée* only intervenes between the fish and the pudding, or other *douce*; but at all the better *tables d'hôte* two or even three are handed round. Roast beef or mutton, with brown sauce, chicken and salad, game of various kinds, kidneys, tongues, small birds stuffed with forcemeat, and the inevitable omelette, were among the most common dishes we met with. The sweets were usually simple and inartistic; but we have tasted a *soufflé* that would have put many a London *chef* to the blush. Among the peculiarly characteristic dishes are fish omelette, kidneys in every form, rice-soup, gaspacho, and *ollas-podridas*. The two last, though excellent in their way, are not supposed to be acceptable to foreign palates, and are rarely to be met with by travellers along the beaten tracks, or rather those that are not deserted—for the conventional words "beaten track" would convey a very false notion if applied without explanation to any Spanish road.

PROTESTANT CEMETERY.

To the east of Malaga, on the north side of the road leading to Velez Malaga, rises the English cemetery—the first Protestant, or, indeed, non-Romanist burial-ground permitted in Spain.

About the year 1827 it happened that three English merchants died at Malaga, and their remains were not only denied burial in consecrated ground, but the authorities would not suffer the soil of Spain to be polluted by the ashes of a heretic; accordingly their bodies had to be interred in the sand of the sea-shore, below high-water mark. The repetition of this indignity three times in the course of about a year, induced our English consul, Mr. Mark, to make strenuous exertions to obtain permission to enclose a plot of ground for a Protestant cemetery. Mr. Mark was authorised by the British Foreign Office to treat with the Spanish Government of the day; and he succeeded, to his infinite credit, in obtaining from Ferdinand VII.—one of the most bigoted monarchs that ever sat upon the throne of Spain—the necessary permission. Mr. Mark lost not an hour in enclosing the piece of ground which he had previously determined upon, in the event of succeeding in his endeavours; and this has been since enlarged, and planted with rare and beautiful tropical plants and shrubs, which are carefully tended and kept in order by the founder's son, our present consul, at Malaga. Indeed, the interest which attaches to this little oasis is only equalled by its natural beauties, enhanced and set off as they are by English reverential care.

As we are upon such subjects, I may as well say a few words about the cathedral, which forms a prominent object in the woodcut on the previous page. It is in the Grecian style of architecture, but having passed through the hands of a good many architects, the characteristics of almost every style of architecture may be seen in various parts of the building. The pillars are for the most part Corinthian, and one of the principal doors is unmistakably Gothic. Ford says of Malaga Cathedral, that it is an "edifice in which all defects of the worst periods of art are apparent," a criticism which appears rather too severe; for although of course it will bear no comparison with Jaen and

Seville, it is an imposing pile, and fully equal to the cathedral at Granada, notwithstanding the disadvantages with which the construction has had to contend, having been partly destroyed by an earthquake in 1630, and not completed till 1720, nearly two hundred years after the commencement of the work.

M. Doré's woodcut gives an exceedingly good idea of the port of Malaga. The harbour is large, and were the sketch continued for another eighteen inches to the right, the artist might have represented the water as entirely covered with ships, which are of course much more numerous in the autumn than at any other time of the year; the fruit harvest of Malaga being almost entirely sent off, as soon as it is gathered in, to all parts of the world.

I went one evening at Malaga to a sort of *café chantant*. A rude stage was put up at one end of the *café*; and while the visitors drank and smoked at little tables in the room, some second-rate singing and dancing was kept up to the sound of a guitar by one youth and two girls upon the stage. Apropos of drinks, it may be mentioned that the Spaniards are the soberest people in Europe, and their drinks at *cafés* chiefly consist of coffee; *horchatas*, a sort of iced barley-water; lemonade; ices of various kinds; *agras*, a cooling liquid, made of the juice of unripe grapes; and last, though not least, *cerbea con limon*, a mixture of bottled beer and lemonade, iced until it is almost solid. Few things in their way are better than a good *cerbea con limon*. The ingredients are mixed in a large bowl, and ladled out into glasses by the thirsty consumers with a silver ladle.

A somewhat amusing accident happened to me at one of the *cafés chantants* at Malaga. Off the stairs leading to the upper storey was a small gallery, whence favoured guests, who ordered a bottle of Manzanilla, or were otherwise entitled to peculiar consideration, could see the dancing to greater advantage than from below. This gallery happened to be full, so I was accommodated with a chair, upon which I took my seat on the landing, behind the gallery. By some means the chair got pushed a little too near the stairs, and on leaning back I fell down eleven very steep red tile steps, chair and all, and cannoned against the proprietor of the *café*, who was sipping an *horchata* at the bottom! But his gravity was in no way disturbed, nor, indeed, did any one in the room appear either alarmed or amused, so I very quietly carried my chair up to my post of observation, none the worse for my remarkable performance.

VINEYARDS—RAISIN-MAKING.

Of course we went to see the vineyards near the town; the rich egg-shaped grapes must always be one of the great attractions of Malaga to the tourist, as they are to the merchant.

There was nothing very remarkable in the wine-making, or rather, the wine appeared to be made much in the same way as wine is made elsewhere, the grapes being trodden out by men; it would therefore be superfluous to enter into any detailed account of the manufacture in this place. The raisin-drying is, of course, the great sight of Malaga, and is carried on during the latter end of the month of August and throughout the whole of September.

Some idea may be formed of the value of the raisin trade, when I say that over 12,000,000 pounds are annually exported from Malaga alone, of which no less than 9,000,000 pounds are consigned to ports in the United States. The most valuable fruit is worth this year about one shilling and nine-

pence a pound, and the inferior sorts from sixpence to one shilling; but these are high prices, the crop having been very poor this season, in consequence of the heavy rain last spring. Through the kindness of a friend, we were able to see the process of drying to great advantage at his estate near Malaga. The grapes used for making into raisins are the long white muscatels, the bunches of which when quite ripe are gathered and spread out upon sloping wooden stands—something like those used for exhibiting cut flowers at a show—and allowed to dry in the sun. They are turned when necessary, and covered with matting at night to preserve their bloom. As soon as they are dry, they are carried in baskets of esparto grass from the drying-frames to what are called the packing-sheds—rather a dignified name for buildings composed of four poles supporting a kind of awning of esparto grass. Here, however, large numbers of men are busy trimming and preparing the bunches with the greatest dexterity. The grapes are never “handled,” for fear of injuring the delicate bloom, but entirely arranged with the scissors, with which the inferior or injured grapes are cut away, and the bunch reduced to the most convenient shape for packing. These bunches are again looked over, and the best are pruned of their smaller grapes, and become what are technically called “firsts.” These, after having been slightly flattened with the hand and scissors, are laid in boxes on white paper, three layers in each box; and as the fruit is still somewhat round, it is packed loosely and so that the topmost layer is a good deal above the level of the sides of the box. The prunings of the firsts and seconds are now looked over, and all the sound raisins, however small, are collected and packed without stalks, to make an inferior class of fruit. The fruit must now be pressed into the required form. This is done by placing the boxes one on the top of another, and the contents sink down in the course of a few days to the proper flatness. But the boxes are not yet fit for sale; the nice plain white paper, which sets off the fruit so well, has to be replaced by gaudy-coloured “show-papers” of tinsel and lace-work, costing in many instances from a fifth to a tenth of the first value of the box of fruit. It seems that this absurd custom, injurious alike to grower and consumer, cannot be broken through; for one of the largest growers at Malaga having once dispensed with the conventional “show-papers,” had considerable difficulty in finding a market for his fruit.

All these interesting details we learnt through the kindness of Mr. —, with whom, after our brief sojourn at Malaga, we went to stay a short time, at his country-house on the sea-coast, a few miles from the town. I will not break through the privacy of the charming home where we were received with so refined a hospitality, but will only say that around it may be found growing in tropical luxuriance, and flourishing under the master's eye, the orange, the lemon, the sugar-cane, the guava, the batata or sweet potato, the banana or bread-fruit, and the egg-plant, to say nothing of figs, palms, aloes, cacti, with a thousand others which I had not time to notice, or which my unbotanical memory has, alas! long since forgotten.

MALAGA TO MARBELLA

After a great deal of consideration, and finding our proposed plans frustrated at every turn by the Spanish arrangements—or, rather, want of arrangements—for locomotion, we finally decided to ride along the coast to Gibraltar. We will not weary our readers with an account of our endeavours and

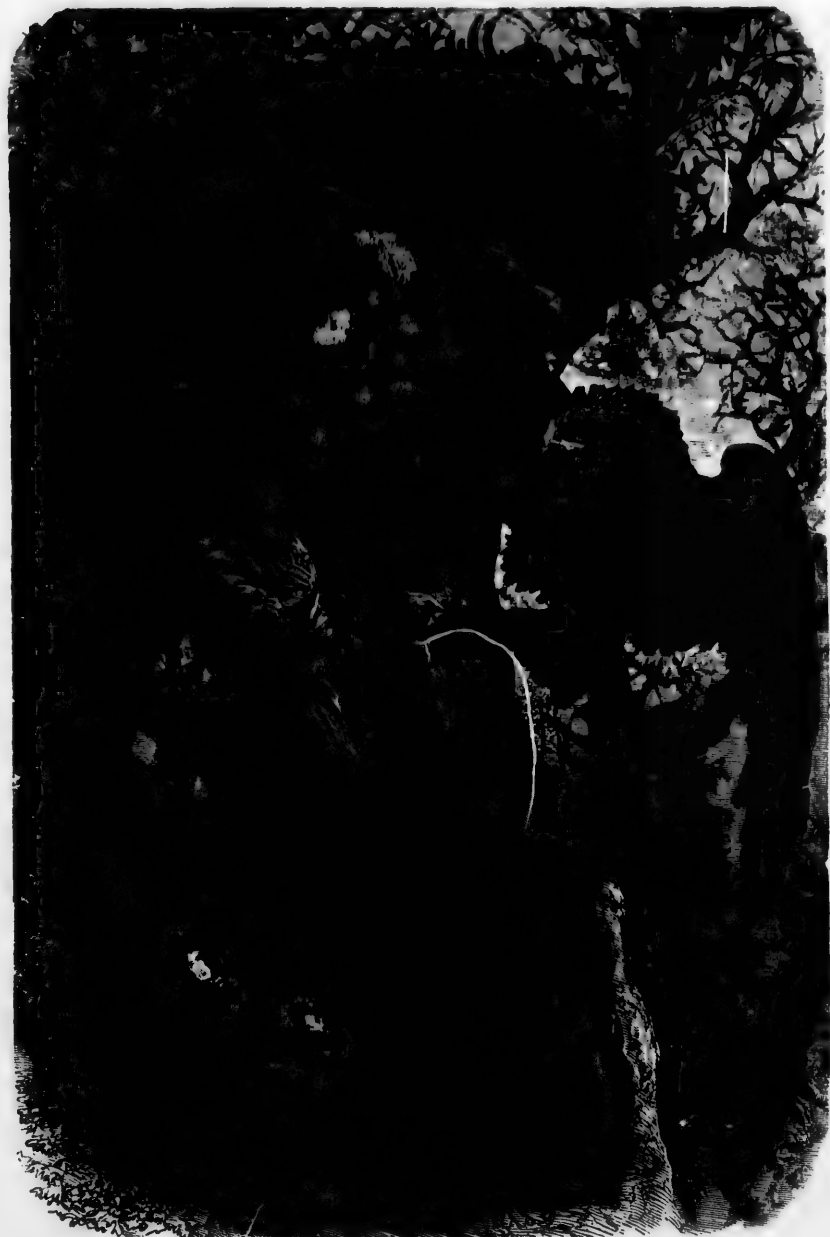
repulses, but refer them to our similar experiences at Granada and Jaen. Accordingly, we bade adieu to Malaga and our friends at —, and set out on our journey westward. I bestrode an active little Andalusian horse, or *jaca*, with my *alforjas* and *capa* as a saddle; while my wife was mounted on a strong mule, and sat in a pannier. We had two attendants on foot, which was the first intimation we received that the road did not permit of our travelling beyond a foot's pace. From Malaga to Marbella, according to the faithful “Murray,” the distance is thirty-two English miles; and arriving at Fuengirola in time to rest and start again by about two o'clock, we reached the *casa de huéspedes*, where we were to pass the night, about eight o'clock in the evening. The house was full, but Señor Beltran, the obliging *amo*, turned out of his own room for us, and delighted our ears with some conversation in our own language, which he spoke remarkably well. Among other things, we learnt that our host was *alcalde*, or chief magistrate of the town that year; and had we been less tired, no doubt the thought of turning so important a personage out of his magisterial bed might have troubled our repose. As it was, we did but little at Marbella but sleep. The road from Malaga during the first few miles was in parts what we should call in England a highway; at other times it was an ill-defined track through dusty fields. But after passing Torremolinos it became merely a rocky bridle-path, leading through a wild and mountainous country, with mountains all around, and the Mediterranean below. In one or two places the path was so steep that our *mosos* kept a firm hold of the tails of our beasts, by way of assisting them in picking their steps, and holding them up in case they should stumble. We passed through many wild glens and valleys; and although the soil, where it was cultivated, produced abundant and varied vegetation, yet the rugged mountain sides appeared absolutely destitute of herbage; and we looked in vain for any tinge of green which might account for the presence of the large flocks of goats which made a pretence of feeding on the barren slopes. We were told, however, that these goats not only found enough pasture to make them fat, but that they thrive there much better than in the more succulent pastures of the plains. The scenery in some of these glens was magnificent; and the pleasure of the whole day's ride, whether through dusty plains of aloes and cacti, wild rocks, cheerful vineyards, or the smooth sand of the sea-shore, with the calm Mediterranean washing our horses' feet, and the mountains ever rising before us, was enhanced by the variety and beauty of the landscape. The sun had set more than an hour before we reached Marbella; and our long shadows cast by the moon over the smooth sand and the still smoother sea, and the measured sound of our footsteps as our little party wended its somewhat weary way in the lonely silence of a southern night, was in the highest degree striking and impressive.

We have called the way lonely; one little village in every ten miles, and perhaps one man and a donkey between each, were about the only signs we saw of the country being inhabited. We did not even meet with any of our old friends the *guardia civil*, but one of two of the *carabineros*, who supplied their place, and acted as coastguards along the shore, eyed us with undisguised curiosity. Just before reaching Marbella we were startled by the shrill cry of a sentry, “*¡Quien vive!*” but the regulation answer, “*¡España!*” proved, as usual, perfectly satisfactory. Indeed, I do not know what

answer could be unsatisfactory, as these "coastguards," especially in the neighbourhood of Gibraltar, merely watch over the safety of the smugglers, whom they in other countries are supposed to discourage. If a passer-by looks more than usually unlike a *contrabandista*, a second challenge, "*Que gente!*" is occasionally launched at him by a zealous sentry; and to this we believe any answer is admissible, although "*Puísano!*" is supposed to be the most correct. Spanish smuggling is an amusing subject, upon which we will say a few words later on. At present we must return to Marbella, where rather before five A.M. the rising sun found us paying our adieux and our very moderate bill to the *alcalde*, Señor Beltran, who appeared none the worse for his "night out," and from whom we parted with many mutual expressions of friendly compliment.

We made the best use of the cool of the morning, and the very excellent road which extends from Marbella nearly all the way to Estepona; and having taken our attendants *en croupe*, kept up a brisk trot, utterly regardless of stirrups, and at length found ourselves in the wretched *posada* at Estepona about ten o'clock. The morning was of course lovely, the stern old rock of Gibraltar stood before us, apparently at no very great distance, and the *mar bella* ("beautiful sea"), which is said to have given the name to the town we left behind us, was studded with ships and steamers passing through the Straits. We were indeed on historic ground. The Pillars of Hercules lay before us. On the very ground perhaps over which we rode Pompey and Cæsar had striven for the possession of the world; and traditions of Goth and Moor, Christian and Mussulman, crowded upon my recollection, with many other more recent passages of arms, while our eyes were strained to distinguish the low-lying coast of a new continent. But although Africa seemed to come nearer, the Rock appeared to recede; and in spite of all our desire to the contrary, it looked just as far off at ten o'clock as it had done at six. Our ride this morning had not been quite so lonely as the day before; and the engraving will give a very good idea of the style of people we met or passed by on the road. The landlord of the *posada* at Estepona was a surly fellow, the first I had met with in Spain; and having got two English people into his house—we were not within sight of Gibraltar for nothing—he determined to make a bold push to keep us at least for the night. Accordingly, he told us that in consequence of quarantine regulations no one was permitted to enter Gibraltar after two P.M. Rule without exception—a Spaniard, in order to gain his point, will invent any lie upon the inspiration of the moment, and stick to it, however clumsy it may be. In this respect the Spaniards differ from the Irish, whose lying under similar circumstances is always distinguished by a certain amount of ingenuity. In this case the *amo*, although he showed himself so very dull a liar, succeeded in persuading our guides that their horses were too tired to get to the Rock that day; and it required a good deal of persuasion, and not a little firmness, to get once more "under weigh;" and I confess it was with a great feeling of relief that we trotted out of the white street of Estepona—for there was but one—and felt that, although we had lost a little time, we had at least gained our point. To a certain extent, indeed, we had; and many a long hour did we ride without drawing bridle, and yet the Rock seemed but little nearer, when all of a sudden, mounting the crest of a hill covered with palmettos and green spiky shrubs, Gibraltar appeared at our very feet!

With a thrill of joy we pushed onward, for even our jaded horses seemed to share our exhilaration, and broke for a few minutes into a brisk canter. There could be no mistake about it. There stood the old Rock in the full light of the evening sun, clear in all its details, and apparently but a few miles off. The strangest sight, however, was the ships in the roadstead; for then not only were these distinctly visible, hulls as well as masts, but they appeared of gigantic proportions. As soon as the first flush of joy was over, I calculated by my eye that the masts of these ships were fully two-thirds as high as the top of the Rock; and knowing that this was about fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, I became rather suspicious of vessels of whatever tonnage with masts a thousand feet high! What could be the meaning of these giant spectre ships? Anyhow, we should very soon find out; and pushing on with renewed vigour, we soon reached the brink of a broad stream (the Guadiaro), which we found was only to be crossed in a primitive manner. So, taking up our guides behind us, we dashed into the water, and after many a slip and many a splash we found ourselves at the other side. Seeing an old woman washing clothes, we inquired the distance to Gibraltar. "*Tres leguas, muy larguissimas*," was the astonishing reply. What, twelve miles! There must be some mistake! We pushed on as rapidly as our steeds (now each bearing a double burden) would allow us. But the Rock grew no nearer; on the contrary, it now seemed at least twelve miles off. The ships had vanished; and a careful consideration left no doubt in our minds that we had before been the sport of the mirage. Matters were now becoming serious. The sun was rapidly approaching the horizon; we almost saw it move. Our guides were fast asleep behind us, our horses were scarcely more wide awake; and we knew that after the sunset gun fires from the fortress no one is admitted into Gibraltar. I cannot refrain from saying a word *en passant* as to the way in which our muleteers went to sleep on their mounts. The enormous packs which served as saddles almost entirely covered the beasts on which we rode, leaving a few inches of tail sloping down at an angle of about sixty degrees. On this they sat and slept; and how they managed to keep themselves from slipping off at any time was sufficiently wonderful. But when they both went fast asleep, and snored loudly, we fairly gave way to an irrepressible fit of laughter, which had no effect in waking our sleeping grooms. The thing beat Franconi hollow. But we did not laugh when we saw the last departing ray of the red sun disappear behind the mountains, and a moment afterwards heard the dull boom of the still distant evening gun, and saw the bright flash from the topmost pinnacle of the now gloomy Rock. My heart grows positively sick as I write these lines. Darkness quickly closed in, and the bright moon once more found us toiling through the soft sand, and wondering how and where we should pass the night. Little more remains to be said or sung. We reached the Spanish lines about eight o'clock, where we found a small *posada* frequented by muleteers and smugglers. It was not precisely a palace; but we had ridden over forty miles that day at nearly a foot's pace, and we were not particular about our lodging. We got a room to ourselves, however, having turned out a pet sheep; and having made short work of an enormous omelette and some capital Spanish beer, we went to bed and soon forgot that we were still on Spanish soil.



DANGEROUS BIRD-NESTING.

A Flying Visit to Florida.—IV.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

ORANGE CULTIVATION IN FLORIDA.

THE width of the St. John's River is an ever-varying quantity. Here and there estuaries of inflowing tributaries cause an expansion of the channel, so that the water surface more resembles that of a lake than a river's current. Inlets also indent the banks, connecting with lagoons that stretch sometimes at right angles, sometimes obliquely, and at times parallel to the trend of the stream itself. A road to pass along either bank, or keeping anywhere near them, could not easily be constructed, even supposing the river to have such a direct course as to make a highway along it worth having. Only in some places, where a stretch of elevated land abuts on the bank, is it possible for pedestrian or horseman to travel within view of the water. There are portions of the Lower St. John's where the width between banks is over two miles.

One of these is entered upon just after leaving Jacksonville, where, as already stated, the stream makes a narrow crossing-place—the old "Cow Ford." Above this, the expansion recommences, and continues on for a distance of about fifteen miles, when the banks, showing an elevation of ten or twelve feet above the water surface, again approach one another.

Here the traveller, ascending, observes on his left a number of small plantations mostly devoted to the cultivation of the orange. Groves or orchards of these trees can be seen, easily distinguishable by their glossy green foliage.

From the earliest times of Spanish colonisation, orange-growing has been one of the chief industries of the Floridian people. The crop requiring only to be gathered, calls for but little labour: a condition that was exactly suited to the indolent character of the Spanish settlers. Patience is a virtue largely drawn upon in the establishment of an orange plantation, and with this the Spaniard is endowed to a degree far beyond that of the more enterprising Anglo-Saxon. It is simply a question of planting the young trees—for which no great skill or toil is needed—and then waiting till they begin to produce in paying quantity. This they do in the fourth or fifth year after being laid down; though in the third there is a considerable yield, where circumstances are extremely favourable for their propagation.

The soil and climate of Florida are fairly suitable to this kind of cultivation, though in the northern section of the peninsula the crop cannot always be depended on. Through a frost of unusual severity, an orangery of many years' standing may in a single night be reduced to a ruin; and the planter may see his hopes blighted, not only for a season, but for years. If this be his only means of support, he may expect any winter's morning to find his orange-buds frost-bitten, and himself reduced to beggary. In short, he will have to begin the world again.

Fortunately this disaster is of rare occurrence, and has been recorded only at long intervals, since the Spaniards first colonised the country. Antecedent to that time, we may suppose that the orange-trees of Florida were not frost-killed, since in all probability there were none to kill.

IS THE ORANGE INDIGENOUS TO AMERICA?

This, indeed, is a disputed point among American botanists, some of them holding the belief that the orange *is* indigenous to Florida. Certainly orange-trees are met with growing wild, and bearing a fruit known as the "bitter-sweet" orange, its taste resembling that of Seville. But these so-called wild orange-trees are never found as part of the pure primeval forest. They are only seen growing in spots where there are evident traces of man having made settlement, whether Spanish colonist or aboriginal Indian. The ruins of their dwellings—no doubt frail structures of timber—have long since crumbled to decay, while their orchard trees remain, or have repeated themselves through nature's propagation. To prove that the orange was introduced into Florida by the Spaniards, it is not necessary that the ownerless groves here and there met with throughout the peninsula be proved to have been planted by those people; for it is an ascertained fact that the natives, perceiving its advantage, and being fond of the fruit, entered also into its cultivation. There was no difficulty about their doing this, or obtaining the plants from which to propagate. It is to be remembered that the Spanish colonisation partook of the missionary character, and that the Indians they found in the peninsula were very different—tribally, even nationally—from those who afterwards came near driving the colonists themselves out of it. These had their first dealings with the effeminate and peaceful Yamasees and Caloosas, to whom, after their subjugation, they taught Christianity, with something of civilisation. At a later period they were again subdued by the more warlike Muscogees, coming from the west. Their branch tribe, called "Semoli-isti" (wild men), more commonly known as "Seminoles," overran the country west of the St. John's, forcing the Spaniards into narrower quarters on the eastern side of the peninsula. That the Seminoles cultivated the orange is proved by the neglected groves of these trees now growing in places where their towns once stood, though without this there is historical testimony to their having done so. Therefore the argument in favour of its being indigenous to Florida is not at all supported by the simple fact of its being found thus.

That one or more species of the genus *Citrus* are natives of the New World I think there can be no doubt, though this is also denied by many botanists. One species is described as growing wild in the woods of the Essequibo, and Prince Maximilian of Wied Neuwied speaks of a wild orange found in the forests of Brazil—there called *laranja da terra*. I have reason to believe that at least one indigenous species will be found belonging to the flora of Mexico; and in all probability several others will be yet made known when the much-neglected botany of that country has received more careful investigation.

As for Florida, the weight of evidence is against an indigenous orange-tree. The exotic, however, finds in the peninsula a congenial climate, more especially in its southern section. South of the latitude of San Augustine, the crop is comparatively safe from frost-blight; still more, to the southward of

Lake George and Indian River; while anywhere beyond, there is no danger of the Borean blast interfering with its tender buds, or beautiful blossoms. Indeed, the southern part of the State possesses a climate, with a corresponding atmosphere, not very different from that of the Antilles. It just escapes being included within the zone of the tropics.

If the Spaniards introduced the orange into Florida, they cultivated it on a limited scale compared with that now being adopted. The modern immigration of Northern Americans, a large proportion of them being of the enterprising New England element, is likely soon to cover the "Land of Flowers" with orchards of orange-trees, and lemons alongside of them. Since the close of the Southern rebellion, every steamer entering the St. John's has carried one or more of these thrifty speculators, determined to make their fortunes by "raising" fruit for the supply of the Northern markets. Among them the celebrated Mrs. Beecher Stowe, with a keen eye to coming advantages, has entered this field of speculation; having flung out her standard over the St. John's, by planting an orange-grove upon one of its banks, some fifteen miles above Jacksonville. As our boat sailed past a collection of houses bearing the Oriental title of "Mandarin," one of them was pointed out to us as being the winter residence of the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—at least, that portion of it that might be called commonplace. The superior scenes and characters were before the world long ere "Uncle Tom" was introduced to it. They were the creation of one of those wonderful men of erratic genius who now and then appear, and as suddenly disappear, like the fitful flashes of comet or aërolite, leaving no trace behind. They do leave traces, but not with their names attached. Too independent to become the seekers for, or recipients of, critical praise—too grand to care for it—they pass away and are forgotten, even by the age that gave them birth. But out of the passing sparks that emanate from their intellectual fire, little minds build great reputations, assisted by other little minds—those who do the so-called "reviewing" for the critical journals.

In all probability, but few who read this will have ever heard the name "Seafeldt;" or, if having heard, will know any great deal relating to it. Even after changing its Germanic orthography, and giving it in the English spelling, "Seatsfield," it will strike on the ear of only a very few with a ring of celebrity.

Yet this man—this Seafeldt, or Seatsfield—was in his way a very Shakespeare; almost the creator of that romantic wild-life literature, in the writing of which I have myself earned a humble reputation. I, at least, know and acknowledge him not only as my master, but believe him to be the master of no less a genius than Fenimore Cooper.

In passing the Floridian residence of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, which looks somewhat starily on the river, I could not help conjecturing whether, in the midst of her six acres of orange-trees—even while counting her profits upon the crop—she was not at times troubled with the thought of having stolen poor "Uncle Tom" from Seatsfield; or with her late and still more ignoble attempt at filching from the noble Byron the little of character his posthumous enemies had left to him.

Gordon the Highlander, who had some *liens* of relationship with the malignant poet, on nearing the house shook his fist fiercely at it; and if curses delivered in deep Gaelic have

any effect in blighting vegetation, Mrs. Stowe's orange-trees will certainly cease to bear fruit.

The little town of Mandarin, with its half-score of houses—a church showing in their midst—is not a settlement of the modern colonisation. It was there before the rebellion; and something representing it could have been seen upon the river's bank during the days of Spanish possession. The church, however, with a school-house close by, is a modern structure, both representing the New England sentiment of civilisation. The name which the place bears is said to have been bestowed from an attempt made there to cultivate the China or "Mandarin" orange. Whether this be true or not, the explanation is plausible.

BRAVE ABORIGINES.

Small as is the settlement of Mandarin, it has its history—a sad one. Connected with what Americans call the "Florida War," that is, the contest between the United States troops and Seminole Indians, the place possesses a melancholy celebrity. In the month of December, 1841, the Indians attacked the town, burnt every house in it, and massacred every one of its inhabitants, to the last man, woman, and child.

"For sixteen long hours," says Captain Sprague, who has given an account of the occurrence, "the savages, naked and painted, danced around the corpses of the slain."

In describing this, as many other scenes witnessed during the Florida War, I should use very different language to that employed by the American officer. In the first place, the Seminoles were not savages, as he characterises them. In point of fact, they were quite as civilised as some of the troops acting against them. It was a contest *à l'outrance*, a war of extermination—on both sides declared so, and on both sides carried out to the letter of the declaration. It was thoroughly unjust to the aborigines; the injustice springing out of the avarice of base land-speculators, chiefly from the neighbouring State of Georgia. Although terminating in the defeat of the Seminoles, and their final expulsion from Florida—with such odds against them it could not end otherwise—it proved one point that must remain a landmark in history. It proved that the aboriginal of America, alike armed, and in other respects placed on an equal footing—in short, *ceteris paribus*—is in warlike prowess quite a match for his antagonist of the Caucasian race. Indeed, the records of the Florida War, if written by himself, would justify his claim to something more than warrior equality—a supremacy such as the Maoris of New Zealand might honestly exult in, these having on several occasions certainly proved it in conflict with our soldiers.

Explain the thing as we may, it took the disciplined troops of the United States six whole years to reduce the Seminole Indians, costing the lives of some thousands of soldiers, with the military fame of six celebrated generals, as these last, although themselves surviving it, had their reputations killed in the Florida War. All this to obtain triumph over a handful of so-called savages, in no field ever numbering over five hundred fighting men. Indeed, there was more than one engagement in which the Indians were actually outnumbered by their uniformed, white foes, where the latter were not only disastrously but disgracefully defeated. But these Indians were not *savages*, as Captain Sprague somewhat loosely styles them. Many of the redskins who fought under Osceola had as true an idea of civilisation—though perhaps not his peculiar kind of it—as the

American officer himself. Under the buckskin hunting-shirt of this noble Indian chief pulsed a heart patriotic as ever beat within human bosom, while from his lips have proceeded sentiments—historically recorded—that do shame to a civilisation represented by the pedlar Fisk and the vulgar cheats of Tammany. Even the name of Miantonimo, the Osceola of the north, has been disgraced by these white-skins having the presumption to assume it. How hideous in history, how contrastingly ridiculous, will appear the names of Tweed and Sweeny alongside those of Osceola and Philip of Mount Hope!

A SOLITARY SETTLER.

Above Mandarin the river again widens, a large sheet of water, called Doctor's Lake, opening into it from the western side, while two or three miles further up, a similar estuary enters from the east, discharging a number of small streams that take their rise in the dividing ridge between the St. John's and the sea. Of these are Jington and Durbin Creeks, the latter having its heads in the outskirts of a large tract of morass, lying nearly north of San Augustine, and known as the "Twelve-Mile Swamp."

Being told at Mandarin that we could find some good hunting-ground at the head of this estuary, we sailed into it, and up one of the watercourses it receives from the south. Some distance above its mouth we landed on a small plantation, the owner of which, proving to be an Irishman, received us with the warm-hearted hospitality so characteristic of his countrymen. He was all the more prepared with his "*cead mille failtha*," on finding whence we came, and on what errand bound. He was himself an enthusiastic sportsman, his *penchant* for the chase having much to do with his migration to Florida, as also with the solitary spot he had selected for his abode. There was no other plantation within miles—no clearing of any kind. Around, the country was covered with *hommock*, that is, heavy forest timber, chiefly live-oak and cypress, intermingled with magnolia, sweet gum, loblolly bay, and a heavy undergrowth of the saw palmetto (*Chamærops Adansonii*), papaw (*Annona triloba*), with other underwood trees peculiar to the Southern States.

The Irishman's clearing was a small one, recently made by the help of some four or five hired darkeys, and intended to

be an orange-grove, the young trees of which had just been planted out. Our Hibernian host would have some time to wait before receiving any return upon his outlay.

He was just the man to do this without being much worried. The half-dozen hounds skulking around his house, with rods and guns seen inside, as also a variety of deer, bear, and panther skins, were signs that he cared less for his orange-trees than for these choice trophies. Had he been a New Englander, we should have had no end of talk about the plant laid down, with "*kalkerlations*" as to its possible product, and probable profit. Moreover, the hired hands would have been at work, and all around we should have beheld a scene of busy industry.

As it was, the *dolce far niente* was visible everywhere; the darkeys seemingly indulging in it with as much zest, and almost as much freedom, as their master. The only activity apparent about the place, was that displayed by a sow with her litter of half-grown pigs; these every now and then breaking through a badly-constructed fence, and making havoc among the young orange-trees.

Terence Carrol—so our fellow-countryman was called—always taking things coolly, laughed at all this. It was very easy to tell he would never make his fortune by the raising of oranges—not if Covent Garden Market had been but a mile distant from his plantation.

Truly, we Irish are a peculiar people—the same everywhere—either absolutely indolent, or indifferent to the "main chance" of life, as the world regards it. And so neglecting it, despite our wonderful talents—not surpassed by those of any other race—we become the slaves, or at least the serving implements, of men whom Nature designed to be ours.

In point of truth, Paddy has done much towards the making of

America; but Paddy does not rule it. Except in a few spots, as in the city of New York, where his vote still holds sway in the ballot-box, he wields but a tittle of social or political power—not so much as the balance of it. The descendants of the Puritans who landed on Plymouth Rock, are altogether too many for him. He makes the railroads, but they *own* them; he builds the grand houses and hotels, but they reside in them. They even insult him with the grim joke



AN INSECT CUCKOO.



THE GREEN HERON (*Ardea virescens*).

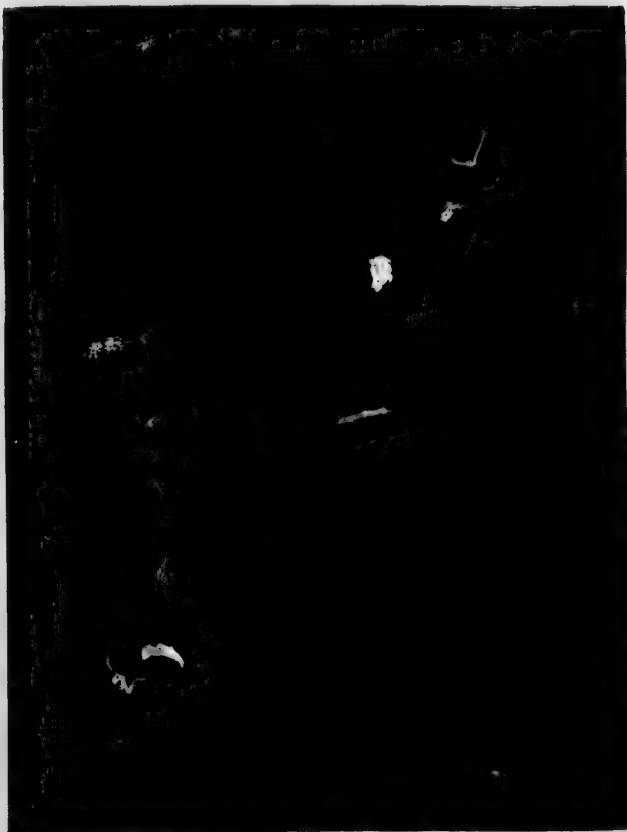
that the only domicile of his own construction he is permitted to dwell in is—the jail!

For the pleasure of our party, it was perhaps as well that our host belonged to this improvident race. His hospitality was unbounded; and luckily he was one who still had the wherewithal to make display of it. Attached to his recently-built plantation house—which was but a large log cabin—there was a good kitchen, with a well-stocked larder alongside.

argument. The Englishman had not a word to say upon the subject, as there is no whisky indigenous to England. Unfortunately for him, there was no beer on Terence Carrol's plantation. He would have given ten dollars—he said so—for a single bottle of Bass, or even a pint of draught "bitter."

TORCH HUNTING EXCURSION.

During the time we stayed with our countryman colonist—



TORCH HUNTING IN A FLORIDA FOREST.

Need I say there was a wine-cellar, or at all events a "bin" representing it. Though not particularly addicted to drinking, Terence Carrol liked his occasional "cruiskeen lawn."

We passed several days under his hospitable roof—every hour of them pleasant. The only difference of opinion he had with any of our party, was one between him and Gordon, the Highlander, having reference to the respective merits of Scotch and Irish whiskies. The American declared that the whisky of Kentucky—called "Bourbon," from the name of the county in which it is made—was better than either. This, received with a sneer from both Scotchman and Irishman, put an end to the

whom I have forgotten to say was a bachelor—there was not much progress made in the planting or pruning of his orange-trees. The days were devoted to hunting; and on one occasion, the night. This was the occasion of a "torch hunt," to which our host treated us. The game we went after was deer, but, as it chanced, we returned with a bag of a more varied kind; the assortment showing a fine buck, along with one of his does, a bear, a couple of racoons, and a panther kitten, which last a silent hunting dog taken along had run up a tree.

The "torch hunt" has been so often described, it is not

necessary here to give any detailed account of it. As a general thing, it is a very uncertain way to make capture of game, and only succeeds under circumstances favourable to carrying it out. It is usually directed against deer. In districts where these animals are much hunted, they learn to keep quiet during the day, and spend a part of the night in browsing, then coming out into the glades and "openings" of the forest. The hunter, cautiously approaching such places with his flaming torch held overhead, will often see its light reflected in a pair of twin spots resembling planets. He knows they are the eyes of a deer, and takes aim accordingly. The amateur sportsman, not used to this peculiar kind of stalking, will fire at one of the eyes, or between the two; and often, if his gun be a rifle, will draw trigger in vain. If a smooth-bore, loaded with buckshot, his chances of success will be better. The old deer-hunter, who would be ashamed of being seen with a fowling-piece, and deeply chagrined to fire his rifle without killing, or at least hitting the animal aimed at, does not always take sight between the shining orbs. I have been out torch hunting with old "professionals," who from the sheen of the eyes could tell the exact position of the deer's body, its attitude, in short everything, as if they saw the animal in full outline.

These men very rarely took sight between the eyes, but aimed to hit either on the fore shoulder, or behind it, for the heart. The reason for doing this is, that the small bullet of their hunting rifles, not bigger than an ordinary pill, hitting a deer upon the hairy frontlet, if fired from a fair shooting distance, will not penetrate the skull, and of course fail to kill. As regards the American bear, shooting it fair on the forehead would be next thing to nonsense. Bruin's retreating facial line is sure to send the bullet glancing off innocuously.

Carroll was the slayer of the bear, and he had shot it in the breast while it was rearing erect upon its hams, no doubt in astonishment at the sight of our torches.

The night-hunt was a decided success—indeed, something of a triumph to the Englishman and Scotchman, neither of whom had ever before worshipped St. Hubert in this especial way. In practice, the mode was equally new to the American, though he had often heard of it. The two Irishmen of our party were the only ones who, before that night, had gone "torch hunting."

IS THE "KING VULTURE" A FLORIDIAN BIRD?

While staying with Carroll, we had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with many matters relating to the natural history of Florida; especially interesting to Van Olinda. The two kinds of vulture common to the Southern United States, there known as "turkey buzzard" and "carrion crow" (*Cathartes aura* and *atratus*), were seen every day, soaring above the cleared ground of the orange plantation, or perched upon the branches of trees that had been "girdled," and were now leafless and dying.

Although consorting together, and to a superficial observer appearing the same, the ornithologist could see as much difference in their species, as between sparrow-hawks and cuckoos. The turkey buzzard (*C. aura*) is by far the nobler bird of the two. Its form is more elegant, its flight much more graceful and extended. Like its near congener, the condor, it can soar without stroke of wing—without any apparent effort—raising itself in the air as if by an act of simple volition. On the contrary, the carrion crow (*C. atratus*) makes way through

the atmosphere with a heavy and apparently laborious flight; its wings being more frequently exerted, and their flapping suspended for shorter intervals.

There can be no difficulty in distinguishing these two species of vultures. In the districts where both are common, only the most careless observer ever mistakes one for the other. In the Southern United States, any negro boy can tell you which is a carrion crow and which a turkey buzzard.

It was not about these, nor any difference between them, that the naturalist of our party troubled himself while staying at the Irishman's plantation. And yet it was a kindred question—an inquiry about the habitat of a certain species of vulture—that, more than aught else, had influenced him to undertake his present tour into the State of Florida. He had read William Bartram's account of his boat-voyage up the St. John's—made, as already stated, about a century before. In this, the English naturalist speaks of a third species of vulture existing in the peninsula—that known as the "king vulture" (*Sarcorhamphus papa*).

Bartram does not say that he actually saw it; but his description of the bird, with many details relating to it, leaves no doubt of its belonging to the fauna of Florida. Ornithologists have denied this, though without any other reason than that it has not been recently observed in the peninsula—at least not by any naturalist capable of determining the point. Bartram speaks of seeing its plumes among the Indians, which they used for adorning the standards of their chiefs—"royal standards," as he terms them. He moreover alleges that the natives knew the bird well, holding it in great veneration—in short, esteeming it a sacred bird; hence the name he bestowed upon it—*Vultur sacra*. Indeed, his description seems chiefly to have been derived from the Seminole Indians. It is true, that coming in contact with the Spanish colonists of Florida, Bartram might have had his information from these, as many of them must have visited the tropical coast-land of Mexico, where the king vulture undoubtedly dwells. It is an inhabitant of the State of Vera Cruz, and, I think, also of Tamaulipas, as far north in latitude as Florida is. The idea of its having migrated thence to the latter country can only be entertained by supposing it to have made its way along the coast of Texas and the Southern United States. But as it has never been observed in the latter, this hypothesis can scarcely be deemed tenable. True, it is a bird of some power of flight, sufficient to carry it from Cape Catoche in Yucatan to Cape San Antonio, in Cuba; and from the eastern end of this island over to the Florida Keys. But here again we are met with the difficulty, that it is not found in Cuba, the intermediate link in the chain of migration.

The eminent American ornithologists, Cassin and Baird, speaking of Bartram's bird, say that his description of it, given with great minuteness, does not coincide with that of the true "king" vulture. He speaks of its tail and the tips of its wings with some of the coverts being black or brown, which is certainly the case with the *Sarcorhamphus papa*. All those that I have seen or heard of in the State of Vera Cruz have the tail and wings tipped black, or very dark brown. Cassin and Baird say that Bartram describes them as white, and upon this assumption ask: Are there, then, two distinct species of king vulture, or are they only varieties?

They surely cannot have read the old English naturalist correctly, or perhaps they allowed themselves to be misled by

the name "white-tailed vulture," which he gives it in a subsidiary list of the birds of Florida—clearly a clerical error.

In Florida there certainly is a species of vulture larger than either *Cathartes aura* or *atratus*. It has been observed by the American hunters, who, knowing these birds by the name of buzzards, speak of it distinctively as the "king buzzard," and also the "boss of the buzzards," the latter being a sort of rough synonym of the more courteous appellation. In any case, it is a question for American ornithologists; as Cassin very properly observes, one of the most interesting problems yet unsolved by them.

A SINGULAR WADING BIRD.

A lagoon with a swampy edge, close to the Irishman's clearing, was a sort of assembling place for most species of the water-fowl and wading birds of Florida. Among others that greatly interested us, we observed a species of heron, not much larger than a thrush, known to naturalists as the *Ardea virescens*. A tuft of long green feathers falling back from the crown of its head, in colour contrasting finely with its red neck and gorget, gave it a pretty, as well as singular, appearance; while its gait, in long strides silently taken, reminds one of a person walking in his sleep. It feeds upon small lizards and grasshoppers. It sometimes captures these by standing still with its head drawn back upon its shoulders—thus patiently waiting till the prey comes within striking distance of its sharp, slender beak. Sometimes, however, it steals upon the reptiles with cat-like silence, making a dart when near enough, and never failing to seize the victim.

The most singular habit of this little wading bird is its behaviour when approached by any one passing near its haunt. It will then fly off to a short distance, perch itself on the branch of a dead tree, and there stand surveying the intruder—all the while flitting its tail about, and making the most ridiculous contortions of its body.

AN INSECT CUCKOO.

In the climate of Florida, which may be almost termed tropical, nature is animated everywhere. Even in the tracts of pine forest, that here and there intersect the swamp, the naturalist will find many an interesting page awaiting his perusal. Passing through such a tract, our attention was attracted to several hymenopterous insects of large size, with long straggling bodies, coloured purple, yellow, and black. They were ichneumon-flies of the genus *Pimpla*. In some places they could be seen alighted on the branches of the pines, making the most singular evolutions, agitating their wings in a sort of rotatory motion, and causing their antennae to vibrate. We could see that the tail of each, armed with a three-pointed appendage, was inserted into a hole, which they appeared to have bored in the bark. On closer examination it proved that a very different creature had made the excavation—a coleopterous insect, whose larvae lay at the bottom of the hole, where the parent had deposited them. In the bodies of these larvae the ichneumon was laying its eggs, there to be hatched, its young afterwards to nourish themselves on the adipose matter thus made a nest of!

It seemed a cruel case of parasitical existence; but we saw that the parasite was not always permitted to go unpunished. Both it and its victims were evidently a *bonne bouche* to the numerous woodpeckers seen flitting from tree to tree, and causing the forest to resound with their strident notes.

Our attention having been once drawn to these minor phenomena in the natural history of the district, we soon found what a varied field for observation and study was here open to us, had we the leisure and experience necessary to embark in it. The *Pimpla* was not the only kind of cuckoo-fly observable on the branches and foliage. Some of the lower trees were quite animated with the numbers of *Ichneumonidae*, moving restlessly about; most of them with glossy black or blue-black bodies, and wings banded with black and orange. These had generally short and strong ovipositors, adapted apparently for piercing the hides of caterpillars. One curious kind, shining black, with a spherical head of a vivid red colour, had an ovipositor more than an inch in length.

A PAIR OF PET EAGLES.

The white-headed eagle (*Falco leucocephalus*)—by Americans very absurdly named "bald-headed"—is an inhabitant of Florida, and in certain districts may be seen every day. This bird is quite as fond of fish as flesh-meat or fowl, and affects the neighbourhood of waters where the former are found. I do not think it ever captures them itself, but depends on the piscatory powers of the fish-hawk—the osprey—which it tyrannically deprives of the finny spoil the latter so skilfully takes.

While staying with Carol we had an opportunity of seeing the bird of Jove every day, and hearing it almost every hour, a pair of them having their eyrie in the cypress hammock close to the edge of his clearing. More especially at daybreak did their sharp cry, rousing the echoes of the forest, more than once wake me from my slumbers. Their nest was in a cypress, and we could have shot one or both of them but that they were pets, our host informing us that they had dwelt and bred in the same tree ever since his breaking ground upon the spot, and perhaps long before. He had left them undisturbed, delighted, he said, with their "music." If the sharpening of a saw be music, then so is the cry of the white-headed eagle; the latter bearing a resemblance to the former so close that one might fancy it to be the file rasping between the steel teeth.

It was a tempting sight to behold these beautiful birds soaring within shot, and we not allowed to draw trigger on them. To Carol they were sacred, and we could not infringe the laws of hospitality such as his. He related an incident proving the strong paternal, more likely maternal, instinct of the birds of Jove. Shortly after having commenced clearing his ground, the eagle's eyrie was discovered by one of his negroes, a boy who, on finding the nest, had no other thought than that of robbing it either of its eggs or eaglets, whichever it might contain.

With this intent the young darky commenced ascending the tree; but, before reaching the desired place of deposit, he was attacked by one of the parent birds—the female, Carol thought—and compelled to make his descent quicker than he had climbed up. The eagle even followed him in his precipitate retreat to some distance from the tree, flapping her wings around his woolly head, and threatening his skull with her talons. Her vengeful screams were distinctly heard at the house, where the negro soon after arrived breathless, his eyes almost starting from their sockets, thoroughly repentant of his misdeed, and not likely again to risk the punishment he had so nearly brought upon himself.

Parting from our kind fellow-countryman, we drifted down the estuary, and, again entering the channel of the St. John's, we once more set our sail, and continued our voyage up the river.

Bombay and the Malabar Coast.—III.

BY LIEUT. C. B. LOW, (LATE) INDIAN NAVY.

A SAIL IN BOMBAY HARBOUR—A VISIT TO THE ROCK-TEMPLES OF ELEPHANTA AND KENNERLY, IN SALSETTE—TAUNAH, GORABUNDER, AND BASSEIN—THE PORTUGUESE IN BOMBAY—THE SNAKE-CHARMERS—HINDOO AND MOHAMMEDAN FESTIVALS.

No one would care to remain many days in Bombay without inspecting the rock-temples of Elephanta and Kennerly, in the Island of Salsette. Probably before proceeding to Elephanta

the left there meet the view the low shores of Butcher's Island and the bolder outline of Elephanta, whither you are bound; while far away may be traced the dim outline of the Ghauts, dividing the Concan from the Deccan.

As you sail through the harbour, threading your way first among the local steam navigation ships, then past the men-of-war at their moorings, and outside of all the ships of varied

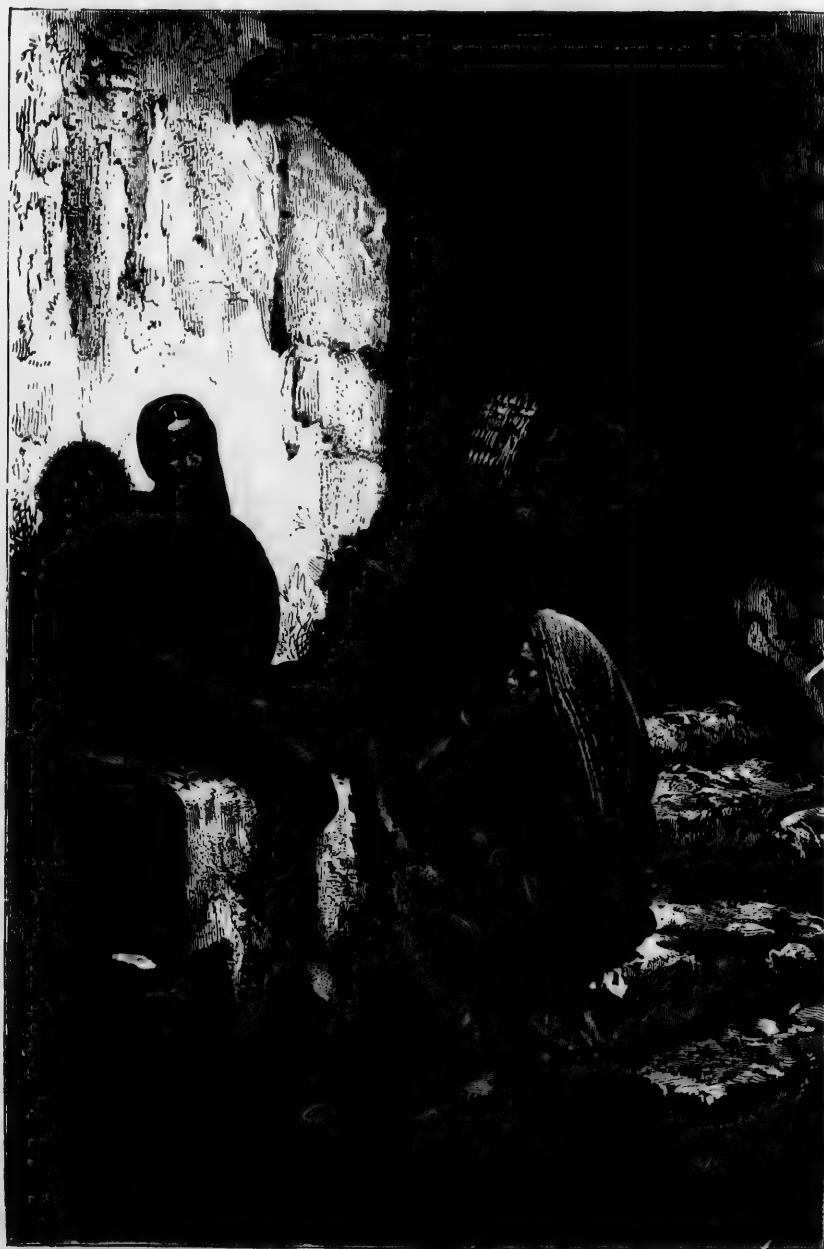


HILL OF KENNERLY.

a visit will have been paid to Colaba, where may be seen acres of cotton, all pressed and ready for shipment; and busily working in mid-day, regardless of the heat of the sun, the cotton coolies, perhaps the most cheerful and industrious of the busy bees of this great commercial hive of Bombay.

For your trip to Elephanta you should engage one of the comfortable green-painted passenger (or *bunder*) boats, which are fitted with a large cabin abaft, in which you can shelter from the sun and squalls of rain during the monsoon, and which are propelled both by oars and sails; preferably by the latter. As you stand on the pier-head of the Apollo Bunder, previous to embarking in the boat, you will be struck with the appearance of the magnificent harbour, studded with shipping. To the right is Colaba and Gibbet Island; in the far distance Carinja and the rocks of Hennery or Kennerly; and more to

tonnage, from the small barque or native *grabbe* to the stately Liverpool or London trader, and bearing the flags of numberless nationalities, you will thoroughly enjoy the cool breeze—if you are fortunate enough to have one—and the motion of the keel below you, as the boat, propelled by a lateen shaped sail, glides past the towering merchant ships, or cleverly avoids being run down by a cotton boat, which, laden within a couple of inches of the water's edge, cuts across your path. Now we are becalmed for a few minutes under the lee of a great hull, the monotonous, though somewhat musical chant, issuing from which denotes that the cotton coolies are engaged hoisting on board and stowing a cargo of cotton. Soon our boat, carrying her way, shoots past the shadow of the ship, and again catching the breeze, dances merrily on until the shipping is left astern, and Butcher's Island is close at



band. Here was the gunnery establishment of the late Indian Navy, to which young officers about to pass as lieutenants were posted, in order to go through a thorough course of practical gunnery, with instruction in the laboratory. Many are the months the writer of this paper has passed on this island, working eight-inch broadside and pivot guns, with all the other drills in the musket, bayonet, and cutlass, necessary to qualify for a lieutenancy. Butcher's Island passed, we approach Elephanta, and soon find ourselves landed on the island, and scrambling over the bushes and stones towards the great cave.

The island—which the natives call Garahporee, which signifies cave-town, or the town of excavations—derives its name from a stone elephant, which formerly stood near the landing-place on the north side. Both the quadruped and the tiger it carried on its back are scarcely recognisable now. The entrance of the great cave is reached by ascending some steep paths on the side of a mountain; but the visitor is amply rewarded for his exertions in the hot sun by the magnificent view from the platform near the entrance, and by the truly noble proportions of this cavern, the task of excavating which Mr. Grose pronounces to have been equal to that of erecting the Pyramids of Egypt.

Passing through the entrance, which is overhung with creeping flowers and plants, and having large columns on each side, we are struck with astonishment at the grandeur of the interior. The total length of the great cave—for there are some smaller ones in the island, which elsewhere would be regarded as vast and curious—is 130 feet; and the extreme breadth is exactly the same. The roof of this cavern is supported by several rows of ponderous pillars, upon which rest massy beams of stone. Each pillar consists of a square pilaster, ornamented at every corner with a grotesque figure, from whence springs a fluted column, which, with its singular capital, bears a strong resemblance to the sacred lotus. A little to the right of the centre of the cave is a room about twenty feet square, with four doors and two gigantic figures stationed as sentries at the portals of each; within, on an altar stands a stone, venerated as Siva, and on the walls is a figure of the god himself. The whole surface of the side of the cave fronting the entrance is carved with sculptured figures.

The ground of the cavern is strewn with fragments of mouldering columns, some of which descend from the roof like immense stalactites. In a recess at the end of the temple is an enormous three-faced bust, which stands nineteen feet high. The bust, which is much injured, though the faces are untouched, represents Siva in his threefold character of Brahma, Vishnoo, and Roodra. The expression of the central face, which is that of Brahma, is described by one visitor as that of "deep contemplation; a full face, grand and beautiful in its calm serenity." By another writer it is spoken of as having a "stupid look of benevolence." We should say that the former was decidedly the more correct definition of the expression of this Hindoo deity.

To the left of Brahma is Vishnoo, the Preserver; and to the right Roodra. Both these faces are in profile; that of the latter is very handsome, but the severe expression, and the resolution displayed in the mouth and chin, with the typical cobra held in his hand, at which he gazes, offer a striking contrast to the benevolent features of Brahma.

On each side, and at a little distance from this recess, is a small dark room excavated in the rock: and beyond the

eastern entrance to the great cave is another apartment, round which runs a passage hewn out of the solid rock, where is another altar on which is placed a stone sacred to Siva. On each side are two small chapels supported by pillars, the walls of which are covered with sculptures, representing the gods and goddesses of the Hindoo Pantheon, and illustrating their adventures as detailed in the Brahminical mythology. In these Siva and his wife Parvati play a prominent part, and one not very creditable to their character. One scene is especially remarkable; that in which Siva seizes Daksha, a priest of very high caste, by the tuft of hair, and cuts off his head in consequence of his wife being "put out" by the said priest not having invited herself and husband to take part in some particular sacrifice ordained in the Vedas. None of the figures are in a perfect state; some are without heads, others minus their legs or arms. These mutilations are not due to the hand of time, but are the work of barbarians who are cosmopolitan, and whose impress may be traced in every time and country, as seeking to destroy the monuments of the past, which in consequence of their ignorance they cannot understand, and therefore ruthlessly destroy. The iconoclasts in this instance are said to be the Portuguese invaders of the sixteenth century, though some assert that their predecessors in power, the Mohammedan conquerors of the country, were not less zealous in the work of vandalism.

The date of the excavations of the caves of Elephanta is not known with certainty. Dr. Stephenson, in his paper on the "Theory of the great Elephanta Cave," puts it between the eighth and twelfth centuries of the Christian era.

The rock-temple is seen to perfection when illuminated with blue lights. A striking effect is produced, as all the innermost recesses of the chapels, and the terrible scenes depicted in the gigantic pieces of sculpture are revealed to view, by the ghastly and unearthly glare of the blue lights. A more delightful place for a picnic on a broiling hot day in May than the cool grotto of Elephanta one could not desire.*

On the western side of the great cave are several smaller ones already noticed, which are all more or less dilapidated.

Of inferior interest to the great cavern at Elephanta, but still most worthy a visit, are the rock excavations at Kennery, in the Island of Salsette. This island is divided from Bombay by a narrow arm of the sea, but communication is maintained by the railway to Poonah, and by a causeway. The mountains in Salsette are of considerably greater elevation than those in Bombay, and are covered with denser jungle. One would scarcely believe, to look at the miserable condition of the villages scattered throughout the valleys, that you were in the vicinity of a great capital, though this hatred of the restraints and benefits of civilisation is due to the people themselves, who cling to their unclean ways, and have a horror of sanitary reform.

The cave temples of Kennery, which are scattered over two miles of a high rocky hill at many different elevations, and of various sizes and forms, are in every way remarkable from their number, their beautiful situation, their elaborate carving, and their marked connection with Buddhism. Most of them

* A detailed account of the cave may be perused in the first volume of the *Bombay Literary Transactions*, in which is a paper by Mr. William Erskine; also in the works on Indian travel by Elwood and Lady Falkland.

appear to have been places of habitation for monks or hermits. One very beautiful apartment of a square form, its walls covered with sculpture, and surrounded internally by a broad stone bench, is called the Durtar. Many have deep and well-carved cisterns attached to them, which are well supplied with water all the year round. The largest and most remarkable of all, a Buddhist temple of great beauty and majesty, is entered through a fine and lofty portico, having on its left front a high detached octagonal pillar, surmounted by three lions back to back. On the east side of the portico is a colossal statue of Buddha, with his hands raised in the attitude of benediction, and the screen which separates the vestibule from the temple is covered with a row of almost nude male and female figures, apparently representing dancers, and carved with considerable spirit. In the centre is a large door, and above it three windows in a semicircular arch, similar to those over Roman Catholic churches in Italy. The apartment, according to Bishop Heber, who gives a minute description of the interior of these caves in his "Travels," is fifty feet long by twenty in breadth, and forms an oblong square, terminated by a semicircle, and surrounded on every side but that of the entrance by a colonnade of octagonal pillars. Of these, the twelve on each side nearest the entrance are ornamented with carved vases and capitals, in the style usual in Indian temples, while the remaining pillars are unfinished.

In the centre of the semicircle, and with a free walk round it, is a mass of solid rock, curved externally like a dome, and surmounted by a sort of spreading ornament like the capital of a column. This solid dome, which appears to be the usual symbol of Buddhist adoration, is said to have had on its summit a large gilt umbrella.

The ceiling of this cave has semicircular arches, ornamented with slender ribs of teak of the same curve as the roof, and from which in all probability lamps or flowers were hung on festive occasions.

The date of the excavation of these rock temples is shrouded in uncertainty. Bishop Heber was of opinion that they are of greater antiquity than the caves of Elephanta. On one of the pillars of the portico of the great cave of Kennery is an inscription in a character which, as far as we know, has not yet been deciphered. There is a very fine view, from the brim of the cliff above Kennery, of the thickly-wooded hills, filled with their chattering colonies of monkeys; of the secluded valleys nestling at their feet, and dotted with the huts of the native population. There are some smaller and less interesting caves than these at Kennery, but they do not merit particular notice.

The chief places of interest in the Island of Salsette are Taunah and Gorabunder. The original causeway, uniting the island to Bombay, was the work of Governor Duncan, one of the most distinguished rulers of the Presidency, and to whose memory a noble monument has been erected at the cathedral in the fort. One of Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy's most meritorious public works was the construction, at a cost of £38,000, of a bridge connecting the two islands. Taunah is about twenty miles distant from Bombay, and is prettily situated, its English church and houses being surrounded by large trees. At certain seasons of the year the chief civil officer of Taunah—in India this functionary is called a collector—resides at Gorabunder. This village is beautifully situated amid palm and other trees, and has an old but solidly-constructed Portuguese church,

which, with its domed roof and ornaments, like small minarets, looks like a Mohammedan mosque. This church, which was built by the Portuguese in 1605, has not been used for a religious purpose for a great length of time, but is inhabited by the chief civil officer of the district during his visits, or by the governor and his friends, and indeed for this purpose, from its coolness and size, it is admirably adapted.

On the opposite bank of the Taunah River, which separates Salsette from the Island of Bassein, and about fifteen miles from Gorabunder, is the town of the same name.*

The fort and town of Bassein are at the entrance of the estuary which separates Salsette from the mainland of the Concan. Bassein was acquired by the Portuguese, in 1534, from the Kings of Guzerat. It remained in their occupation about two centuries, and became a place of considerable size and importance. Its seige and capture by the Mahrattas, in 1739, forms one of the most remarkable and glorious episodes of the Portuguese connection with this country.

Bassein is fortified after the European fashion, and is surrounded by high ramparts, some parts of which are in a ruinous state. On entering the gates you find yourself in a city of the dead, surrounded with churches, of which there are no fewer than seven, some of considerable size, but all of mean architecture, though they are striking, from the lofty proportions usual in Continental places of worship. There are traces of streets, and the site of the principal square is distinctly traceable. The deep sand is almost everywhere, but in spots where it does not prevail vegetation is luxuriant. On the floors of the churches are numerous flat tombstones, on which are engraved the names of many long since forgotten brave soldiers and beautiful women.

"The knights are dust, their good swords are rust;
Their souls are with the saints, we trust."

The walls of the fine old cathedral are still standing, and are perfect, but the pillars are no more, and for them are not inappropriately substituted the straight lofty trunks of the palm-trees. The ruined windows are filled with the tracery of flowering shrubs, forming patterns never contemplated by the pious founders, or traced by the cunning hand of the architect; while the peepul-tree has taken deep root everywhere, and its branches are forcing their way through windows, and threaten the destruction of the building. "Bassein reminds me," wrote Bishop Heber, "of some story of enchantment which I had read in my childhood; and I could almost have expected to see the shades of its original inhabitants flitting about the jungle, which now grows in melancholy luxuriance in the courts and areas of churches, convents, and houses." And he adds, in another part of his "Journal," "They [the churches] are melancholy objects to look at, but they are the monuments, nevertheless, of departed greatness, of a love of splendour far superior to the desire for amassing money, by which other nations have been chiefly actuated, and of a zeal for good which, if not according to knowledge, was a zeal still, and a sincere one." The reflection of the good bishop is not wholly inapplicable now, from a religious point of view, though in our political capacity, as rulers of the country, we are fast removing all reproach from our door, by the magnificent engineering works that have been inaugurated within recent years.

* The island of Bassein is separated from the mainland by a narrow tidal channel, fordable at low water.

There are also in Bassein the remains of three convents, and a Jesuit college called after St. Paul, which must have been one of the handsomest of all the ecclesiastical buildings here. It was founded by Don Sebastian, King of Portugal, and was endowed by Isabel d'Aguir, who rented three villages in Salsette, one of which she gave to the college during her lifetime, and the others at her death. She married at Bassein, where she died, and is buried in the chapel of the college, with an epitaph over her grave.*

It was early in 1739 that Chimajee Appa, a Mahratta general, set himself to the task of ousting the Portuguese from Bassein; and it was not until the 5th of May that the heroic garrison, reduced to the utmost extremity of famine, with ammunition exhausted, and no chance of aid from any quarter, surrendered, and Bassein was evacuated. From that day the Portuguese power in India became a record of the past, and though Goa has remained to them ever since, their glory has departed, and the name once illumined by the deeds of Albuquerque and De Pinto is a byword of contempt among Europeans and natives alike. Soon after the investment of Bassein by the Mahrattas, Don Xavier de Pinto, the chivalrous governor, was killed, but the defence was continued with equal heroism by his successor, De Sanga Pereira. The enemy sprung twelve or thirteen mines, and attempted to storm the works through a practicable breach made in one of the bastions, but they were driven back with great slaughter. But the gallantry of the garrison was wholly unavailing, for reasons before stated, and after disputing every inch of the ground for two days, the Portuguese found their numbers wholly inadequate to drive out the Mahrattas who had gained a footing within the walls, and the place was evacuated under articles of capitulation. A word as to the Portuguese of the present day, who merit more than a passing notice, as they form a large colony in Bombay, and follow the occupations of either bandsmen or domestic servants, in which latter capacity, whatever may be said of their proficiency as musicians—and we are aware that some of them are gifted with a fine musical taste and a good ear—they generally prove eminently faithful and trustworthy.

The Portuguese in Bombay are a very mixed race. The original stock is described by a writer as more Concanee Hindoo than anything else, but with a considerable infusion of European blood. When the Portuguese from Europe made settlements on the coast they converted the natives in great numbers, mainly by bribery and intimidation, though exacting a very superficial conformity on the part of their converts to the Roman Catholic faith. These natives were very similar to the cultivating and fishing castes of Hindoos still to be found unconverted on the coast of Bombay and its neighbourhood; and indeed many of the so called Portuguese keep up all their own caste customs, and are still Hindoos, except in dress and a few religious forms, and neither eat nor intermarry with their fellow-converts of other castes. Up to a recent period negro slaves were brought in large numbers from the Mozambique to the Portuguese settlements in India, and every family of any pretension to rank had one or more negro slaves in their service. They were well treated, and intermarried with the lower orders of converted Hindoos, and their features are often traceable in the quarters where the so-called Portuguese reside.

Among the amusements of Bombay and this part of India

* Lady Falkland's "Journal."

are the performances of the so-called snake-charmers; but it is little better than jugglery, and jugglery also that would take in few who were not desirous of being deceived, so transparent is the trickery practised. If you accept the services of a travelling party of these fellows, as they come into your compound, and, with many salaams, offer to perform before you, the following is what will probably take place, always supposing there are snakes to be charmed in the old stone walls of your compound, though of these reptiles there is no lack all over India. That most snakes, both wild and tame, are sensible of the charms of music there can be no doubt, though the latter—being gifted, I suppose, with a cultivated ear—have a greater liking for it. The snake-charmer plays a rather monotonous tune on a flute or flageolet, and lo! speedily a snake makes its appearance, and seemingly fascinated with the music, it coils itself round the man's arm without injuring him, or is seized by the neck as it issues out of the hole, seemingly with no other thought but to enjoy the sounds. But it does not follow that the reptile in question came out of the heap of stones or old wall, towards which the pipers—for there are always more than one—proceeded, although our friends would have us believe so from the assiduous manner in which they move the stones, as if to assist the victim of their wiles, though in reality to distract your attention from the trickery in progress. If you had not been a "griffin" (excuse the liberty I take in calling you by that opprobrious name) you would have called one of the musicians to open a bag he had under his arm. Had you done so, it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that the appearance of the cobra, with its fangs extracted, would have enlightened you as to the point of the business about to be enacted in the hole of your "compound." The question of an imposture having been practised on your credulity can be easily set at rest by your requesting or insisting on shooting the snake, when you will find that the snake-charmers will intercede on behalf of the reptile, on the plea that it is their god, and if anything happens to it they will suffer either in this world or the next.

To see India and its natives in their most characteristic mood, is to see them under circumstances analogous to those of the Carnival at Rome, the procession of the Bœuf Gras in Paris, the Feast of Lanterns at Canton, or the great religious half-gala festivities of other nations. Of such a character are the Mohurrim of the Shuah sect of Mussulmen, to which the great majority of the inhabitants of India who believe in prophet belong, or the Hindoo festivals of the Hooli and Decwali. The Hooli, which is in honour of Krishna, is held towards the end of March or beginning of April, and the people give way to the wildest saturnalia, dancing at dusk, round large fires, and making "night hideous" with their uproar. The chief amusement consists in throwing a yellow powder over every passer-by. All ranks join in this senseless fun—which, however, is not more foolish than pelting powder-bags of flour, as practised by clowns on the Derby day, or the amusements of the Carnival at the Corso in Rome—and dignified Brahmins take part in it. The writer remembers as a child at Simla, with what delight he strolled about the bazaar, under charge of his bearer, and pelted and was pelted by the "many-headed" with the yellow powder called after the festival.

The Decwali, or Dupwali, is held in honour of Kali, or Bowani, the Goddess of Destruction, and derives its name from a Sanscrit word meaning a "row of lamps." The festival,



THUGS IN THE JAIL OF AURUNGABAD.

which is of a more sober character than the Hooli, and each day of it is devoted to the worship of a different divinity. At nightfall the lamps are lighted in every house, the exteriors of which are moreover lit up to the utmost extent of the resources of the occupier. Windows are all thrown up, and filled with the heads of young and old folk, while the streets are thronged with pedestrians and crowded with carriages, as on the occasion of a great illumination at home. Music, of course, is not wanting, and plenty of it, though the sound emitted from the tom-toms and other native instruments partake more of the nature of bewildering uproar than of the "voluptuous swell" sung by the poet. Not only the Hindoo, but the Parsees and Mussulmen join in the celebration of the festival, and their houses are lit up scarcely less universally than those of their fellow-countrymen.

"From lively to severe;" after a feast comes a fast, the necessary result—it may be the remote consequence—of a birth is a death. As you drive of an evening through the suburbs of Bombay, you will be struck with the numerous fires that may be seen flashing through the trees on the neighbouring sea-shore. In that flame you behold the obsequies of a Hindoo. Unlike the Parsee, who leaves his dead to be devoured by foul birds of prey, the worshipper of the Hindoo Pantheon carries his dead on a bier to the sea or the river; rejoiced is he, and happy is rendered the death-bed of the relative or friend, if the now dull clay can be borne to the banks of the holy Ganges. The face of the dead man is exposed, and over the corpse—which has been previously anointed with grease or clarified butter—is thrown a white cloth, on which are strewn the flowers, which here, as in England, are the last and most touching offerings rendered to the departed. Arrived at the river-side, the religious ceremony and attendant rites, which are rather lengthy, are completed, and the nearest relative sets fire to the wooden pile on which the corpse has been placed, and speedily it is reduced to the dust from whence it sprung. The ashes are then carefully collected and thrown into the sea or river, and then further prayers for the repose of the soul of the deceased complete the ceremony.

Hindoos too poor to purchase the wood for the funeral pile, or to pay the Brahmins for their services, as also infants, are buried. Of minor Hindoo festivals, there is the fête of Gunputty, or Ganesa the Elephant, celebrated in September

which lasts for several days. Processions are the order of the day, in which *dooties* (a sort of *palkee*), carrying images of Ganesa and elephants, escorted by musicians, fill the places of honour, and it all ends in the counterfeit representative of Gunputty being cast into the water.

There are also the fête days sacred to the infant Krishna, called the Gokal Ashtame, the Nag Panchami, or the fifth day of the moon, sacred to the *nag* or snake, and the Dussera, in honour of Durga or Parvati, when peasants adorn the necks of the oxen and goats with garlands of flowers, and drive them to the temple of the goddess. The Hindoo *syce*, or grooms, also adorn the necks of the horses in their charge, and every Hindoo carries a bunch of leaves of the *soma* or golden tree, for presentation to his friends. A grand gala at Bombay is also the festival called cocoa-nut day, which occurs in August, and is supposed to mark the termination of the monsoon. The natives go down to the beach in large bands, and with the inevitable accompaniment of music—a synonym here for discord—where cocoa-nuts covered with gold or silver leaf, are cast into the sea as a votive offering.

The Mohammedans have their great festival, known as the Mohurrim. It was instituted by the Shuah sect in honour of the death of Hassam and Hossein, the two sons of Ali, Mohammed's nephew, by Fatima, the daughter of the Prophet. The celebration is hateful to the Soonie sect, comprising chiefly the Turks and Arabs, who hold that Abubekr, Othman, and Omar, the immediate successors of Mohammed, were lawful caliphs. On the anniversary of the death of Hossein—who was slain A.D. 620 at the battle of Icbala, on the frontiers of Mesopotamia, where he and his brother are buried—the Shuahs carry about in procession a representation of the mausoleum, which they call Tubrot, and what with the *mersia* and fermented liquor, their religious enthusiasm so inflames their combative proclivities that if they encounter a party of Soonies there is a moral certainty of broken heads and bloodshed, ending with the interference of the police, or the calling out of the troops. Besides the Tubrot, which is often very well and handsomely constructed of a framework covered with cloth and ornaments, there is a caparisoned war-horse, supposed to represent Dhaldul, Ali's son, while others are got up in a variety of costumes, and indulge in the horse-play usual at an English fair.

A Visit to Upper Silesia.—II.

BY GEORGE GLADSTONE, F.R.G.S.

BOTH the water in its natural state, and also after concentration, is bottled and sent to various parts of the world, even to the United States of America and to India. In the concentrating house the water is gently evaporated in a shallow pan at a low heat, until it attains a specific gravity of 1.160. During this process the oxides of iron and manganese, as well as the carbonates, are separated, but the valuable ingredients are retained in solution, the per-centage of which is now about 16½ times greater than before.

Though trial borings have been made all around, and coal has been found throughout the district, there are no mines worked within ten miles of the baths; indeed, it would be useless to commence mining operations until a railway is brought to the spot, as the cost of conveying coals over such roads as now exist would be prohibitory. Agriculture is therefore the chief source of employment. The country is essentially undulating, and the soil consists of either sand or loam, scarcely a stone being seen of the size of a walnut. It is prettily inter-

spersed with wood, consisting mainly of the celebrated Silesian stone oak, birch, beech, and pine. The sides of the roads are very commonly planted with birch-trees, imparting to the whole a very English park-like appearance. The trees grow luxuriantly, many fine pieces of timber being found in the woods; and where the land is drained the crops also are good, but in respect of drainage there is yet room for much improvement, the hollows being nothing better than swamp land, where water-plants dispute the ground with the natural pastures. The principal farm products are wheat, rye, barley, oats, lupins, buck-wheat, clover, beetroot, and potatoes. Vegetables and fruit are scarce. Not a single sheep have we observed during our stay. The cows are of a very small race, but yield milk which will challenge comparison with the purest Alderney; they feed principally by the wayside, tended by a girl to keep them from straying into the fields, or are tethered in some small patch of the swampy grass-land above described. Almost every cottager has a couple or so of pigs, which are always tethered by a chain round their necks.

Birds are very plentiful, and as a natural consequence the crops here are not eaten up with insects as they are in France. The nests of the house sparrow and the martin are to be seen in all the nooks and corners of the wooden cottages. The skylarks are constantly to be heard singing as they soar over the open fields; and the thickets abound in magpies, nightingales, and wood-pigeons; quails are so common as not to be esteemed for the table; and partridges are also numerous. Hares are plentiful; and of foxes there are more than enough—they are regarded as vermin, and shot. Not more than 150 yards from our house, their holes are to be seen in the wood which forms part of the park appropriated to the bath guests.

Few of the country people round about speak German. They are Poles by nationality, and keep up the Polish language. The women perform the greater part of the field labour, many of the able-bodied young men being still absent in the army. On the week days they are scarcely ever to be seen with shoes and stockings, but on Sundays they appear in their best to go to church. The whole population is Roman Catholic—there is not even a Protestant place of worship within five miles—and they appear to be very regular in their attendance on the Sunday morning service, and very devout in their worship. The parish church is at Upper Jastrzemb, about two miles from the baths, and there is a chapel of ease at Moszczenitz, about one mile distant in the opposite direction. The women enter by the side door, and occupy exclusively the space from that point forwards to the altar rails; the men enter by the porch, and occupy the rest of the interior. On the Sunday morning when we visited it, there was a larger congregation than the building would accommodate; the women, therefore, who could not find room within, sat down in the churchyard in a cluster round their door, or knelt under the covered passage which runs round the wall on the same side; the men formed a similar group in the porch, and along the opposite side of the building. The sermon which precedes the mass was not audible outside, but during the rest of the service they could join, as they all had their mass-books. Singing enters very largely into the service, and the whole congregation sings with right good will. It was a pretty sight to see them dispersing when the service was over; the little groups of women, with their white caps and bright-coloured shawls and short white sleeves, forming a beautiful contrast with the green of the fields

through which their various paths lay. Standing on the little knoll which the churchyard occupies, they could be seen radiating in all directions.

Another day we had the opportunity of witnessing a wedding at the parish church, at which a large proportion of the inhabitants of Upper Jastrzemb seemed to be present. The church, indeed, was nearly filled with the guests. The same separation between the men and women existed as on the Sunday. The bride with her four bridesmaids knelt in front of the altar rails, throughout the whole of the mass preceding the marriage ceremony. The bridegroom with his attendant groomsmen sat in the front pew of the part of the church allotted to the men. The bride wore a black body, with long full sleeves of the same material, and a short skirt with very ample petticoats, white stockings, and black shoes; her hair was plaited tight, and she wore on her head a green and white wreath, with a bow and long streamers of green figured ribbon. The bridesmaids were similarly dressed, except that their wreaths and ribbons were red instead of green. The bridegroom wore a blue cloak coming down to his heels, and in his hat a large bunch of green and white artificial flowers, tied with streamers of the same ribbon as that of the bride; the groomsmen were similarly attired, with flowers and ribbons to match the bridesmaids. Mass being over, the bride rose, and stepping within the altar rail, knelt immediately behind the officiating priest; the bridegroom with his attendants then advanced, and the former knelt on the left hand of the bride. The ceremony was performed in the Polish language, during which they were sprinkled with holy water, and anointed with holy oil, and then standing up with hands joined they each repeated their mutual vows, whereupon the priest pronounced them man and wife, and the benediction brought the service to a conclusion. Immediately that the priest had retired, the sacristan, with a small crucifix in his hand, took up his position at the side of the high altar, upon which was a vessel containing holy water. The bride and bridegroom with their attendants then went in procession round the back of the altar, crossing themselves with the holy water and kissing the crucifix as they passed, after which they returned to their original places in the church; then all the men, and lastly all the women in the building rose and made the same circuit. The guests then gradually retired, and made their way across a field to a large inn about 100 yards off, in front of which a brass band struck up as soon as the first of them arrived. The bride was ultimately left alone in the graveyard, apparently looking for her consort! Not being able to find him, she walked towards the inn, and our curiosity being excited by the novelty of this scene, we followed her along the pathway at a respectful distance. The bridegroom ultimately made his appearance, and we stepped aside to allow him to pass, when suddenly stopping, and addressing us in Polish, he produced a wine-bottle from under his cloak, and pressed us to drink. With all good wishes for the happy pair, we declined the honour, not knowing what kind of liquor the bottle might contain. At the door of the inn a light farm wagon with a pair of horses was standing, the bride and bridegroom got in and drove off, without so much as an old shoe thrown after them, their friends being already making merry within the house.

The lower classes almost always salute the stranger with "Good day," a pretty custom which very generally prevails in the country parts of Germany; and on receiving any little

favour they express their thanks by a practical application of the term which is ordinarily used only metaphorically, "I kiss your hand." The maid-servant and porter in our house did so; and the first time the writer gave a trifle to a decrepit old beggar woman, she would not be deprived of the opportunity of making the customary acknowledgment, though he withdrew his hand as quickly as possible.

Visitors to Jastrzemb will do well to provide themselves against a rainy day. A magnificent morning may not improbably be succeeded by a heavy thunderstorm in the afternoon, especially if the wind is blowing from the Carpathians; and as there is no stone wherewith to make the roads, pedestrians need to be very well shod in such weather. They must also come prepared to accept with thankfulness such things as so remote a place can provide, without expecting the luxuries which are to be had at the more fashionable resorts, and in large towns; nevertheless, the ordinary courtesies of German life are not altogether wanting, as an instance of which we may record the fact that, though absolutely unknown to any one at the time of our arrival, we received no less than four elegant bouquets of flowers on our departure, from those whose friendship we had made during our stay.

A favourite excursion from Königsdorff Jastrzemb is to Teschen, which may therefore find an appropriate place here, though the town is actually situated in Austrian Silesia. The whole of the ride, occupying three hours each way, lies through a beautiful park-like and wooded country, the town being built in a broad valley which separates the Great from the Little Carpathians. It stands upon uneven ground, and at the foot of the principal street, overlooking the river Olsa, is an eminence crowned with an old tower (the remains of a castle destroyed more than 200 years ago), which commands an exquisite view over the town and valley backed by the noble Beskiden Hills. There are abundant evidences of being in another country; the two-headed eagle has replaced the more natural-looking bird of Prussia, Austrian uniforms are seen in the streets instead of the German, and the women appear in a different costume.

It seems strange that while the population of Jastrzemb is exclusively Roman Catholic, that of Teschen, though in Austria, is about half Protestant. On the height at the upper part of the town stands a very large church, which from its conspicuous position may be seen at a great distance in any direction. One Sunday morning we walked thither at eight o'clock, expecting to find the people engaged at matins; but on entering we missed the usual holy water, and the church contained only the high altar, crucifix, and lighted candles, common to all confessions in Germany. On inquiry of the minister, after the services were over, we were not a little surprised to learn that not only in Teschen, but also throughout Austrian Silesia, Lutherans are very numerous.

The services, though conducted exclusively in the Polish language, were very interesting to watch. They consisted of confirmation, the Lord's Supper, full service with sermon, and lastly baptism. The first commenced at eight o'clock; about 150 lads and lasses, headed by the clergyman, walked in procession to the church to receive that rite, accompanied by some hundreds of spectators. After the preliminary exhortation and questions, three of each sex were called at a time, and advancing to the altar rails they received the imposition of hands. The newly-confirmed then partook of the Lord's Supper, in which

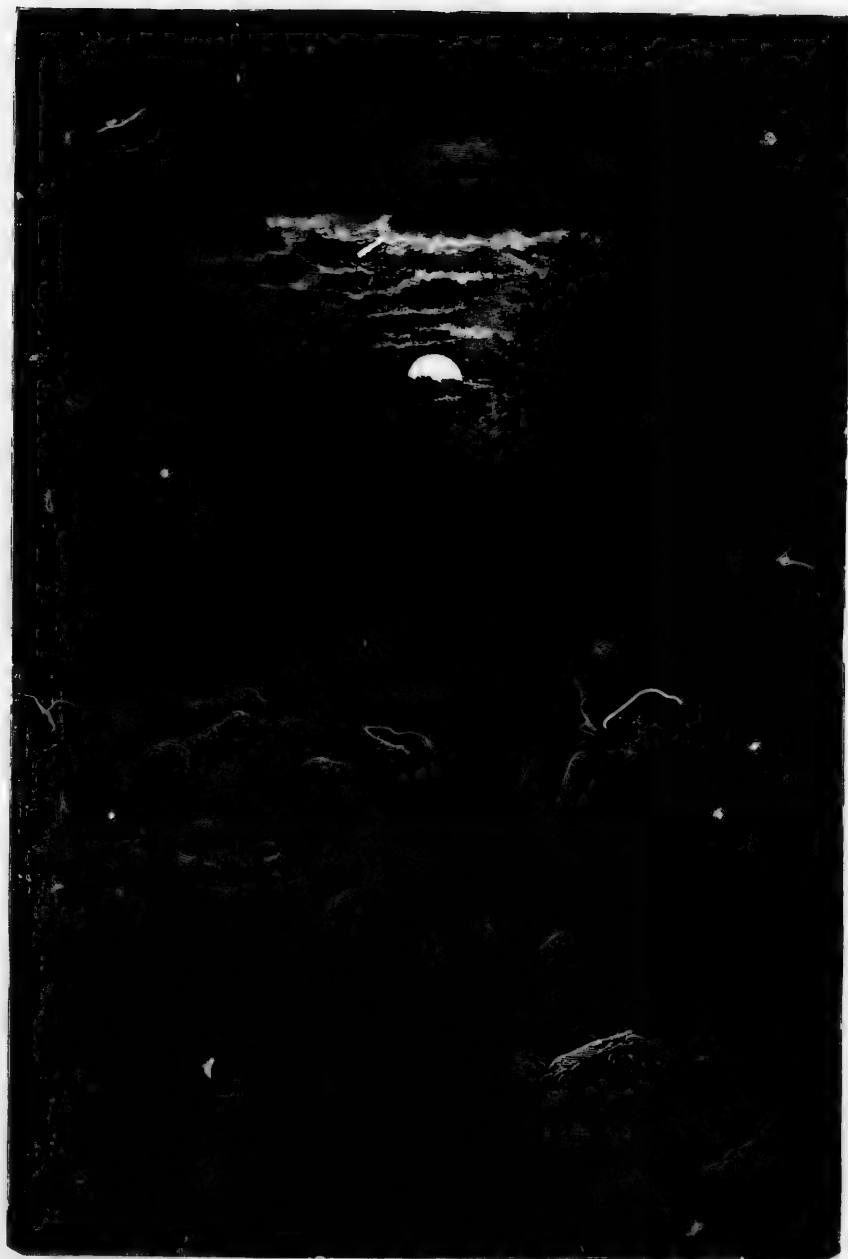
they were joined by the greater portion of the congregation. At the close of the ceremony all left the church; the newly-confirmed followed the clergyman into his house for their certificates; some went into the graveyard and sat down by the memorials of their departed ones; the rest were scattered in groups about the open space in front, or went in quest of some refreshment. At the full service there were about 4,000 people present, the whole building, with its three tiers of galleries, being densely crowded; this lasted till past one o'clock, after which several infants were baptised in the vestry. It was a very pretty sight to watch the departing congregation from the church steps.

Those who wish to see a little more of the Carpathians can drive to Bielitz, the last town in Austrian Silesia. It is a lovely ride of four hours from Teschen, across the northern spurs of the mountains, whose beautiful forest-covered slopes rise grandly on the right hand, while on the left, extending as far as the eye can reach, is the great plain of Poland. The Vistula is crossed by the high road, at about twelve miles below its source, but it is already a considerable river, and is evidently liable to floods, as the bridge extends a long way on each side of the ordinary limits of the stream.

Bielitz itself is a large manufacturing town, the population (including Biala, which is the portion lying on the Galician side of the river of that name) amounting to 16,000. The staple industries of the place are the spinning of flax, and the manufacture of woollen goods. A small branch line of railway connects Bielitz with the main line of the Kaiser Ferdinands' Nordbahn, putting it in easy communication with Vienna on the one side, and the whole of Northern Germany and Russia on the other. Though apparently so remote in its situation, we met with a mill-owner who told us that the spinning machinery in his mill was made in Leeds, and that including the cost of transit it was more advantageous to go there with his orders than to have them executed nearer home. It is intended to continue the railway to the capital of Hungary, which extension will further contribute to the prosperity of the town, as much of the yarn made in Bielitz is consumed in that country.

The population is almost entirely Protestant. At the hotel where we stopped for our midday meal, a public dinner of the Gustavus Adolphus Society was being held. The object of this association is to assist in the establishment and maintenance of unsectarian schools in the poorer and more thinly populated districts; in this respect it is somewhat analogous to that of our British and Foreign School Society; but there all children are compelled to go to school, and no distinction of class is recognised, the younger members of the families of the wealthy sitting on the same form with those of the poor; the latter, however, are often unable to pay the school fees, so that in many districts the schools could not be maintained without some external aid. The friends of the society, together with deputies from other towns, dined together in the garden adjoining the hotel under the shelter of the trees, and a good band of music was in attendance. The festival lasted from two to four, when they all drove off in carriages waiting for them, for the more serious part of the business of the meeting.

From Bielitz delightful excursions may be made to Ernst-dorf, and other places in the mountains, where lovely scenery may be combined with much that is interesting from its novelty to those who have only travelled in the more generally frequented parts of the Continent.



An Autumn Tour in Andalusia.—IV.

BY ULICK RALPH BURKE.

GIBRALTAR.

THE first consideration on awaking next morning was how to get into Gibraltar, and the vehicle which conveyed us was certainly the last that we should have selected—an Irish "jaunting car!" The driver pretended to speak English, but however slight may have been his proficiency in the language, he certainly had acquired all the impudence and extortion necessary to the personification of a real English cab-driver.

Gibraltar is not a place much visited by regular tourists, and everything is of course made for the convenience of the English military residents; but we had friends in the garrison, and however much the mode of our arrival and the scantiness of our wardrobe may have savoured of *las alforjas*, we felt quite "at home" on the Rock.

Gibraltar is a most difficult place to describe, and cannot indeed be imagined or realised until it has been seen. The first impression conveyed to my mind was that of an overgrown barrack with endless squares, sentries, gates, fortifications of every kind, big guns lying about, soldiers and officers in white duck uniforms and white forage caps at every corner, commissariat wagons drawn by mules flogged by dark-skinned aboriginal *moros* under the superintendence of fair-haired British soldiers. There are very few private houses on the Rock, but every one is numbered and lettered, and in everything, it need hardly be remarked, the military are supreme. Almost all the churches are military, and military chaplains are attended and robed by an orderly sergeant on duty, and the hymns and chants are sung to the accompaniment of a regimental band. One striking feature of Gibraltar life is the continual firing of cannon. Whenever a ship of war enters or leaves the harbour, and indeed on every possible occasion, boom! boom! go the big guns in the saluting battery. Then there is also almost daily practice with every species of ordnance, and the general result is a pretty continual roar of artillery. But perhaps the most remarkable thing at Gibraltar is—not the apes, for they have entirely disappeared within the last three or four years—but the money.

GIBRALTAR MONEY.

We have already said something about the confused state of the Spanish currency, but it is simple and systematic compared with that of Gibraltar. Accounts are kept in *reals* and *cuartos*, suggestive at once of the Spanish coins of equal value; but the Gibraltar real is worth nearly two Spanish reals, and is divided into sixteen Gibraltar cuartos. If these names were represented by coins of equal value, the difficulty of understanding the money would be no greater than that of any other unfamiliar system; but the currency is all Spanish; and thus a Spanish dollar, which is one of the commonest coins at Gibraltar, really worth of course twenty reals, is considered to be worth but sixteen; and a *peseta*, or four-real piece, is called two reals six cuartos. But even this does not represent the full complication of the Gibraltar currency; for, to say nothing of English money and English names, many of the Spanish coins in circulation upon the Rock are of a slightly

different value from the apparently corresponding coin in Spain at the present day, having been withdrawn from circulation in the Peninsula. Thus at Gibraltar, a silver piece looking like a *peseta* (four reals), is really a quarter *duro* piece (five reals), is considered at Gibraltar to be worth two reals thirteen cuartos, and is usually called a shilling! For people arriving from Spain, the result may be imagined.

SIGHT-SEEING AT GIBRALTAR.

Of course we saw the regular sights at "Gib," as it is familiarly termed, went over the various batteries, drove to Europa Point, saw "the Convent" and "the Cottage," as the governor's town and country houses are respectively called, the Rock gun of hateful memory! the signal station, the Alameda, and the "Galleries." But these things are known to so many English people, and have been described and talked about by so many more, that I will enter into no detailed description of them in this place, merely remarking that the celebrated "Galleries" are long tunnels cut in the side of the solid rock, nearly three miles in extent, and pierced every few yards for cannon, of which many hundreds are in position, and ready for action at a moment's notice. In gazing through the Galleries, many points of interest in the great siege are to be noticed, and I know of no spot in Europe where an Englishman has better cause to be proud of his nationality. At home we grumble too much to appreciate ourselves or our handiwork; in foreign countries we certainly do not shine; but at Gibraltar the air of quiet strength, the order, the cleanliness, the discipline, and, above all, the glorious recollections, are calculated to impress every visitor with a great respect for the British nation, and to make every one feel how true are the words of my great namesake, that Gibraltar was "a post of power, a post of superiority, of connection, of commerce, one which makes us invaluable to our friends and dreadful to our enemies." Altogether, although "Gib," is said to be a dull place to live in for a long time, our two or three days slipped away very quickly and very pleasantly, and we had to face the difficulties of getting on to Cadiz much sooner than we wished.

WE LEAVE GIBRALTAR.

On the whole, I think Gibraltar is a demoralising place for a Spanish traveller, and should always be visited at the end of a tour in the Peninsula. We have related at some length our difficulties in getting away from Jaen and Granada, but these were as nothing compared with our position at Gibraltar. The fact is, that no one is supposed to arrive at or leave the Rock by any other means than the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers, and as we did not wish to avail ourselves of the orthodox mode of transport, not being bound for Southampton direct, *English Gibraltar* proved as unimaginative as Spanish Jaen. We will not again inflict on our readers the details of our endeavours to strike out a route for ourselves, but will content ourselves with giving a faithful account of the journey as performed, merely remarking, by way of a caution, that however feasible, if not agreeable, such under-

takings may sound when accomplished, they are not to be entered upon without a certain amount of personal *prearrangement*, of a nature hardly realised by travellers from London to Lucerne by the through express trains.

Accordingly, one afternoon, we elbowed our way through the mob of shouting, hustling "land sharks" that crowd the quay at Gibraltar, and having by violent physical as well as moral exertions got ourselves into a small harbour-boat, we were shipped on board the little steamer which runs to Algeciras, a small town on the other side of the bay, and distant about five miles from Gibraltar. As it took the *steamer* one hour and five minutes to accomplish this voyage, we had plenty of time to look about and observe the movements of our fellow-passengers.

ALGECIRAS STEAMBOAT.

An old woman who came on board laden with a countless number of packages of all sorts and sizes, was particularly worthy of our attention. The moment the steamer started, she began to open her parcels, which contained chiefly cigars and tobacco, but also silk handkerchiefs and various articles of contraband. We were at a loss to account for this display, especially as there was a Spanish custom-house officer on board, who paid no attention, being, as we afterwards discovered, not on duty. In a short time, however, the good lady began to divest herself, as well as her packages, of her outer covering, and having stopped short within the limits of strict propriety, she commenced to transfer the contents of her parcels to her own person with a dexterity that was most remarkable, and, aided by two admiring friends, she dressed herself anew with alternate layers of ordinary female garments and tobacco in such a manner, that when we reached Algeciras, instead of the somewhat spare personage she had started from English territory, she arrived on Spanish ground a most inordinately bulky old woman, laughing at her own increase of flesh and ungainly appearance, which delighted her fellow-passengers and would not be remarked by a friendly custom-house officer. We were rather amused, nevertheless, when our modest *alforjas* were pounced upon by these intelligent officers, and subjected to a rigorous examination! But of course they must occasionally show "zeal," and as it would not answer their purpose to search the cigar-clad old lady, our luggage gave them a little quiet and safe practice.

Algeciras does not boast of an hotel; but at the *Casa de Huespedes de las Salinas* we got a good bed and an excellent dinner, and the landlord made arrangements to have good horses ready for us early the next morning. Algeciras is a quiet town of about 12,000 inhabitants, famous for many battles both by land and sea, and destined by Charles III. to keep the English at Gibraltar in check. Its connection with the Rock at present is confined to supplying the garrison with fresh vegetables and kid gloves, which are good and cheap, and receiving in return the filthy cigars which we had seen so fearlessly smuggled over in the steamer.

RIDE TO TARIFA.

We had time to see but little of the town, however, for about eight o'clock in the morning we mounted our horses, and sending on our *moro* on horseback this time—in advance, as a sort of pioneer, we turned our backs upon the deep blue waters of the Bay of Gibraltar, and trotted out of Algeciras. On this occasion the *moro* took all our luggage on his own horse, and

I was treated to an English saddle and bridle, brought out from London at some remote date, no doubt, by some smart ensign quartered at "Gib." But the "furniture" of my wife's horse had not been brought out from London, and was a thing not easily to be forgotten. Four poles, about three feet long, were fastened in pairs, after the manner of a butler's tray-stand, over the usual numberless folds of cloth which encumber every Spanish beast of burden, forming a sort of skeleton armchair; a rope going from stick to stick formed the back, and a board fastened where a lady's stirrup usually hangs, served as a support for the feet. But the most remarkable part of the whole was that, in order that the *señorita* might have a more luxurious seat, an entire *bed* had been despoiled of its furniture.

The soft mattress was laid between the "crosslegs," and covered in with a shawl-pattern counterpane, while a pillow, in its conventional white linen case, was interposed between the *señorita's* back and the string which served as *dossier de fauteuil*. As may be imagined, this artistic erection was immensely high, and gave the horse somewhat the appearance of a dromedary, or one-humped camel; and the mode of mounting was as original as the *monture*. My wife stood upon a chair, which was then slowly raised by two stout Spaniards until she attained the proper height, when she was gently tilted into her *nest* at the top of the horse.

The ride from Algeciras to Tarifa—about four leagues—*muhy cortas*, was most delightful; the scenery was magnificent; the morning was fresh and bright; the horses good, and the *moro* lively and good-humoured. And the road! of course we made light of it on horseback. We were accustomed to riding over places which would have made an average goat feel very uncomfortable; but we had heard that we were to follow a diligence road. Indeed, the only reason why we had arranged to ride was that all the places in the diligence were full. We were taking short cuts, perhaps, but I shall never forget my sensation when picking our way along the rocky bed of a torrent, at the very moment of remarking to my companion that if we were to attempt to give a faithful description of that part of the road to our friends at home, we should be set down as a couple of shameless impostors; when, raising my eyes, I beheld a diligence slowly advancing to meet us. I thought of the mirage, but it was indeed a real diligence, and in a few moments we met it. There was no longer any doubt—we were travelling along the high-road from Algeciras to Cadiz! More I dare not say.

TARIFA.

In the course of time we arrived at Tarifa, a quiet, dull-looking little fortified town, famed of old for its siege, and at present for its oranges, and, according to Ford, for its women; but we saw no beauties during the three hours we spent in the town.

We had arranged to avail ourselves of the *silla de correo*, or mail-cart, from Tarifa; and shortly after arriving, an officer in a most gorgeous scarlet-and-yellow uniform, with an enormous sword, waited upon us at the *Casa de Pupillos*, where we were breakfasting, and informed us that we should be permitted to avail ourselves of the *calesa*. What a flood of recollection does that word bring up! We had never seen a *calesa* before; and although I devoutly hope I never may again, it will be necessary to attempt to convey some idea of the vehicle in question to our readers. Picture to yourselves, then, if you please, ladies and gentlemen, a small gig with a hood, and without an

attempt at springs—stuffed I cannot say, but lined with old leather, and painted bright yellow, with high red wheels. There are, of course, but two places, which we occupied, the seat being about three feet high and one foot deep. The mail-bags were stowed away inside the seat, and the driver sat upon the right shaft. He had only a stage of thirty miles to drive! and he solaced himself with Gibraltar cigars, which, as far as smoke was concerned, we might as well have had between our own lips. And the luggage? We had not much, it is true, but *none* is allowed, and no *excess* by payment. However, we had made friends with the administrator-in-chief at Tarifa, and by his permission, our saddle-bags were tied to the unoccupied shaft, and the smaller impedimenta, including a picture which we had carried on horseback all the way from Malaga, and which, I am happy to say, now adorns, uninjured, the walls of my drawing-room, took up undefined and somewhat varying positions about us. Accordingly, at three o'clock precisely—we had been told to be ready at twelve—we started; and now indeed, *infandum, regina, jures renovare dolorem!*

The road, to say truth, was not much worse than many other Spanish roads; but then the motion of the *calesa* not only jolted us into a jelly, but knocked about our ill-secured luggage to such an extent, that we had to exercise a constant vigilance to avoid leaving the greater part of it upon the road. It need hardly be said that it was madness to lean back in this springless, cushionless cart; but I gave way to drowsiness, slept the sleep of a shuttlecock, and lived to repent it. One of the greatest trials during this journey, was being obliged to get out about every two hours, when we stopped to change horses, or rather horse. In fact, the form of discomfort which we had endured for two hours had become at least familiar, and the change to a new stage of suffering, was regarded by us with much the same sort of dread as that which might be felt by a prisoner who had endured a long spell of the rack, and who was suddenly informed that he was to suffer a new and unknown species of torture. However, *une mauvaise nuit est bientôt passée*, our drivers were amusing, good-natured fellows, and although we had had nothing to eat since breakfast but a little dry bread out of our wallet, the state of our stomachs prevented our suffering from hunger. The road was almost as deserted, and the country as uninhabited as on the road from Fuengirola to Marbella; but about one o'clock in the morning we changed our horse and driver at the little town of Conil, which used to be celebrated for its tunny fishery, and near which port the battle of Trafalgar was fought, on the 21st of October, 1805. Of course it was too dark to see Cape Trafalgar from the road, and, frankly, we were much too sleepy, and much too sore to think of Nelson, or indeed of anything but our arrival at San Fernando, where we were to catch the mail train to Cadiz. Under any circumstances the site of a naval battle is not particularly interesting; and indeed battle-fields in general, even on *terra firma*, are with some notable exceptions, a delusion and a snare. I once walked nineteen miles to see Agincourt, and found a field of beans—not at all suggestive of Henry V.

As we approached San Fernando the grey light of the dawn revealed to our eyes one of the most extraordinary landscapes that it is possible to conceive. We were passing through a vast plain, which extended all round as far as the eye could reach, cut up into small squares of ground by broad dykes, while huge white mounds loomed like giant ghosts or spectral pyramids. The effect was inexpressibly striking and mysterious.

We were among the *Salinas*, or salt fields of Puerto Real, which produce annually something like twenty-five million *quintals* of salt. The process of manufacture is highly interesting, the salt being of course extracted from the sea-water by evaporation. The water is brought from the sea by dykes and sluices into deep channels, where the more volatile particles are soon drawn away by the heat of the sun. The brine is then conducted into narrower channels, where the process of evaporation is continued; and after passing once more into still narrower channels, when it has got to be about the consistency of cream, it is run into square basins, and stirred up without intermission by the workmen with long wooden *râteaux*, otherwise the sediment would become hard and caked too soon. The froth which is caused by this stirring, brings to the surface the finer particles of salt; and being carefully skimmed off, produces a whiter and less pungent quality of salt than the remainder. As soon as the mass becomes nearly solid it is taken out of the basins by the workmen, and after a final drying on the bank, is stored up in those enormous piles, like colossal snow heaps, which struck us so much on our first sight of the country.

At length we reached San Fernando, and down through its deserted streets to the Post Office in the *Calle Mayor*, where the *calesa* stopped, and where we and our luggage were unceremoniously deposited. San Fernando, although the capital of the department (*Isla de Leon*), and containing nearly 18,000 inhabitants, does not boast of an hotel, and the railway station would not be open until shortly before the departure of our train, four hours later; and how and where to spend these four hours, tired out as we were, was a question which the driver and the sleepy Post Office official who took in the mails, did not consider of the slightest importance. Understanding that the *calesa* was "in correspondence with the train," and not having been able to get any reliable information about hours or distance, I was not prepared for this difficulty. Fortunately a *sereno* or night watchman happened to be at the door of the Post Office, and agreeing with us as to the absurdity of hunting up lodgings at such an unreasonable hour of the night or morning, especially as we should be obliged to leave them almost as soon as we got to bed, he arranged to watch over us, as well as the town, until it was time to engage a boy to carry our things up to the station. Accordingly we laid ourselves down under the porch of the Post Office, and resting our heads upon our invaluable *alforjas*, we slept the sleep of the just.

SERENOS.

The *sereno* is one of those objects which strike one in Spain as belonging to an entirely different age from that in which we are living. They carry us back in imagination to the days of Charles II. or George I. at the very latest, and are suggestive of Smollett, sedan-chairs, and Lord Mohun. The modern Spanish "Charley" walks the streets enveloped in a huge brown cloak with a *capucho* or hood, and carries a pike and a lantern, and cries the hour from time to time with peculiar cadence, not altogether unmusical—"Las cuatro y media y *ser-ee-no*," usually drawing out the phrase upon one note and rising a fourth, and indulging in an *ad libitum* cadenza on the *emo*. *Sereno* of course merely means a fine night, but as nights are usually fine in the Peninsula, the watchman takes his name from his usual *finale*.

Our guardian *sereno*, of course, woke us much too soon, and when we arrived at the station we found that we had



CADIZ.

a long time to wait, and as there was a capital waiting-room, we got another hour's sleep before the train started. We had a great deal of trouble, however, to get into the said waiting-room without tickets, which were only to be issued a few minutes before the arrival of the train; but the sight of a horsehair sofa through the glass door of the *sala* was too much for human endurance, so we hunted up the man who had the key, and, being too tired and too sore to be civil, we effected an entrance by a sort of ideal English doggedness, and were asleep before the astonished official had finished his expostulations.

ARRIVAL AT CADIZ.

We woke up in time to take our places in the train, which brought us in less than half an hour to the long-wished-for Cadiz. Of all the cities of Spain, Cadiz was the one which I had heard most praised, especially by Spaniards; and of all it is certainly the one in which we were most disappointed. The situation of the town is no doubt beautiful. It is built on the extreme point of a long, low-lying promontory, bending round in the form of a C, and forming a bay, whose shores are studded with villages and ports, of which the most important are Puerto Real, and Puerto de Santa Maria, called par excellence *El Puerto*. All these towns are built of very white stone, and Cadiz—the pearl of the ocean—shines and glitters in the southern sun as if it were of Carrara marble. But, alas! a more intimate acquaintance with the city dispels these romantic visions, for, although the streets were not more unclean than those of other southern

towns, the smells which hung about them would make old Cologne blush at its impertinent imposture in affecting a supremacy in such matters, and drive a modern "sanitary reformer" out of his senses. As we are upon the subject, I should really very much like to know why every human being in the south of Europe does not forthwith die of typhoid fever. I know very little about medicine, but I have devoted a good deal of time to the study of sanitary matters, and find that mere imperfections in our drainage systems produce outbreaks of certain diseases, which do not seem to be usually prevalent in countries where there is no drainage system whatever. If towns are unhealthy where sewage is not utilised and deodorised after the newest fashion, what must be the condition of a town in which the streets serve the double purpose of drains and ashpits, and into the details of whose sewage utilisation and deodorisation we prefer not to enter? And as we are asking questions, why is it that in Spain you can smoke in an elegantly furnished drawing-room, hung round with curtains, rugs, and portières of rich stuffs, without leaving any of those unhappy traces known as "stale tobacco" behind, while in merry England, should a thoughtless smoker even light his cigar in the hall or passage on his way out of the house, his too hasty blast should lead to such disastrous consequences? As we cannot answer these questions, we will bring this chapter to a conclusion, and that we may not be left a whole month in the unpleasant atmosphere of Cadiz, we will take our departure from that celebrated city, and hope to rejoin our readers at Jerez.

A Ride Round the Valley of Mexico.—II.

THE BATTLE-GROUND OF CONTRERAS.

LEAVING the battle-ground called by Americans "Contreras," but, as already said, named by Mexican chroniclers, and of course more correctly, "Padierna," my English friend and I continued our circuitous ride around the Valley of Mexico.

Before starting, we stayed a short while in the village of San Geronimo, a mere hamlet of huts, buried under the foliage of orchard-trees, principally apples and quince. Throughout the Mexican table-land the quince is cultivated, there flowering and fruiting in a congenial soil. Every garden has its sprinkling of these trees; and in places, as at San Geronimo, there are large orchards of it. In leaf, flower, and fruit, the quince-tree is so much like the peach, pear, and apple, that at a short distance the observer may well mistake one for the other.

The village of San Geronimo, though mostly inhabited by Indians, has its stone-built church, with a *cura* of Spanish descent, and also an *alcalde* belonging to the dominant race. Otherwise it is an Aztec village.

During the battle of Padierna the church spire received several shots, that shattered and almost caused its fall. These came from Mexican cannon, planted within the entrenched camp of Contreras, where General Valencia was defending himself against the American assault. Valencia knew that the village, shrouded under its quince-trees, concealed several regiments of the American army. To disturb these, he gave

orders for his batteries to play among the trees. This foolish firing was soon suspended. The brave Brigadier-General Riley—an Irishman, as might be conjectured by his name—at the head of his brigade, rushed over the Mexican entrenchments with the cry, "On, boys! and give them ——!"

I need not record General Riley's order in the exact terms used by him; though I can certify to its exactness, having heard it. Enough to say, that the command was obeyed with such prompt alacrity that his soldiers, rushing across the entrenched line with empty barrels and bayonets at the charge, drove Valencia's troops helter-skelter out of the camp of Contreras.

EL PEDREGAL.

It was fortunate for the fugitives that alongside a curve in the line of their entrenchment lay that singular tract known as the Pedregal. It is a field of lava, covering more than twenty square miles of the Mexican valley, and occupying its southern angle; old lava, many ages ago vomited forth from volcanoes whose craters can still be seen adjacent, though now cold and silent.

Many similar traces of a past volcanic outpouring may be met with on the Mexican table-land, known by the general name of "pedregals." That to which we allude bears a particular celebrity in the Valley of Mexico itself. It is termed El Pedregal—the lava field, or "place of stones." Its peculiar ruggedness has given it this distinction; since it is so rough, its

surface so marked by asperity, that only in rare places is it possible for even the surest-footed pedestrian to pass over it. There are other places where a goat could not go.

A geologist would be enraptured, finding himself within the mazes of the Pedregal. He might not like it so well should he chance to stray into one of its cavernous hollows, inhabited by a band of brigands, or a party of footpads; both fraternities in the robber line, when pursued, at times finding safe asylum amongst these vomitings of extinct volcanoes.

In keeping around the rim of the valley, the Pedregal offers an obstruction at first sight impassable. A bridle track, however, crosses it from San Geronimo to San Augustine, just possible to ride over on mules, or Mexican horses, that are equally sure-footed. It was by this obscure and difficult path that General Scott was enabled to turn the fortifications which the Mexicans had thrown up on the southern or Acapulco branch of the National Road, having already turned those of a more formidable character, constructed with greater care, on the causeway leading into the city from the east.

Only a battery of "mountain howitzers," with some other light guns, could be taken across the Pedregal; so that the battle of Contreras, on the American side, was altogether an action of small arms, terminating by Riley's brigade charging with the bayonet.

Thirty pieces of Mexican artillery, found on the field, became the spoil of the victors of Contreras. Some of them, of very ancient Spanish fabric, were curiosities in the way of cannon; not a few that might have been deemed as dangerous to their owners as to the enemy against whom they had been levelled. They were of all shapes, sizes, and calibres; of all metals—brass, bronze, and iron.

A ROBBER'S PLACE OF REFUGE.

For our difficulty in passing through the Pedregal we were rewarded by the singularity of the scene. On every side around us was a confusion, a perfect chaos of rocks. The lava is of great vertical depth, and, when molten, must have spread over the surrounding country with the current of a turbid and strong-running stream: its progress being arrested by cooling, it contracted in volume by the same process, and became cracked; showing fissures that run in every direction, some of them as wide as a town street, others so narrow that a human body could scarce squeeze through. The surface is not all bare black rock. Since the outpouring of the stream, vegetation has sprung up over it in places where the volcanic ashes, containing organic matter, give it a chance. The cactus, maguey, mezquite, and yucca need very little sustenance from the earth, drawing most of their nourishment from the atmosphere. It is indeed a sterile soil where these plants cannot find the means of propagation. Even in the Pedregal they are seen growing; some rising erect on the table-tops of the rock, others shooting out horizontally from clefts in the escarped faces; and still others choking up the gorges between.

Passing through the Pedregal, you may see smoke here and there curling up from it in tiny columns, and at long distances apart. If you ask what this means, it is doubtful whether you will find any one who can answer you so as to give a satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon. Those who could, will in all likelihood shake their heads, and remain silent. If they speak, it will only be to utter the phrase universal in Mexican conversation—"¿Quién sabe?" Were they to tell you the truth,

as they know or suspect it, they would say that these smokes, so "gracefully curling," spring up from hearths around which there may be, for the time, peace, though not of that tranquil kind the "humble heart" might hope or wish for.

If you yourself were to take a seat amongst the company there assembled, you would in all probability find yourself in the company of thieves, if not highway robbers—most certainly among men who, seen outside the skirts of the Pedregal, would be in danger of getting inside the walls of a prison. In truth, this rough tract—a very thicket of rocks—so near to the suburbs of a great city, offers an admirable stronghold for criminals—an asylum to which they can easily and conveniently escape, if pursued by the police. And they do escape to it; and there remain safe, Mexican justice making but a feeble effort to extradite them from a district that would seem more fitted for the abode of demons than men.

SAN AUGUSTINE DE LAS CUEVAS.

After crossing the Pedregal, with the Southern Sierra closing in the valley on our right, its most commanding summit, Ajusco—an old volcano, though not a nevada—towering grandly above us, we left the lava-strewn surface, and entered the town or village of San Augustine. Its Indian name is *Tlalpam*, signifying "the place of caves," and by the Spaniards it is called, when given its full title, "San Augustine de las Cuevas" (St. Augustine of the Caves).

It is a place of great, though not very saintly, repute. At a certain season of the year it is turned for two or three weeks into a sort of pandemonium, or place of devilry. Epsom on the Derby week may give some idea of it, though only a faint one. Gambling-booths are erected, in the public square of the town, in which *monte* tables are set out, and all classes of citizens seen around them. The wealth and fashion of the capital flock thither; and for days give themselves up to a reckless dissipation, accompanied by the worship of the goddess Fortuna. To her they seem to surrender themselves, body and soul. Around the *monte* tables may be seen, sitting or standing, grave senators and statesmen of reputation, generals of great and glorious military fame, ladies robed in rustling silks, leaders of fashion, side by side with *poblanas*, in their *reboso* scarfs, *leperos* shrouded under woollen *serapes*; among them a fair sprinkling of footpads and highway robbers; with a sprinkling also of priests, both of the secular and regular clergy, wearing their clerical costume in all its different colours and orders, unblushingly laying their *pesos* and *onsas* on the chances which first turns up, knave or queen (*soto o caballo*).

The only distinction in the different gambling booths is the amount of the stakes played for. The ragged *lepero*, if he can but lay down his *onza*, may enter the best of them, and bet alongside the grand *militario*, bedizened with gold lace, and orders sparkling on his breast. Having only a few *reales* or *pesetas* with which to win the smiles of the fickle goddess, the poor man prefers offering his adoration at some more humble shrine, thinking he may there have a better chance of obtaining fortune's favour.

Except during this short carnival time, San Augustine is a quiet village, and altogether an agreeable place of residence. It is picturesquely situated, close to the mountain's foot, just where the main southern road going out of the valley commences its ascent of the Sierra, through the pass of Cruz del Marques. Its proximity to this pass, noted as one of the most

perilous for travellers, gives the town a reputation for having among its citizens a few who follow the profession of *salteadores*, or robbers of the high-road. Meeting these gentry in the street, you would not know them to be such. Enwrapped in their *serapes*, and wearing broad-brimmed hats, the ordinary costume of the common people, you could not tell them from other citizens; because almost every man of the mixed breeds in Mexico has the dark complexion and picturesque facial characteristics that we of Anglo-Saxon race are accustomed to associate with piracy and brigandism. It is this type we continually see produced upon our stage, no doubt from the old antagonism between Teuton and Roman. And doubtless the idea is a wrong one: for among malefactors claimed by the scaffold—and justly sent to it—there are as many with hay-coloured hair and yellow-white eyebrows as of the contrasting tint. Some say more.

A COSTLY ARMISTICE.

Tlalpam, like Tacubaya and San Angel, is a favourite place of summer residence with the *ricos* of the capital; many of them having handsome houses here, with gardens and grounds attached. As already said, the great National Road runs past it; which, after crossing the Sierra, that shuts in the southern side of the Mexican valley, descends into that of Cuernavaca—the latter of much lower level, and consequently higher temperature. At Cuernavaca the traveller finds himself in a tropical climate; the heat increasing as he continues on towards Acapulco, on the Pacific—where the road terminates—both latitude and altitude to this point decreasing in like ratio. This road to Acapulco is the western or Pacific section of the king's highway, its eastern being that which runs from the capital through Puebla, Perote, and Jalapa, to Vera Cruz on the Gulf. In the old viceregal times it saw many a strange party of travellers; when were borne over it the rich stuffs of India and China, with the products of the Philippine and Spice Islands—the cargoes of the South Sea galleons. There is still some of this traffic; but nothing compared with that carried on in the prosperous days of the viceroyalty. It was to enter the city by this road that the American army made its circuitous march around the southern shores of Lakes Chalco and Xochimilco. The détour was rendered necessary by the strong fortifications thrown across the direct route to the capital from the eastern side. It was a difficult march, the road around the lakes being in many places barely passable for wheeled vehicles. Their skilled sappers and miners, however, made it available; and the invading army

reached San Augustine in safety, and without molestation from any armed enemy.

This town became their base for further operations. There Scott, dividing his little band of less than ten thousand men into two columns, sent one of them along the main road towards Mexico; while the other crossed the Pedregal, as already stated, and fought the battle of Contreras.

Directly after this action, in pursuit of the flying Mexicans, the two columns again came together, on the National Road, near the bridge of Churubusco (the *tête de pont* of which was also fortified); there fought a second action on the same day; again routed the enemy; and opened the way right into the capital. On that evening Scott might have gone in, without

further opposition, through the gate of San Antonio de Abad. That he did not do so was due to a sadly mistaken policy on his part. Scott, in diplomacy, if not in fighting, was outgeneralled by Santa Anna. While the battle was in progress, the latter sent a truce-bearer to the American commander-in-chief, promising everything if the invaders would but spare the Mexican capital the degradation of being occupied by a hostile army. Scott, a very vain man, and brimful of ambition, saw in the proposal a grand opportunity of distinguishing himself. To dictate terms at the gate of an enemy's capital, and then from generous motives march off without further humiliating its inhabitants by entering it, was something that savoured of magnanimity. It was, to say the least, an original idea, and had it succeeded in execution, Scott would have won a name in history higher than that he holds. Unfortunately for him, "El Cojo," as Santa

Anna is usually nicknamed, was too cunning for the North American general; and, as soon as the armistice was agreed on, and the pursuit suspended, he set his engineers to work on an inner line of fortifications, to carry which cost the Americans the fighting of the two bloodiest battles of their campaign.

The capital could no longer be entered by the southern National Road, and had to be approached finally and taken, as stated, along the aqueducts, from Chapultepec. These after events, marked by so much useless blood-spilling, deprive Scott of any credit due to his idea. However grand it may appear in theory, or noble in sentiment, it failed in practice. He should have better understood the character of his wily adversary.

THE LAKE OF XOCHIMILCO.

Leaving Tlalpam, we continued our ride, the next important point in our way being the town of Xochimilco. A little before



FROM THE "TIERRA CALIENTE."

reaching the latter place, we parted from the National Road. Going out of the valley for Cuernavaca, this makes a *détour* a little eastward by the mountain of Xochiltepec, then turning south again into the heart of the Sierra.

Xochimilco is an ancient Indian town, celebrated in Aztec annals long antecedent to the conquest of Cortez. From its situation it *should* be a prosperous place, as it is a sort of *entrepôt* for tropical produce coming into the Mexican valley from that of Cuernavaca. For some reason not well understood, its prosperity has been stagnant; indeed, on the decline. Many of its houses exhibit signs of decay; not a few of them are in actual ruin. But this is the condition of other villages in the valley, where the *ricos* do not take a fancy to reside.

Although Xochimilco is near the main National Road, it does not depend on this for its communication with the capital. It is situated upon the edge of the lake, from which it derives its name, or *vice versa*; and although the last is almost entirely covered with a sedge of aquatic plants, canal-like water-ways are kept open through it, that proceed from the town to several points on the lake edge. One of these runs due north to the *pueblo* of Tomatlan; another goes eastward to the village of San Gregorio; while a third passes off towards the centre of the lake, where it forms a junction with the main artery of a similar kind,

THROUGH PICTURESQUE SCENES.

Xochimilco has the largest share of this traffic; being, as stated, an *entrepôt* for the fruits and other tropical products brought over the mountain road from Cuernavaca, the transport of which is continued on by the canal leading through the lake, and on, *viâ* Mexicalzingo, to Las Vigas in the capital.

Skirting Xochimilco, along its southern side, runs the road over which the American army passed. It was the only one they could have taken by keeping the lake to the north, since the shores of the Southern Sierra approach the water's edge, leaving but little land-way between. Some of them even abut on it, compelling the traveller to climb over them, and making the route difficult for wheeled vehicles. The scenery is all the more picturesque, and now and then a view up a lateral ravine, down which comes a clear, brawling stream, issuing from a chaos of cliffs in the background, strikes the traveller's eye with a *coup d'œil* sudden as enchanting. But for the bristling spikes of an occasional maguery, or yucca, seen growing among the rocks, one might fancy himself in a Swiss

valley, or in one of the "dales" of Derbyshire.

In some Mexican mountain gorges where these plants do not appear, the vegetation is not very different from that of countries thirty degrees nearer to the North Pole.



A "SALTEADOR" IN TOWN.



BOATS MAKING FOR A MARKET.

carried from the town of Chalco to the capital—of which more hereafter.

As the lake of Xochimilco is very similar to that of Chalco, the more particular description I intend giving of the latter will stand good for both. Xochimilco, in point of size, is the fourth of the six valley lakes, its superficial area being 268 square leagues. There are several villages upon its shores, nearly all inhabited by pure-blooded Aztec Indians, who make a living by cultivating small tracts of ground, by fishing, and by employment obtained in the boats that navigate its natural canals.

Continuing along the southern side of Lake Xochimilco—the road necessarily keeping us close to the water's edge—we observed the conspicuous *cerro* of Teutli on our right; the snow-covered summits of Popocatepec and Ixticihuatl being of course still more conspicuous before our faces.

Nearly opposite Teutli is the dividing line between the two southern lakes, a mere narrow strip of elevated land, dyke-like, and called *calzada*, from a pathway running along it. Near its middle is the little *pueblo* of Tlalhuac, where the canal from Chalco passes, making the water communication between the two lakes.

THE CANAL TRAFFIC OF THE LAKES.

These curious canals, called by the Mexicans *acoles*, are a feature of Lakes Xochimilco and Chalco. Both sheets of water are in greater part overgrown by a thick vegetation, composed of various species of aquatic plants, through which it is impossible for a boat to make way. Even a slender canoe can scarce be squeezed through the close-growing reeds and rushes, and this only in places which are more open than common. But for the *acoles*, navigation on these lakes would not be possible, and even the canals themselves occasionally get choked up by the floating herbage, and require to be cleared of it. Of the canals through Lake Xochimilco, we have already spoken. There are several of the same kind of water-ways intersecting the larger surface of Lake Chalco; the chief one being that which, starting from the town of this name, crosses the lake in a direction nearly due west, passing into Xochimilco at the *pueblita* of Tlalhuac. Thence continuing on throughout the whole length of the sister lake to Tomatlan, it there enters among meadows and maguey fields, assuming more the appearance of a regular canal with dry land alongside, though there is still a proportion of marsh to be passed through before reaching the city.

In the transit between Tomatlan and its terminating point at Las Vigas, on the outskirts of the capital, the canal leads past several villages, as San Francisco, Culhuacan, Mexicalzingo, San Juanico, Ixtacalco, and Santa Anita.

Mexicalzingo, from which this portion of the canal takes its name, is a place of considerable importance and ancient historic repute, being one of the Aztec towns that figured conspicuously in the Conquest. All these villages possess some interest, from their strangely isolated position and the fact of their being rarely visited by travellers. They are generally situated amidst swamps, so that to reach them it is necessary to take passage by one of the Indian market boats plying on the canal. Of these there are an immense number, that bring in all sorts of produce from the southern side of the valley, as also what comes across the mountains from Cuernavaca and Cuatla, the towns of Xochimilco and Chalco being the respective shipping ports of these two districts of the *tierra caliente*.

It is difficult to imagine a more animated scene than that which may be witnessed at Las Vigas, where the market-boats make their entrance into the capital. There is a public *Paseo*, or drive, alongside the canal, which is, however, only frequented by the fashionable at a certain season of the year—during the *Pascua Florida*. At all other times the *Paseo Bucareli*, on the south-western side of the city, is the attraction.

On any day, however, the spectacle at Las Vigas is worth witnessing. Is is, in fact, one of the sights of Mexico, to which all strangers are conducted. The boats are laden with fruits and flowers—both those of the temperate and torrid zones—exhibiting a variety scarce to be observed elsewhere. The Indians who man them may be seen with smiling faces, making the air ring with their merry voices, as they sing an occasional refrain to the accompaniment of guitar or *jarana*. The women have their fine black hair adorned with the fairest flowers—often rare orchids—that in our clime would cost large sums of money. It is on this canal, near the *pueblita* of Ixtacalco, that the *chinampas*, or floating gardens, are seen. Travellers erroneously speak of them as being at or near Las Vigas. It is true there are market gardens there, with water-ditches around them; but the true *chinampas* are several miles

from Las Vigas, along the canal edge, to the southward of Ixtacalco. I may give a more detailed account of them when speaking of other "floating gardens" that exist in the Lakes of Chalco and Xochimilco.

OLIVE-GROWING INTERDICTED IN NEW SPAIN.

In going round the southern edge of the valley, when the *cerro* of Teutli is a little behind the traveller's right shoulder, he is then riding along the shore of Lake Chalco, the second in size of the six lakes, and perhaps also second in historic celebrity. In this respect Tezococo stands first, from the fact that its waters were those that washed the walls of the ancient Tenochtitlan, as also those on which Cortez embarked his brigantines. For all this, to the student of nature, Chalco has charms and attractions unknown to the sister lake. On its fresh limpid water, life, both animal and vegetable, is varied and abundant; while Tezococo, with its saline waves and bleak barren shores, might well be likened to the Dead Sea.

On our way between the towns of Xochimilco and Chalco we passed through several villages—*pueblitas*—standing on or near the shores of the two lakes, the names of which it is not necessary to record; though some of them, as San Gregorio and Ayotzingo, were places at the sight of which a travelling artist would have pulled out his pencil and made some stay. Even I, not an artist, can remember how much I was struck by their quaint picturesqueness.

About several of them there was a peculiarity that cannot be passed over without special mention. This was the fact of their being embowered in olive-groves, some of the trees showing a stature equalling our English oaks, while producing a fruit as much superior to acorns as the claret, with which they ought to be eaten, is to our Bass's best beer. In saying this, I mean real claret, not *vin ordinaire*, and so understood, my words will not be construed as anti-patriotic, or throwing any slur upon the English tipple.

I need not tell the reader that the olive-tree is an exotic in Mexico, as in all other parts of the New World. It was carried thither by the Spaniards; and, although the climate of many Spanish American countries with their soil exactly suited it, strange to say, it has never been cultivated there to any great extent.

The reason is not natural, but political. Spain, herself an olive-growing country, would not permit this refreshing fruit to be cultivated in any of her colonies; and thus the monopoly was preserved to her narrow-minded people; the Mexicans, in common with other Spanish Americans, having, through her three centuries of misrule, to pay a heavy tax for every olive that entered between their teeth. Of course, after the date of their independence, the Mexicans were free to cultivate the olive; and, availing themselves of their freedom, they have given some attention to this branch of culture—the olive-groves in the valley yielding a considerable revenue to their proprietors.

We tasted the native-grown olives of Ayotzingo, as we halted in the *posada* of the place. My British travelling companion, although sufficiently fond of beer, had lived long enough in Mexico to be able to do without it; while he had become a noted drinker of Bordeaux, a wine the Mexicans much affect. And as they, like their Spanish progenitors, eat olives, so had he become accustomed to the tartish-tasted fruit.

He was, in fact, a *connoisseur* of its quality, and pronounced those we ate in Ayotzingo equal to the best either of France or Spain.

The olive-tree flourishes to perfection in the Valley of Mexico, especially along the borders of the fresh-water lakes Chalco and Xochimilco, where it is most cultivated. In the northern portion of the plain neither soil nor sun exposure are so well suited to it, and it is there rarely seen.

PRODUCTS FROM THE "TIERRA CALIENTE."

After leaving Ayotzingo, and before reaching Chalco, we struck another of the half-dozen roads that, leading through mountain passes, give ingress as well as egress to the Valley of Mexico. This was the "Camino de Cuatla," the route leading over the mountains to Cuatla Amilpas, another valley of lower level and tropical climate, adjoining that of Cuernavaca. Cuatla is a portion of the true *tierra caliente*, where the palm throws out its plumed fronds, and the sugar yields sap to perfection.

Along this road—which is one of the least known entering the Valley of Mexico—tropical fruits and products of almost every kind are carried in great abundance. Their transport is in many places over most difficult paths, where even the sure-footed mule can scarce be trusted, and a large proportion is freighted on the shoulders of the Indian who owns and brings them to market.

The town of Chalco is the entrepôt on this side, whence they are conveyed to the capital by the canal spoken of.

One of the curiosities of Mexico—that which gives as-

tonishment to every traveller—is the practice of its inhabitants, the Indian portion of them, in their mode of conveying produce to the market. Travelling along any of the *calsadas*, or roads that lead out from the capital city, these poor proletarians may be met coming into it in scores, each bearing a burden, either on his head or shoulders, of weight sufficient to break the back of an ass. One will be seen with a pair of planks several inches in thickness, and long enough to reach quite across the road; another will have on his head at least two hundred-weight of something else; a third carries on his shoulders a crate of fowls and turkeys; a fourth brings half-congealed snow from near the summit of Popocatepec; a fifth charcoal from the pine forests that clothe the mountain slopes a little lower down; and many others with commodities of other different kinds: but all coming from a great distance, often costing days in the transport, where the value of the article conveyed would not repay an American or Englishman for half an hour of his time.

I have seen Mexican Indians enter their capital city with a fruit crate on their shoulders, which they had carried nearly twenty miles, the contents of which, when sold, did not yield three reals—a little over eightpence!

On the road from the *tierra caliente* of Cuatla Amilpas my travelling companion and I saw many of them—like ourselves going to Chalco—carrying thither their wares, brought all the way from Cuatla—a toilsome way over difficult mountains—with their prospect of gain not greater than this! We were still speculating upon the curious problem—still wondering at it—when we entered the ancient Aztec town.

Notes on Albania.—III.

BY F. A. LYONS.

THE fame of the tunnel of Katchanik reached us before we left Uskup, where the inhabitants told us that on the way we should meet with the far-famed *delik-tash*, or tunnel. What serves to render this defile exceedingly picturesque is that, on both sides, the slopes of the mountains are covered with forests, in the midst of which the eye can detect the *chlets* inhabited by the Albanian *fifs* (clans).

The village of Katchanik is beautifully situated at the point of junction of three defiles—the Lepenatz is one; the defile which follows the general direction of the chain, and ends at the foot of the Shar-Balkan, is the second; and the lateral defile of Katchanik, which gives access into the plain of Kossona, the third. It is through the last that the postal road passes, the artery which connects the western provinces of Roumelia with Bosnia. This point is of great importance strategically. The fort of Katchanik is built on a height; it was constructed by the Servian king Stephen Dushan, whose dominions extended southward as far as the Hæmus. Of Dushan's work nothing is left but a high wall. The present village is situated at the foot of the hill, and it consists of a mosque and of two rows of houses placed by the side of the road. Katchanik has a *mudir*, who holds his sway over the neighbouring clans. At night we took up our quarters together with the

officers of a cavalry detachment, which had also made Katchanik its halting-place. Our berths were anything but comfortable, as some of us slept inside the café, while others had to put up with the inconveniences of the stable.

In the morning we were all up early with the sound of the trumpet, so as to begin the march in company with our comrades of the cavalry. Seven hours is the distance between Katchanik and Pristina, but the road is very tedious—a circumstance which accounts for its appearing to us as if it were never to end. That immense plain which from the foot of the Hæmus stretches as far as the confines of Servia offers a succession of hills and plains, the largest of which is the famous plain of Kossona. Through the whole route from Katchanik to Pristina the country, though undulating, is uninteresting and monotonous; the only thing to be seen for hours and hours is the Shar-Balkan and its majestic and lofty head. The further one gets northward, the more dazzling is the effect produced by its deep blue masses, and the rosy tints of the surrounding sky. On the way to Pristina many are the villages which the traveller sees to the right and to the left. On the road, however, the first thing which is to be met with is a farm, within which a sort of taproom exists for coffee and *raky* drinkers. Three hours further on, a stream and a village are met with. Here we

found one of our comrades of the staff, who was superintending the construction of a bridge in order to keep up the communication between Pristina and Prisrend. We had already inspected the bridge on the way, at a point where a tract of marshy ground interrupts the communication. The work surprised us not a little, and that because Murad, who had undertaken it, had never been an engineer, nor was he likely to become one. We found, nevertheless, that the poor fellow had been trying his best, as the bridge was far advancing towards completion. The experts, however, did not seem inclined to insure the life of the bridge for a longer period than twelve months. Murad accepted the insurance and proclaimed his undertaking a complete success, saying that he defied us all to make anything better than he had done.

UPPER ALBANIA.

Another three hours' ride took us to Pristina, where the commander-in-chief had established his head-quarters. Pristina is situated at the bottom of a valley, narrowly encompassed within a girdle of hills. The country all around is fertile, but badly cultivated. As for its aspect, it offers very little interest. The plain of Kossona lies to the west of the town, at a distance of an hour and a half's ride from its outskirts. There the country assumes an open and smiling aspect—so much so, that in passing from Pristina to Kossona one might suppose he had crossed the limits between dead and living nature. The town of Pristina is like a "broken-down old dowager, sunk into age and infirmities, but who has seen better days." Pristina was once the capital of the Servian kingdom, as it was here that the czars or kings of Servia used to reside before they transferred themselves to Prisrend. Now, the widowed town of the Servian kings is little more than a village—a very filthy hole, where a confused mass of Albanians, Servians, and gipsies have taken up their quarters.

The four hundred and fifty years of Turkish rule do not constitute an era of prosperity for this town, as modern Pristina has not much to boast of. In fact, of public buildings the only things which one can mention are two mosques, a nasty little bath, an old seraglio (which belonged to the native pashas of the place), and a military hospital. As for private dwellings and shops, they are remarkable as specimens of a primitive and barbaric sort of construction, made partly with timber, partly with stones. A peculiarity which the interior of these houses offers is the existence of earthenware stoves and of a little bath-room. The custom of having such commodities within easy reach is universal among the Mussulmans of Bosnia and Bulgaria. Nowhere southward of Pristina are traces of this custom to be met with, and that for the good reason that in warmer climates the Mussulmans can freely perform their ablutions either in public establishments or in the open

air, according to their pleasure. This fact accounts for the numerous baths which are to be found at Constantinople, Salonica, Smyrna, &c., as well as for the want of such establishments to the north of the Balkan. At Scrajino, Mostar, Nish, &c., the baths are few and generally very small.

Pristina musters a population of ten or twelve thousand inhabitants, composed, as I have already said, of Albanians, Servians, and gipsies. The Albanians of this part belong to that denomination of Albanians who pride themselves on the name of Ghiegas. They are half-civilised savages, whom the doctrine of Islam has taught to clean their skins, to smoke, and to hate the Giaour.

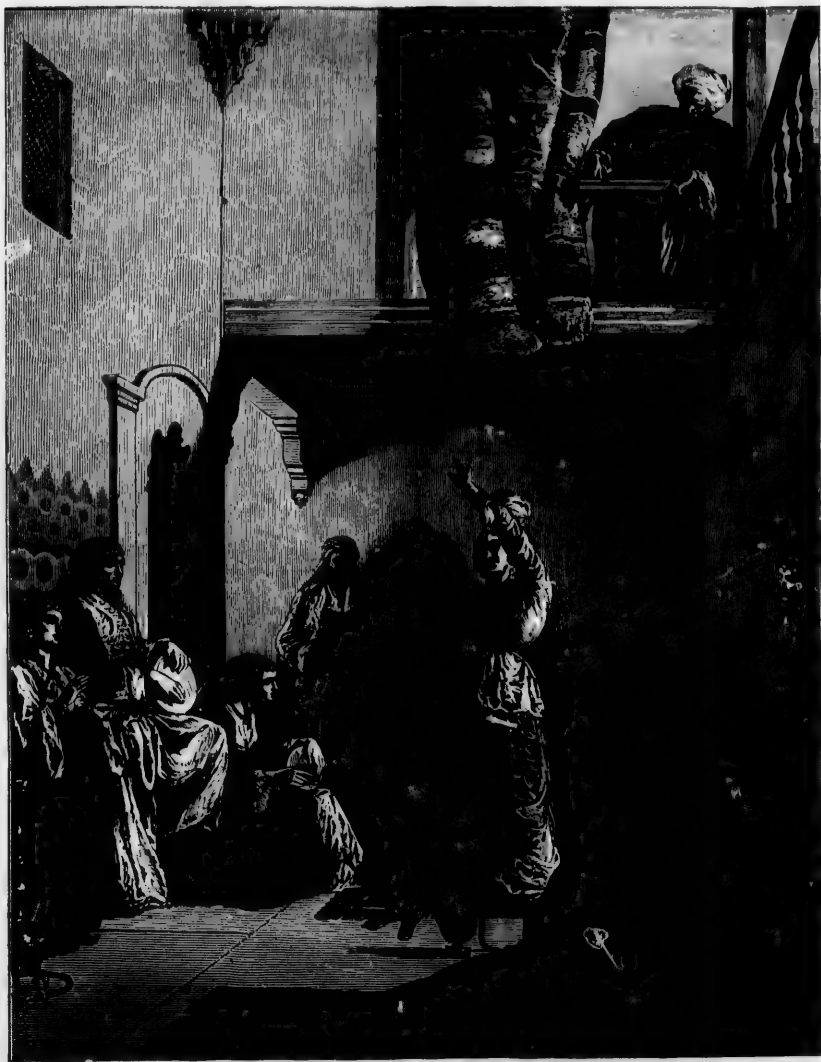
Unlike their brethren of the mountains, the Ghiegas of Pristina are tame and lazy, eat well, and do little fighting. They are generally shopkeepers and agriculturists, but of that sort of agriculturists who are never to be seen on the field but on harvest-day. The Servians in Pristina and its district are a laborious and quiet people. Their bearing when compared with that of their Albanian and Turkish masters, is very much like the attitude of the mouse when within sight of the cat. The poor Servian scarcely dares to lift his head and utter a word; evidently he knows that words are of no use when blows are there ready to thrust them down one's throat. With regard to the comparative strength in numbers of the two elements, the Albanian and the Servian, my opinion is that the latter has the superiority. Yet the Albanians seem to be increasing, and that thanks to the efforts made by the Turks to oppose obstacles to the extension of the Servian nationality.

The other race which contributes its contingent to the stock of the population is that interesting little race of doubtful genealogy, and of world-wide repute, known by the name of gipsies. In Upper Albania and Bulgaria they are very numerous. They seem to have settled for good in this part of the world. Pristina, Vrania, Ghilan, Prisrend,

&c., all possess a pretty good supply of gipsies, who have encompassed them with a girdle of misery, depravity, and filth. In fact, all those towns are surrounded by a circle of gipsy dens, where squalid misery and revolting depravity are in full vigour. Gipsy communities seem to exist and prosper in this part of the world, owing to the adoption of one economical principle, which is applied by them to practical purposes in a very skilful and ingenious way. This gipsy principle is nothing but a frank and thorough application of the precept that anything is good provided it fetches some few *paras*. With this simple stimulus, the gipsy, either as a rover, or as a member of the settled population, goes about in search of lucre. The domesticated gipsy gets his livelihood by honourable as well as by dishonourable means. The honourable pursuits to which he devotes himself are the trades of blacksmith and basket and mat making; the dishonourable ones are dancing, prostitution,



GIPSY BEGGAR.



GIPSY DANCER.

and begging. As for the roving gipsy, he is just as clever in the exercise of the above-mentioned professions as his kinsman of the city is known to be; but the rover can also turn a piastre by stealing cattle, by plundering the harvests, and also by some occasional highway robbery.

Amongst the domesticated gipsies, the beggars and the stealers of fowls and eggs are generally little girls, who set out on their expeditions looking like so many virtuous and bashful virgins. With one hand they beg, with the other they steal, while their cloak serves them admirably as sort of curtain, under cover of which the manipulations are safely carried on. Many of these little vagabonds, when grown up, become fortune-tellers. Evidently the thorough knowledge of human affairs which they pick up with other things, initiates them into the secrets of prophecy. Dancing is the most noble calling which a gipsy girl can aim at; but for that she must be pretty, otherwise it will scarcely repay her to be dancing from morning till night. Mussulmans are matter-of-fact people; they appreciate the graceful attitudes of a *ballerina* only on condition that her voluptuous form should affect their nerves and senses. A Turk will give anything in order to gaze on the bright countenance and the round form of a ballad-girl; as for the artistical kicking of her legs, he will not even bestow upon it a "*Mashallah!*" (the ordinary exclamation which expresses his high satisfaction and approval). In due time I shall treat minutely the subject of the gipsy-ballerinas; here, however, I will say that the profession of dancers and singers is a highly remunerative one, and the one in which the gipsies excel. The gipsy troupes make the round of all the populous centres in Roumelia just in the same way as our musical celebrities make their professional tours in the provinces: to Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, &c. The gipsy girls who are in the profession must, as it has been stated, be pretty, a quality which ensures them many admirers and many lovers. Some of these girls have turned the head of many a pasha, and in this way they have succeeded in plucking their wealth, and ruining their fortunes.

Socially and politically, the gipsies have no standing whatsoever; though they profess ostensibly the Mussulman faith, yet they neither associate with the Mussulmans, nor with the Christians. Satisfied, as they seem to be, with their own little industries, the gipsies do not care either for trade or finances, nor for war and politics. Their minds being limited within a narrow horizon, these people have no high aims, and live satisfied with what they can get, either honestly or dishonestly. The philosophical view which they seem to have of existence accounts for the fact that amongst them a millionaire is an unknown bird.

While speaking of industries, I must here mention a fact which would otherwise remain unknown to the industrial world, and that is, that the town of Pristina produces an article of toilette of some worth. A nice quality of soap is actually manufactured by the women of Pristina, which might appear to advantage in the *boudoir* of any of our fashionable ladies. This soap is prepared in the shape of round balls, on which are imitated the spots and stains of spotted marble. The perfume generally given to this soap is the essence of violets, a flower which is plentiful all around Pristina.

THE KOSSONA CAMP.

A few days after our arrival at Pristina, all the troops which had marched on Kossona achieved their movement of concentration, and took their position in the middle of the plain.

As staff-officers we had therefore to reconnoitre the country and to trace out the camp, a work which with all its details and secondary operations gave us a whole week's labour. For our army the plain of Kossona had a peculiar charm, which arose from historical associations. It is on this plain that the Turkish arms won the two great battles of Kossona, by which the Ottoman empire effected its sway over the nations of Roumelia, and decided the question of Turkish supremacy over them. It was at the first battle of Kossona, that fell Lazzare, King of Servia, and the Ottoman hero Sultan Murad Huda-vendkiar. On going over the battle-field, we carefully studied the position occupied by the hostile armies: the Servian host was on the defensive, and had occupied a formidable position on the hills which skirt to the east the plain of Kossona. The approaches to the Servian position was defended in front by a deep ravine at the bottom of which runs a treacherous little river, called the Leibesnitzza (if I recollect right). The right wing of the Servians was at Vitcheurin, while their centre and left were on the heights and commanded the passages across the ravine. If they had kept in this position the Servians would have baffled the efforts of their enemy, but Sultan Murad managed by a *ruse de guerre* to win over traitors amongst their nobles, and got them out to the other side of the ravine. Then he fell back upon them with his Janissaries and light cavalry, and defeated them with wholesale slaughter.

At the end of the battle, three Servian patriots decided on avenging the lot of their nation by stabbing the Sultan, whose sacred bowels were torn open at one stroke of the dagger. On the spot where Murad breathed his last, the Turks hastened to erect a mausoleum (*turbeh*) which has ever since been considered as a sort of shrine. Annexed to the tomb of Murad there is a spacious building where the keeper resides, and where visitors and guests can alight and find shelter. All the expenses necessary to keep the establishment on a respectable footing are defrayed by the imperial treasury, which has never ceased ever since to bestow abundant marks of veneration on the tomb of the only Sultan who has fallen by the hands of the enemy. Besides the tomb of Murad, there are numerous other graves scattered all about the hills on which the Turkish host was drawn in array: according to the Turks all those who are under these stones are martyrs. It is strange how, in spite of the four centuries which have elapsed since the battle was fought, the story of the struggle is in every body's mouth, in the mouths of the Mussulmans as well as in those of the Christian peasantry. To hear them talk, one would think that, like the battle of Waterloo, the battle of Kossona was fought no longer ago than the beginning of this century.

The way to explain this phenomenon is that of not underrating the power of tradition. Amongst nations with whom reading and writing is the business of few, traditions take naturally the place of history, and are thus faithfully transmitted from generation to generation. Hassan is bothered, he does not know what to say, he repeats what his father Mehemet told him, and so it goes on from age to age as long as there remains a Mehemet to chat and a Hassan to listen to him.

Our camp was pitched in the middle of the plain, within an easy distance of the stream. We were about fifteen thousand strong, infantry, cavalry, and artillery; all good thoroughbred Turkish rank and file. The Cossacks, however, must be excepted, as being a sort of amphibious body, or a model Babel regiment, in which, from the chief downwards, the whole lot

was a patchwork of Poles, Tartars, Bulgarians, Turks, Jews, and gipsies: the Chinese were about the only element required, in order to make of this regiment a complete mosaic. M. Chaikowsky, *alias* Sadik Pasha, was the commander—nay, the creator—of these Cossacks of the Bosphorus. Like all the rest of the Polish *émigrés*, Sadik was a Russian-hater; Sadik's hatred for Russia was so powerful and violent, that from the Russians it extended itself over every one who bore the name of Christian. Inspired by such feelings, Sadik embraced Mohammedanism, together with his two sons. The way in which he explained this radical change was, that "he would have nothing to do with nations which had connived in the destruction of Poland." Another curious character with whom I picked up acquaintance while at Kossona was Sheikh Suleiman, the keeper (*turbadar*) of the mausoleum of Sultan Murad. This reverend gentleman was one of the queerest mortals I ever came across; and I am sure that his history and description cannot fail to please the reader. Let the reader represent to himself a little mite of a fellow, whose height and width are on a par; then let him put on the top of such a bust a head adorned by two fiery orbits, a beard coming halfway down and a pair of tremendous mustachios, the tips of which were hanging on the shoulders; such a figure, embellished by a big white turban, would exactly represent Sheikh Suleiman. But if his appearance was extraordinary and fantastical, much more so was his history of himself, which the sheikh related to us, with a good deal of humour and a certain amount of pride. Sheikh Suleiman gave himself out as being a real Turk, from Turkestan, in Central Asia. He boasted of belonging to that very tribe from which the Ottoman dynasty draws its origin—the tribe of Sheikh Suleiman, the great ancestor of the Osmanlis. With a tongue powerful enough to support his pretensions, the sheikh had presented himself to Sultan Abd-ul-Medjid, insisting that his imperial majesty was bound to do something for his kinsman of Turkestan. His fantastical appearance, as well as his bold manners, seem to have pleased the Sultan so much, that he had him immediately appointed keeper of the mausoleum of Sultan Murad. The berth was a capital one, as no peculiar service of any importance was required from the nominee, while the emoluments attached to it were considerable enough to render Sheikh Suleiman a happy mortal. On obtaining the appointment, the sheikh hastened to repair to his post; but he strongly objected to lead the life of a hermit in the midst of the plain of Kossona, so, previous to his departure, he wedded himself to three wives at once. His choice fell on three Circassian girls, who had come to Constantinople in search of husbands. No one could have shown a greater amount of sagacity than Suleiman did on this occasion. The wives he selected had all a peculiar talent, through which they were to cheer up his fagged soul, and manage his household for him. One of the wives was a good scholar, and was therefore appointed clerk to the sheikh, the one who was to keep his books and carry on his correspondence; the second wife had a decided taste for cooking, it was natural therefore that the duty of feasting the sheikh and his household should devolve on her; the third had no other duty to attend to but that one of superintending the internal management of the house. Happy Suleiman! in the midst of his three wives he had absolutely nothing to do but to ride from morning to night, measuring the plain of Kossona in breadth and in width.

One day Sheikh Suleiman came into my tent, making a great fuss, as usual, and told me, "Bey, will you come to-night to my place, we shall have some fun?" The invitation having been accepted, at the appointed hour I repaired to the sheikh's house, where I found a small party of friends in search of a lark, who had all met unawares of each other's arrival. After having chatted amongst ourselves, and drank merrily one or two bottles of *raky*, our voices were at once stopped by the sound of the gipsy music which began to play in the harem. On our questioning the sheikh what was intended, "Never mind," said he, "let us empty this bottle, and we shall soon join the company." In fact, after the first dance was over, the sheikh summoned us to follow him, and led us through a little door into a balcony, which looked down into the hall of the harem. On our apparition in the balcony the whole company seemed to be frightened out of their wits; the dance and music came to a stop, and the women were trying to hide themselves behind each other. The imperative voice of Sheikh Suleiman, however, soon put things to right, by reassuring the ladies as to the object of our appearance in the midst of them. Of course the step taken by the sheikh was a very bold one, which Mussulman propriety could by no means tolerate. But the cunning old man was well aware that no harm could result from it, as it was impossible for us to pick out any particular beauty amongst the many that were gathered in the hall. And so it happened, because on retiring from the balcony none of us was able to tell who were the women we had seen, which amongst them were strangers, and which were Suleiman's wives.

The gipsy troupe was composed of two dancing girls and three musicians. One of the dancers was very pretty; originally she must have been a *brunette*, but now she was a whitewashed beauty. Paint (*dwagium*) is of common use amongst Oriental women. The performance which we witnessed consisted of a series of figures, some executed while dancing round the room; some while standing. The latter were by far the most curious and artistical, as the dancer follows the measure of the music with a series of convulsive contortions which are said to be produced by the vibrations of the sound. According to the opinion of connoisseurs, a dancer whose nervous system is sensitive to harmony must be able to submit to the power of vibration every one of her members, even to the tip of her nose, and the lobes of her ears. In the figure here annexed the pretty gipsy is in the act of drooping gracefully her head and left arm backwards.

Thus, thanks to the spectacle offered by the dancing gipsies, and thanks to the glance we were able to catch of Sheikh Suleiman's family and female guests, that night we had nothing to complain of. If the weariness of camp life were not relieved by some accidental jollification of this nature, even the constitutions of soldiers would sink into a state of painful prostration. The entertainment was wound up by a good, late dinner, after which we took leave of the sheikh, and returned to camp. Our stay at Kossona was prolonged as late as the latter end of November, that is to say, until the arrival of that season when men and beasts find out that a roof is well worth fighting for. About the way in which we spent our time while in the camp I have little to say that might be considered worth recording. Camp duties are only a sort of variation from barrack duties: all that we had therefore to do consisted of daily drilling, field manoeuvres once a week, inspection of military posts and

material, and so forth. One thing which gave us some trouble was our general's mania to give, every now and then, a false alarm to the camp. That was the greatest trial we had to put up with. Nothing is so provoking as being kicked out of one's

couch in the midst of a sweet slumber, and being compelled to go about in the dark in search of such a brigade and such a battalion. Being billeted afterwards on one of the good *bourgeois* of Pristina, we escaped that annoyance.

Reported Discovery of Ophir.

THE ingenuity of commentators and geographers has been for centuries employed in identifying the locality of the Ophir of Scripture, whence King Solomon, nearly 3,000 years ago, obtained quantities of gold, besides ivory and precious stones, which were brought by Phœnician traders, and employed in the decoration of the splendid buildings of Jerusalem. Hitherto no satisfactory conclusions have been arrived at on this interesting subject; some writers assigning various points in the distant East, even as far as the Malayan peninsula, as the site; others, southern Arabia; and others, different parts of the eastern coast of Africa.

Six years ago the subject was revived in England, by the re-publication of an extract from a Cape newspaper, to the effect that the ruins of a city of immense antiquity had been heard of, in the wild country north of the Limpopo, by a party of German missionaries. The missionaries had not themselves visited the ruins, but they reported that there existed, north of the middle course of the Limpopo, places where stone structures of Egyptian aspect were found, of which the natives stood in superstitious awe. The principal place was called *Pogaj*; and it was forbidden, on pain of death, to take any white man there, kill any game, or even damage any of the trees and shrubs. The ruins were several hours' walk in circumference; and amongst the remains were pyramids, sphinxes, marble slabs full of hieroglyphics, sculptured heads of animals, and so forth. The re-discovery, about the same time, of gold in the same region (the now well-known Tati gold-fields), and the remains of ancient workings and tools in the auriferous quartz reefs, gave an air of probability to the conclusions that were advocated at the time by two or three English writers, that this district was truly the long-sought-for Ophir; and that Sofala Bay, the nearest point on the coast, was the situation of the port to which the ships of Solomon and King Hiram resorted, to trade for gold, ivory, and precious stones. But no corroboration of the strange report having been received, the subject attracted no further attention, and was very soon forgotten.

The identification of the neighbourhood of Sofala with Ophir had been worked out a century ago by the celebrated French geographer, D'Anville, who showed that the situation of Sofala, as well as its productions, suited the Scriptural account of Ophir; the length of time (three years) occupied in the round voyage by the fleet of Solomon, being a reasonable period for coasting-vessels in those days. As the word Ophir was derived from the Arabic, he concluded that Arab colonisation and trade extended in those ancient days to this distant point on the east coast of Africa; a conclusion borne out by all that has since been learnt regarding the extension of

Arabian enterprise, in former days, far down the coast, and to the Comoro Islands and Madagascar. The early Portuguese settlements, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, were established in places previously occupied by Arabs, or Moors as they were then called; and Portuguese writers mentioned the existence of ruined buildings in the interior, near the remains of ancient gold-workings, which, according to native legends, owed their origin to the Queen of Sheba.

Intelligence has been received within the past few weeks of the actual examination of these semi-fabulous ruins, by a well-known and thoroughly reliable African traveller, Karl Mauch, the same painstaking explorer to whose enterprise the world owes the re-discovery of the South African gold-mines. Some few details are given in a letter from the traveller to his correspondent, Dr. Petermann, of Gotha. It appears that Mauch was assisted in the preparations for his search by the same missionaries, established in the north-eastern part of the Transvaal Republic who had circulated the former report, and that he started on his journey last autumn. One of the ruined cities is called by the natives *Limbabye*, situated in $20^{\circ} 14'$ south latitude, and $31^{\circ} 48'$ east longitude—*i.e.*, 164 miles in the interior, due west from Sofala. The ruins are composed of fragments of buildings, walls (30 feet high and 15 feet thick), and a tower measuring 450 feet in diameter. The mode of construction—blocks of hewn granite placed together without mortar—is held to be sufficient proof of their great antiquity; and the workmanship of specimens which Mauch has sent home, is said to leave hardly any doubt that the constructions are to be attributed neither to the Portuguese nor the modern Arabians, but most probably to the Phœnicians, the Ophir traders of the days of Solomon.

Further information on this very interesting subject may be soon expected, when Mauch has had time to make further investigations. At the date of writing he had only examined superficially one of the localities. Three days further to the north-west, he states, there are more ruins, amongst which an obelisk is said to exist. The country is one of great beauty—a plateau land, situated at an elevation of more than 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, well watered, fertile, and thickly inhabited by a peaceable and industrious tribe of Makalaka. These people are agriculturists and cattle-breeders, and own rice and corn fields, herds of oxen and goats, and flocks of sheep. The coast-land all the way from the colony of Natal to Sofala, through which lies the most direct route, is much and deservedly dreaded by travellers for its pestilential character; otherwise a favourable opportunity seems here open for scientific discovery in an almost unknown region, only a few days' journey from an accessible seaport.



An Autumn Tour in Andalusia.—V.

BY ULICK RALPH BURKE.

JEREZ.

THE scenery along the road from Cadiz to Jerez (or, as it used formerly to be spelt, *Xeres*) is of much the same character as that we have before described when speaking of San Fernando; though shortly before reaching our destination, salt fields have given place to vineyards. Jerez is a very clean, built town, of some 50,000 inhabitants, with broad streets, and a tramway leading through the principal thoroughfare down to the station. The *Fonda de Jerez*, which is exceedingly good, is rather out of the way; but we got a dinner fit for an alderman, among other things Meg Merrilies soup, red mullet, *civet de lièvre*, and soufflé pudding. Indeed, the dinner was about the pleasantest thing at Jerez, except perhaps our visit to the Cartuja, an ancient Carthusian monastery about three miles from the town. The monastery was founded as long ago as the year 1477, and was at one time one of the richest ecclesiastical establishments in Spain; but now, like the rest of its class, "forsaken, hastening to decay."

The sights of Jerez are of course the *Bodegas*, or sherry cellars, which only differ from large cellars in other parts of the world by their being *above* ground. They are, in fact, gigantic sheds, giving shelter not only to the fifteen thousand butts of wine which we saw piled up at M. Domecq's, but to numberless carpenters, coopers, basket-makers, engineers, and other workmen; for every operation connected with sherry, from the gathering of the grapes to the sending away of the wine in casks, is entirely conducted by M. Domecq on his own premises. In spite of the *Bodegas*, however, Jerez is a very dull place for those who have no business to transact, and we were not sorry to continue our journey northward, and really to revel in the luxury of railway travelling, while looking back to the delays of equestrian journeys, and the miseries of the dread *calesa*.

SEVILLE.

We arrived at Seville late at night, and found capital tram-cars waiting at the station to take us up to the centre of the town. The car stopped close to our hotel, the *Fonda de Europa*, in the Calle de las Sierpes, one of the few streets in Seville which does not alter its name after every change of ministry. As to the *Plaza* into which it leads, I think on the 1st of October, 1871, it was known by the somewhat general name of *Constitucion*. The *Fonda de Europa* is built round a large *patio*, or open-air court, which can be covered with a canvas awning when the sun is too hot, and which always looks pleasant and cool. It is planted with orange-trees and other shrubs—the abode of storks and many other sedate birds, and surrounded by white marble corridors, while a delicious fountain completes the Moorish character of the scene.

Of all the towns of Spain, the name of Seville is perhaps the most attractive, the most fraught with romantic associations, the most redolent of beauty and pleasure; and in spite of the amount of disappointment which invariably attends a visit to any town so fondly dreamed of, especially in the vague dreams

of romance and adventure, Seville is certainly a very delightful place, and my only regret during our brief visit was that I was unable to enjoy it as it should be enjoyed, by devoting some weeks to a quiet investigation of the innumerable charms of the capital of Andalusia. Seville has a population of nearly 150,000 souls, and is one of the most prosperous cities in Spain. In spite of guitars and dark eyes the inhabitants are by no means negligent of commerce, and with their Andalusian shrewdness I imagine they rarely make bad bargains, for the city is rapidly recovering its old prestige, when the commerce of the New World made it the first commercial town in Spain. A good deal of the progress that has been made in Seville during the last few years is said to be due to John Cunningham. It is strange to remark how southern progress is generally to be found in connection with some name with a good northern ring in it; and an Andalusian mine is as sure to be superintended by a fair-haired Sandy McTaggart, as an Andalusian bridge is to bear on its iron girders the name of Craig, Alexander, and Co., Glasgow, or some other similar certificate of its northern birth-place.

LA GIRALDA.

The great sight of Seville is of course the cathedral, *La Giralda*. This name properly only refers to the great tower of the building, but in process of time has come to be applied to the whole. This glorious tower was built as long ago as the year 1196, a quarter of a century before the oldest existing portion of Westminster Abbey. We will endeavour, with the help of M. Doré's admirable sketch, to give our readers some notion of this tower of towers. It is 350 feet in height, and 50 feet square at the base, and is surmounted by a female figure in bronze 14 feet high, and bearing a banner which catches the wind, so that in spite of the great weight of the vane—*giralda*—it turns round at the slightest breeze, a quality in which Spanish weathercocks are not supposed to excel. The Moorish work on the walls of the tower itself is very beautiful, and differs on each side. The characteristic Moorish ornament may be seen in our engraving, surmounting the walls in the foreground. The Moorish arch leads into the *Patio de los Naranjos* (the Court of Orange-trees) and may be seen to be surmounted by a structure in that style of architecture with which the Spaniards have spoiled so much that is Moorish. On entering the court by this arch the first object that strikes the eye is a stone pulpit with an inscription recording that sermons used to be preached from it to the wretched victims of the Inquisition, whose sufferings were afterwards brought to an end at an *auto da fe*.

The steps upon which the less sanguinary priest of modern Seville may be seen standing, in all the dignity of his black cloak and gingerbread-shaped *sombrero*, are called *Las Gradass*, and the marble pillars, of which three may be seen in the engraving, are of great antiquity. They began their career as part of a Roman temple; they afterwards served the Mohammedans in the Great Mosque, and they finally adorn the Christian cathedral of the *muy leal y noble y muy heroica ciudad de Sevilla*. What strange stories could these blocks

of marble tell, and what dark tales of Roman, Moor, and Christian! For the Fiend is never more fiendish than when he avails himself of the assistance of religion. The old Spanish proverb, *Tras la cruz está el Diablo* (the devil lurks behind the cross), is a bitter saying derived from bitter experience, and is but only too applicable to all nations and to all times.

We spent a part of each day in the cathedral, and sheltered ourselves from the fierce rays of the sun under its noble roof. For, be it said in passing, Seville is a *bona fide* hot place even in October. It is difficult to imagine anything more grand, more imposing as a whole than the interior of Seville Cathedral, but the details, I confess, did not at all come up to the ideal I had cherished. "Oh, thrice blessed are they," says the Arab commander, "who expect little, for they will never be disappointed." And what traveller has not repeated to himself a hundred times this "wise saw" in every country in the world? What we find out for ourselves we delight in, we appreciate, we investigate; while those objects whose beauties or whose interest have been the theme of universal panegyric, almost invariably disappoint us. There are, of course, happily-constituted people who travel about to enjoy themselves, and who prudently admire all that is noted for admiration in their guide-book, and avoid everything upon which admiration need not be wasted. These people know none of the roughs of travelling; their courier will not allow them to stop at any town where there is not a good hotel, and the local guide makes sight-seeing easy if not profitable. One of these travellers, who had just returned from the grand tour, was asked at a large dinner party what he had thought of Athens. "Parker," said he, turning round to his travelling servant who was standing behind his chair, "what did we think of Athens?" But to return to the cathedral. The dimensions are extraordinary; over 430 feet long, 315 feet wide, and 145 feet high, while the transept dome rises to the height of 171 feet. The pavement is very striking, and adds to the grandeur of the interior; it is composed of large squares of black and white marble. In spite of what we have said about details, the various chapels round the building possess great interest, and their ornaments, tombs, and pictures are as beautiful as their relics and wax candles are edifying, or as the very liberal scale of dispensations, which may be obtained by a brief attendance, must be convenient. As, however, we are not writing a guide-book either to heaven or to Spain, it would be out of place and somewhat tedious to give a more detailed account of these things, and we will merely remark that for all purposes, except that of worldly economy, the *Santa Semana* is undoubtedly the best time for visiting Seville. One word as to the painted windows. Ford says there are ninety-three, and I have no doubt he is right, although I did not attempt to count them, and the world says they are very good; people like me, who know nothing about painted glass, will only think them very beautiful, and will, I hope, be content. They certainly fulfil one of the most important functions of church windows—to keep the interior dark; and in this they are assisted, as in so many Spanish cathedrals, by the position of the *arco* and *trascoro*, which block up the centre of the aisle, and are surmounted by the immense organ, whose ornamentation is of rather too florid a character for the building, but very fine in itself. As to the exterior of the building, it is simply exquisite, and worth a winter visit to be seen without danger

of sunstroke or ophthalmia. I am not much afraid of the first; but I ran considerable risks of an attack of the second in my endeavours to enjoy its beauty by daylight in the month of "chill October."

LA LONJA.

The neighbourhood of La Giralda is without doubt the most interesting quarter of Seville. To say nothing of the Chapter Library off the Patio de los Naranjos, there is the Archbishop's Palace, whose florid façade is very rich, and handsome in its way, and there is the *Lonja*, or Exchange, where a great part of the important business of the town is transacted, and where the archives of *las Yndias*—all the documents relating to the Spaniards in America—were collected by Charles III. It may not be universally known that all the archives of the Spanish kingdom are kept at Simancas, a dreary castle about seven miles from Valladolid, in Castile. Until a few years ago, these valuable records were jealously shut up from scholars and historians, Spanish as well as foreign; and it is chiefly due to the indefatigable exertions of M. Bergenroth, who collected and translated many of the records for our English "Calendar of State Papers," that the archives of the Spanish nation have been, to a limited extent, opened to the world: we should say opened to the public, but no one who had ever been to Simancas could make use of the latter word. Those who care to hear more of Simancas and Bergenroth are referred to *Cassell's Magazine* for June and July, 1870. The papers at Seville were all brought from Simancas in 1784.

THE ALCAZAR.

In the immediate neighbourhood of the Cathedral also is the Alcazar, of which the faithful Murray says but little; so, expecting nothing, we were most agreeably surprised at this restored Alhambra—not always restored, perhaps, with the grace and good taste of the Moors, but delightful in the gorgeous and harmonious colouring, of which the want is so much felt in the decaying courts of the Granada Palace. The Alcazar is kept in most creditable repair and good order, and the custodian was most civil. The building is said to be as old as the tenth century, and, after being much altered and added to, both by Moorish and Castilian architects, was whitewashed at the beginning of this century, although not so fatally as at Granada, and was entirely restored about fifteen years ago by the Duc de Montpensier. The French were certainly the most savage plunderers and spoilers of Spanish art from 1808 to 1813, but the present generation has done, and is doing, a great deal to make up for the sins of their fathers; and the French element, in the highest and lowest regions of artistic and æsthetic Spain at the present day, is wonderfully strong. We had a very pleasant stroll in the gardens of the Alcazar, which are very interesting—*cinq-ento*—and laid out in formal beds, many of which are shaped into odd patterns, such as the inevitable arms and eagles of the inevitable Charles V. What a much pleasanter country Spain would have been to travel in if the said *Cinco Quinto* had never existed! These Alcazar gardens abound with curious objects; among others, the pond where poor Philip V. used to pass his valuable time in fishing—with a worm at one end . . . ; and the strange long vaults, formerly the bath of a beauty or the dungeon of a tyrant, *Quien sabe?* but now nothing—not even a potting shed. Delicious fountains also abound at every corner of the garden, and some are arranged so as to play upon the walks, and

sprinkle the unwary passer-by. No great harm, however, would such a sprinkling do you: I held my head and neck under a fountain as we walked along, to my unspeakable comfort, and the amusement of the gardener, who did not understand such tastes. Spaniards are all very fond of cold water—for internal use only. As for me, I was quite dry before we left the garden.

LA CARIDAD.

We did not go to see the Casa de Pilatos, which is said to be well worth a visit; nor, indeed, a hundred other objects of interest at Seville, as our time was too short to enjoy more than three or four "sights" and enjoy existence at the same time; but we paid a visit to the hospital almshouse, known as La Caridad, or rather to its little chapel, where six most beautiful Murillos attracted us and amply repaid us for the trouble. On demanding admission at the door of the hospital, the porter rang a long and loud peal on a good-sized bell, and while waiting for an answer we amused ourselves by reading the various degrees of tintinnabulation to which different classes of visitors were entitled, or by which their arrival was announced. Without going through the list, we may record that while ordinary visitors are only received with one ringing, the approach of the archbishop is heralded by seven. If each one of the seven were as lengthy as that to which we were treated, his excellency would have to wait a long time at the door—a system not, perhaps, entirely without its advantages.

In course of time we were shown into the little chapel by a quiet "sister," and the six Murillos that adorn the walls were unveiled for our contemplation. Of these, two companion pictures—"Moses striking the Rock" and "The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes"—are very large, and boldly painted; while "The Infant Saviour" and "St. John" are perfect gems of a more finished order.

I have already said we did not see *La Casa de Pilatos*; neither, I regret to say, did we see the University, nor *La Sangre*, nor the *Fabrica de Tabacos*, nor the *Palacio de San Telmo*, nor any of the churches except the Cathedral. In fact, we left so

many things undone and unseen at Seville, that I can lay claim to a very imperfect acquaintance with the town until circumstances permit me to pay it another visit. I think I am bound to record these omissions, lest my readers should think that my silence on that score showed a want of appreciation of much that I have most reluctantly left unnoticed. The fact is, that I only describe what I have seen, and not what I have heard and read about Spain, and am more inclined than the severest critic could be to lament that I was obliged to leave so much unvisited.

GIPLY DANCES.

No one, however, could be expected to leave Seville without having seen a specimen of the celebrated Spanish dances. In these again, at the risk of appearing to be a *nil admirari* observer, which of all things I most detest, I must confess myself disappointed. The dances were but moderately graceful, and certainly most unattractive; the gipsies themselves were pretty, but the room was small and stifling, and the noise deafening. In spite of the universal admiration of *connoisseurs* from the time of Martial, I was extremely glad to make my escape again into the open air, and refresh myself by a stroll in *Las Delicias* before going to bed. I saw a *funcion* of this kind at Granada, at the house of the captain or "king" of the gipsies—Antonio, I think, by name. This man is one of the best guitar-players in Spain, and his performances gave me great pleasure; indeed, I had never



BEGGARS AT A CHURCH DOOR IN ANDALUSIA.

known the *power* of the instrument before. A guitar is generally said to "tinkle," but in the hands of Antonio it seemed to become imbued with all the fire and energy of its master, who, although a gipsy by birth and a blacksmith by trade, is none the less a *Tartini* in his own way. M. Doré's sketch represents a *pas seul*, such as may be best seen, perhaps, in the gipsy quarter at Granada. Although faithful to nature, M. Doré has invested the scene with a charm of his own genius; and the Titianesque contrast of the old hag and the sprightly girl may possibly convey a somewhat exaggerated notion of the attractions of a



GIPSY DANCE.

gitana dance. After all it is a great mistake to be too severe in such matters. Perhaps M. Doré was more fortunate than we were. Let us hope that our turn may come yet.

THE PICTURE GALLERY.

There is, however, one thing—and that we have left to the last—without seeing which no one can really be said to have been at Seville, and that is the picture gallery. The collection, indeed, is very small, and nothing can equal the “chill penury” of the old chapel upon whose now whitewashed walls the pictures are hung. The frames are wretched, poor, and half gilt, and the whole place has such an appearance of misery that we could hardly believe we had come to the right place; and it took us some time to get *echauffés* by the beauties of the individual pictures. But even a Murillo does not look effective at first sight, with a whitewash background and a frame whose market value is about eighteenpence. But of the two hundred and fifty paintings which adorn these wretched walls, there are nineteen Zurbarans and twenty-four Murillos, among them many of the finest works of these great masters. There is a French epigram, happily turned by Warburton—

“Of water though the channel bare is,
A royal bridge o'er Manzanarès
Upstairs its head on high;
That costly bridge, if it were sold,
Then might King Philip with the gold
A little water buy.”

In like manner it appeared to us that if there is not enough money in the Spanish treasury to pay for the gilding of the frames, and the painting of the walls in the *Museo* at Seville, would it not be a good thing to sell a few of the least interesting pictures and devote the proceeds to the service of the rest? But Spaniards are too proud for such proceedings; and many of the old nobility, who find the greater part of their revenue consumed in keeping up properties and houses in various parts of Spain which they are too poor to visit, refuse to part with “an acre or a stone,” and live all their life in obscurity at Madrid or Cordova, on pride and a cigarette. In many of the public

offices of the capital there are hundreds of valuable and interesting pictures, the spoil of the suppressed monasteries; and as the Government has no gallery in which to exhibit them to the public, and cannot afford to build one, they lie rotting in holes and corners, their very existence unknown even to many of the people of Madrid. Through a strange mistake, which it would take too long to enter into here, I was permitted to see some of them, if *seeing* indeed it could be called; but I feel sure the Spaniards would as soon part with Cuba as with one of the despised objects of artistic lumber. To return, however, to the gallery at Seville. Zurbaran is a painter who is, unfortunately, too little known in England. He flourished during the first half of the seventeenth century, and died in 1662. A “Crucifixion” at Seville is, to my mind, one of the most striking productions of his brush. Nothing is to be seen but the Saviour hanging dead on the accursed tree, with an expression of calm dignity upon his face, and deep black darkness all around. The “Apotheosis of St. Thomas Aquinas” is, however, considered to be his masterpiece, and contains a large number of figures, among whom are St. Paul and the inevitable Charles V. The Murillos are of course the great feature of the gallery, and it would require more space than I have been able to devote to the whole of Seville, to give any adequate idea of their merits. My favourite was “St. Tomas de Villanueva distributing alms,” of which there is a smaller replica in Sir Richard Wallace's (Hertford) collection, inferior in execution as in size to that at Seville, and which visitors to Burlington House last winter may remember to have seen in the third gallery. A “Virgin and Child,” said to be painted on a napkin, and called *La Servilleta*, “St. Francisco embracing the crucified Saviour,” two pictures of “St. Antony of Padua on his knees before the infant Christ,” and “SS. Leandro and Buenaventura,” may perhaps be singled out as the most attractive. But it is difficult to particularise in such matters, and to attempt to describe, would be as idle as it would be uninteresting. We must therefore take our leave of the *Museo*, but not of Seville, where we intend to linger until the beginning of next month, and perhaps find a few words of interest to be said at the beginning of our next chapter.

Notes of a Naturalist in the North-Western Provinces of India.—I.

BY CHARLES HORNE, F.Z.S., (LATE) B.C.S.

THE following notes were written at Benares and Manipuri, chiefly in the early morning, that being the principal time for relaxation of an Indian official, and they comprise a little of what at first strikes an observer, should he have any turn for natural history.

The house in which I lived at Benares was of one storey only, with a flat roof, and had a broad verandah running around it. This verandah, which was roofed with tiles laid on a framework of bamboos, was much used by me for morning resort and purposes of observation, so that most of these notes date therefrom.

My house at Manipuri was perched on a rising ground,

artificially raised, and covering some eight or ten acres, surrounded by thirty to forty acres of wild land, enclosed by a bank and ditch. Near to the house was a sloping flower garden, with lawns on which grew fine timber; and a vegetable garden; not forgetting an orchard of oranges, lemons, guavas, &c.

This mound was piled up of old—*to*, some 1,800 years ago—by the Buddhists, by excavating one or two feet of soil from the surrounding country to a great distance, and so rises to a height of thirty or forty feet above the general level of the country, which is very flat. The labour bestowed on such a work must have been prodigious, and one's surprise is greater

when one considers that there are scores of such mounds, generally crowned with ruins, scattered through the Provinces.

In many places the drifting sand has filled up the shallow excavations; whilst in others they have become swamps, cultivated in the dry season with rice, and impassable, save on raised roads to the ruins.

A flight of steps leads to the roof, from whence is obtained an extensive view of a richly-cultivated country, interspersed with fine groves of mango and other trees, and dotted with villages. The Ganges Canal runs on one side, spreading fertility; whilst on the other, the small river Esa winds about on its way to join the Jumna, being partly fed by the waste waters of the canal, which at a higher point has absorbed much of its stream. This river Esa often floods, and overflows the country for miles, when it becomes the resort of many aquatic birds, turtles, alligators, &c. In it I have often, of an evening, watched the pelicans fishing, and, as I may not again allude to them, I will here describe their sport as watched by me with great interest.

The parties generally consisted of from three to seven birds, and I have only seen them fishing when the water covered the fields. Extending on either flank from a centre, they would swim along towards the shallow field-bank, driving before them all the small fish. The birds being nearly equidistant, they would advance more rapidly on the flanks, and soon present a half circle, all closing to the centre as they neared the bank.

These birds swim, so to speak, flat, *i.e.*, their huge beaks lie along the water before them, the upper mandible lifted. By the time the shore is nearly reached, the enclosed waters are alive with small fry, and one sees the beaks rapidly tossed up, by which movement scores or hundreds of fish, frogs, water-beetles, &c., are doubtless pouched, for I saw plenty of frogs in the neighbourhood, and I believe they swallowed everything. This bird is the *Pelecanus Phillipensis* of Gmelin: it builds an untidy nest on low trees near water, whilst, from its singular flight and its size, it attracts the notice of the least observant, and when roosting near the black cormorant, the contrast is very striking.

Some of the trees lose their leaves in the cold weather, so that the view is then rather more extensive; although, as a general rule, by a wise provision of Providence, they are not generally deciduous.

As the country is very sandy, my mound, where not laid out and cultivated, is planted with a coarse kind of grass, *Andropogon*, called, "seantha." The roots of this plant bind the loose soil, and it grows in the driest places, reaching a height of seven or eight feet. The coarse leaves, with their finely-serrated edges, are used for thatching; from the stalks, or reeds, chairs, stools, and a variety of articles are made; whilst from the fibres, picked out from near the roots, fine string and ropes of great strength are fabricated. It is, however, the resort of snakes; whilst, on the other hand, it gives good cover for game of all kinds. Amongst this grass I made many winding paths, to enable me to observe the birds and wild animals at home, and, in consequence of my not allowing these to be disturbed, I had plenty of hares, partridges, quail, and peafowl, so that I have counted as many as twenty-seven of the last-named, including two splendid tailers, roosting in the large dead tree I left for that purpose in the midst of the grass.

After these preliminary remarks, I proceed to transcribe a few of my notes at Benares, dated August 24th, Sunday morning, 6 a.m. :—Sitting in the verandah over a cup of tea

at this, the coolest time of the day (thermometer 82° Fahr.). I have been trying to enjoy the quiet Sabbath, disturbed only by the pulling of the punkah rope over a wheel, to which one in a manner becomes accustomed from force of habit, a troublesome cough keeping me at home, and I console myself by noting the natural phenomena of my immediate neighbourhood. Immediately in front of the verandah stands a fine tree growing very like an open umbrella, a straight stem for twenty feet, and then lateral boughs at right angles, curving downwards, and covered with a very pretty flower, now developing into a fruit resembling small, beautifully-carved Chinese ivory balls. Its native name is *Kadam* or *Kem* (*Nauclea Kadamba*), and before the fruit set I had observed almost every butterfly in its season sporting upon it in company with other classes of insects, for the flower is of delicious perfume, and yields much honey. On this present morning I see an abundance of the pretty little striped squirrels, commonly called the palm squirrel (*Sciurus palmarum*), and I have been feeding them with bread, for they are very sociable and fearless.

There sits one before me on his haunches, holding the bread in his forepaws and eating it, whilst a second with a piece of toast in his mouth, is being chased all over the tree by another. A third is busily engaged in knocking off the earthen galleries made by the white ants (*Termites*), on the trunk of the tree, and then eating their occupants as the blind insects try to get up the bark or retire to shelter, being cut off from retreat by their broken tunnel. A fourth is seen playing with, and jumping at, some birds feeding under the tree, whilst others are standing on their hind legs eating the seeds of the grass growing near to its roots. This (the tree) they will not leave far in the distance, for it is their castle, and they are very canny.

Squirrels are found at every house in this neighbourhood. They live in the thatch, make their huge nests of whatever they can pilfer—cotton, cloth, hair, wool, and fibres, such as hemp and tow; an old wig would be a perfect treasure to them. Of these materials they construct a nest forming a mass of perhaps nine inches or one foot square, placed generally in some hollow or crevice, or upon a beam. They then line it with the softest materials, and in this they bring forth four or five young ones, blind, naked, and very helpless-looking.

I remember watching them building a nest in this very verandah. It was placed just where, if rain came, it would be wetted. It did rain, and the old ones made a fine chattering with their shrill cries. Presently, in an incredibly short space of time, perhaps an hour, another smaller nest had been prepared in a snugger place, quite dry, and then the mother brought down the wetted infants, one by one, in her mouth, and put them into their new home, which, I have no doubt, she afterwards made more comfortable for them. Sometimes, too, they are very impudent, and always up to tricks with one another.

I saw one playing one day. He had found an empty drain-pipe lying in the garden, and he was amusing himself by running backwards and forwards through it. This was the more strange as he was quite alone, and did it evidently for nothing but amusement. Another day I saw one stealing quietly along a parapet railing, on which was sitting a large black crow (*Corvus splendens*) eating some delicate morsel which had excited the cupidity of our friend. When he got quite close (and the crows generally do not heed their companions on the housetop) he gave a sudden jump right on to his back, which so frightened

him, that he dropped his morsel, and flew away. The squirrel seized it, but the crow would have recaptured it had not a convenient hole been near (a waterspout), into which the squirrel bolted, and the crow could not follow.

These squirrels, too, are great thieves. They will rob birds' nests for their lining of moss, wool, feathers, or hair, and on one occasion, I find recorded, that they cut down with their sharp teeth a number of nests of the weaver bird (*Ploceus baya*) for the sake of the material, which, after all, I fancy they could not use, as it is too harsh and sharp, being strips torn from the *Andropogon* or seentha grass, before-mentioned, with all its serrations woven into a mass. They certainly did not eat the eggs in this case, although I have seen them suspiciously near nests where I knew there were eggs. The natives give them the credit for doing so, and I have once seen one with a dove's (*Turtur humilis*) egg in its mouth. They are in general vegetable feeders, are often tamed, and, although at first a few bites may be expected, they make as nice pets as the English squirrel.

The way they dodge behind a bough to prevent you seeing them is very curious, and, considering their small size, the leaps they take from tree to tree and the height from which they will jump without apparent injury, is almost incredible.

But enough of these pets. Let us look around. Here is a large black crow, almost a raven in looks—*Corvus culminatus*. He has espied the breakfast, and wants to take some of the squirrels' food. See how he puts his head on one side as he eyes it wistfully, and then gives a questioning "caw" as to whether it would be safe to rush and seize it; and then, when I alarm him, he flies but a bough or two distant, never losing sight of it. However, in this case, under my protection, the squirrels were not molested by him.

I am sorry to say that he had his revenge a day or two afterwards; for when one of the younger squirrels left the tree and got into the open grass the crow was after him, and he never reached another tree alive; for he was snapped up, and the black villain, with one of his mates, made a meal of him. My little dog sometimes captures one of them in a similar way. It station itself very quietly a little distance from the tree, and when it thinks the squirrels are too far away it makes a rush for the trunk of the tree, and thus often catches one frantically rushing back, having fairly cut off its retreat up the friendly trunk.

Under the next tree, which is a "burr," or wild fig (*Ficus Indica*) are five black crows squatting over some of the fruit which has fallen. This *Corvus splendens* is much smaller than the species last mentioned, and frequents all houses in India, being very bold, and picking up scraps about the kitchen, &c. This bird often uses odd materials for its nest. Perhaps the most extraordinary was that shown to me in Calcutta, —viz., soda-water wires! upon which the eggs were laid: the nest was certainly well ventilated. The most common story told of these birds is how two of them will rob a dog of a bone, one attracting the dog's attention by pecking at his tail or otherwise, when the other pounces on the coveted prize. I several times had the experiment tried on my dog, but without effect, for it always rushed after the enticer, with the food in its mouth, and without attempting to bark.

But both kinds of crows are great robbers of birds' eggs, and it is a wonder to me how the doves, who make scarcely any nest, and whose eggs show so plainly, ever escape. I have now four eggs which I have taken from the crows as they were

being carried off, and on one occasion I made a crow drop one on our lawn unbroken, whilst pierced and emptied shells are very common. Before leaving the subject of crows I must tell a story about them. In the year 1857 when I was at Ghazipur, at the house of a friend, I saw, one morning, sitting on a rail close to my door, which opened into the verandah, a crow without a beak. He was quite tame, and seemed to be asking for food. It seems that one day the cook was making mincemeat with a chopper, when a crow came in and began to snatch up bits of meat. The cook made a chop at him, and cut off both mandibles. The crow flew away, but, returning shortly, seemed to throw himself on the cook's mercy. He (cooks in India are men) accordingly got it some soft food and fed it regularly, and soon the beak had hardened (it did not seem to have grown), and the bird could pick up ordinary food.

But now what have we here? A flight of ground thrushes, called *panj bhaias* or *sath bhaias*—i.e., five brothers or seven brothers, because they always go about in parties of from five to eight—*Malacocircus terricolor*. First they alight from their weak wavy flight on the *kadam* tree, and then one by one descend from aloft, and soon, others having joined them, there are eight, hopping about and turning over the dead leaves, seeking insects under them, and it is with these birds in particular that the squirrels have the greatest games, elevating their tails and jumping at them with a shrill little squeak. They are very common, and have pretty blue eggs, rather like those of an English thrush.

But here comes another, *Coracias Indica* (called the jay by Europeans in India), with a harsh grating cry, and pounces upon an unfortunate insect, which he gobbles up, and then flies off to resume his watch on the bough. He has his nest in some hole in a tree, and lays beautifully-enamelled white eggs.

Some happy sociable "myna" birds (*Acridotheres tristis*) come next. In habit and figure these much resemble an English starling, and each one is accompanied by his mate. They run along the ground, and whenever one finds some tid-bit, he always calls the other to share it. These birds deserve a few words. They are among the most generally-distributed and best-known birds of North-west India, and have no fear of man, living under his eaves, and making their huge nest in some corner of a beam. In fact, the mynas and the squirrels have many a fight for material, and there is a strong family likeness in their nests. I have often seen a myna trying to carry off a piece of paper, eighteen inches square, for its nest, and there is nothing that comes amiss for this purpose. They often build in and block up chimneys, and I once took about two sacks of material from one, the accumulation of some years' work of a pair of these birds. They lay a pretty blue egg. They incessantly chatter to one another, and when nest-building or feeding their young, rush in and out with great fuss and hurry. No heat seems to daunt them, although I have seen them occasionally at noon sitting still, with open beaks.

But here is another pretty little bird, with a short tail, bright green body, large beak, and with a red rim round the eye—a barbet (*Megalaima caniceps*)—a kind of *beccafico*, as the Italians call the allied species which eats their figs. Ah! there he is, looking so comical, hanging head downwards from a bough, peeping into a hole! I wonder if he sees a little moth or beetle who thought himself snug; and so he hops about,

and, finding nothing, goes off to another tree. He has a wonderful call, heard from a great distance, and at times quite startling. This resembles the noise made by a coppersmith—viz., that caused by a large wooden mallet struck upon a

gallery to it, at a right angle along the bough, for perhaps one or two feet. At the end of this he scoops out a small chamber for the nest. I saw one in which the gallery was several feet in length, and I have read of their making a second entrance



WEAVER BIRDS AND THEIR NESTS.

wide-spreading copper dish. His nest is very curious, the place for it being excavated from the solid wood of a bough. The bird selects a horizontal branch, and in this he bores upwards a clean round hole, large enough for him to enter. Having got inside the timber, he begins to hollow out a

near to the nest. Perhaps this was in a subsequent year to that in which the first gallery and nest were made.

"On one occasion I dug out under the roots of a tree high in a bank the nest of an allied species, when the young birds were seven feet from the opening. This was in the hills below

Bheem-Tal. Another babet now came nearly twice as large, but he made a very short stay, and was succeeded by three or four bright green parakeets, with long tails flashing in the sun, who rush up with their shrill cry, just settle for a moment on the highest bough to see if the fruit is ripe, and finding it green, whirl off again with a similar scream to make their breakfast off my guavas in the garden. These parakeets (*Palaornis torquata*) are the plague of this part of India, and they commit great havoc in the grain fields, destroying ten times as much as they eat. I have seen many thousands scattered over a few fields, and at roosting time immense flights pass over *en route* to the mango-grove, where they pass the night. Arrived at the spot, they make a tremendous screeching and noise before they settle down, and they are all off again at a very early hour in the morning.

They hover above the heads of barley and other grain, cutting them off with their sharp beaks, and carrying them in their claws to the nearest tree. Here they drop a great many, having first extracted one or two grains only. A curious case came before me in court in connection with this. A poor traveller was brought up by a *semdar*, or landholder, for having stolen four pounds of grain from his field. The grain was found upon him, and he pleaded that he had sat down utterly weary under a solitary tree which stood in the midst of the fields, and through which ran the footpath. Whilst resting he looked up, and felt and saw many ears of corn falling on and around him. He gathered them up, and rubbed out the corn, which was what we saw. This grain had been brought by parakeets, and the prosecutor could not even identify it. The man was, as a matter of course, released.

They are most pugnacious birds, and as every female has generally two males in attendance, the squabbling at the breeding season is incessant. One, however, of the males seemed to be in waiting, ready to take the place of the husband in case of accident, or if he were stronger, to take his place at once, and reduce the said husband to the situation of *cavalier servente*. They build in holes of trees, for which they often fight for days with the rollers, who affect similar situations, as do the little owlets (*Athene Brahma*). But now it grows late, only one squirrel remains munching his bread; and I hear nothing but the soft cooing of my pet doves (*Turtur risoria*) in the cage behind me, and the chirruping of the "amadavads" (*Estrela amandava*) as they sing their little song. So no more to-day.

A week has passed, and again at seven a.m., on September 4th, I am sitting in the verandah, the swallows (*Hirundo rustica*) flitting around, reminding one much of home and old times. But such illusions are short-lived, for a loud call resembling "Kô-êl! kô-êl!" tells us we are in a strange land. It proceeds from a large glossy black bird (*Eudynamis orientalis*) like a cuckoo, to which class it belongs; and he, first of all the birds in the morning, gives forth his joyous, but somewhat monotonous cry. He is shortly followed by his mate, very much spotted, barred, and banded with white, and they are pursued by the inevitable third. All come to feed on the fruit of the adjoining *burr*, or fig-tree, and as they arrive the air is resonant with their calls. The female lays her egg in the nest of the common crow (*Corvus splendens*), and it is difficult to distinguish it as regards colour. Its size, however, is perhaps a little less, and it is more smooth and glossy in texture. When

the young one is hatched, it is said to get those of the crow on its back, and so hoist them one by one out of their own nest. I have never seen this done, but I have found young crows (two) lying under a nest in which was a cuckoo. This is not so necessary as in the case of our English cuckoo and wagtail, as the difference in size, and consequently in the quantity of food required is so much less. The crows know their enemy well, and whenever a koel appears there are generally some of its victims pursuing him. In a similar manner I have often discovered owls who have ensconced themselves in the leafiest trees, and whose presence was thus betrayed. They are very fond of the fruit of the *kadam* tree, as also of the fig, and are therefore my constant visitors.

With regard to the *third* bird I may remark that I have observed the same with magpies in England, and that the koel is nearly allied to that class of birds.

And here is another near ally, the common Indian magpie (*Dendrocitta rufa*), a very handsome bird, black and ashy, with a long tail. He, too, is very clamorous as he flies from tree to tree; and all the three last-named birds have a restless way of moving amongst the branches, much like that English cuckoo. But in looking above, we must not forget what is going on below the tree. Look at that exquisite mite of a bird amongst the flowers in the flower-pots! It is a little honey-sucker (*Arachnechthra Asiatica*), the long name indicating its habits, as will be hereafter described, scarcely larger than a hummingbird-hawkmoth, hovering over, and inserting his long curved beak into each flower. He is a charming little fellow, glossy purple-green, with a little black, crimson, and yellow, so that in the sunlight he glistens with purple and gold. The natives call these birds *shukrons*, or sugar-eaters, and their nests are very curious. They are generally founded, so to speak, in the midst of a mass of spiders' webs, in the heart of a prickly bush, or in one of those confused balls of silky web left by the sociable caterpillars of several species of moth. To this they attach various fragments of wasps' paper, bits of sloughs of snakes, web, small straws, &c., till the whole assumes an ovoidal shape about five or six inches in length. An opening to this is left near to the top, and a porch constructed of the seed-heads of fine grasses, the entire fabric presenting the most curious instance of construction that I have ever seen, more especially when three or four pairs of beaks are thrust out demanding food, and the yellow-and-brown mother is fearlessly feeding them in one's presence. I remember a nest built in a creeper in a porch, close to a door which was in continual use; and I heard of an instance in which it was made on the tangled knots of an old line hanging across a verandah at Etawal, and in front of a window.

Close to these little gems on the trunk of the tree, see that pretty garden lizard, stealthily crawling with his long finely-tapering tail, and his bright black eyes, like pieces of jet, peeping round at me! No insect comes anis to him; and he will catch the sharp-stinging wasp, or the soft-bodied moth alike. He rejects only the *Cimicida*, with their rank tallowy smell, and the *Meloe*. Watch him now creeping quietly and cunningly, now running swiftly, and now darting savagely, but seldom missing his prey. I have often watched these creatures at their amatory play, when they appear to bite each other very severely; but I suppose it is all taken in good part, and that they are used to it. I have, too, at times found their eggs—which are large as compared to the size of the depositors—

under stones, and in crevices of the garden wall. Their bite is perfectly harmless, although dreaded by the natives.

But what is that which makes the grass to move in long quiet wavy lines, so gently under the tree? What makes the old hen bristle up with alarm, as she calls with clucking voice all her foster children—the little guinea fowls—to her? Ah! I see you, you old rascal, as you stand on your hind legs for a moment and look round, and then drop so quietly down again! and the grass waves towards the chicks. It is a *neola* or *mongoose* (*Herpestes Malaccensis*), an animal much like a weasel, or the *Ichneumon* of Egypt, after my fowls. In this way he is a great villain, although useful at other times in killing snakes, to which he seems to have a natural antipathy. It is most curious to watch them when they see one another. The snake is all on the alert, and would quietly slip away, if he could, without giving his enemy an advantage. So he stands with head erect, ready to strike the foe. The *neola*, on the other hand, moves hither and thither, getting as near as he can without coming within reach of those murderous fangs, when, quick as lightning, a spring, a confusion, and the snake is bitten through the back of the neck, and its head almost parted from its body. The *neola* sometimes eats a portion, but oftener leaves the body, and if it chanced to be bitten is said to rush off to feed on some leaves reputed to be an antidote to snake poison, and said also to be always found near to where a snake may be.

I remember one of these animals getting into my duck-house one night, and killing forty-nine teals by biting their throats, from which he probably drank the blood. Each department of the poultry-yard has, at some time or other, suffered from their depredations; yet they can easily be tamed, and are often kept as pets. I had one which lived in my garden, and came to me when I went out; my dog always accompanied me, and one day, as was her nature, she rushed at the poor *neola*, and would have killed it, had I not rescued the animal, and given the dog a good beating. After this, when I went into the garden, the *neola* used to come and run before me, whilst Fanny (the dog) ran behind. At last my pet played such havoc amongst my choice plants, that I let Fanny have her way, and the victim lies buried under a fig-tree.

In another house there was a pet *neola*, who had a family in a box placed for her, and nothing could be more singular than to see the mother with her three little ones, *fac-similes* of their parent, come into the dining-room when called to have some fish, of which they are very fond. When alarmed, the bristles of their tails stood out like those of a bottle-brush, and they scampered off. This pet always slept on the coverlet of its master's and mistress's bed, and although never tied up, yet it would never leave the house.

A pair of wild doves (*Zurtur humilis*) have alighted on a bough. They do not seem to care about feeding, being too busy fighting, billing and cooing. I never knew such birds for nesting, and I have found their eggs at almost all times of the year. The nests consist only of a few sticks, and the peril their young run of being destroyed is very great, hence perhaps the extraordinary fecundity of this bird. Their cooing is beautifully soft and pleasing, and it has often soothed me as I lay ill; for these birds constantly abide near the house, and build on the capitals of the verandah pillars. The bold coo of the male is replied to in a subdued fluttering manner by the female, and, as in all the pigeon tribe, the male seems proud when talking to his mate.

It is now March, and I am at Manipur, sitting in my room, which opens to the verandah, at a quarter-past four a.m. All is still, with that peculiarly solemn calm which precedes sunrise. The only sound is the chirping of a small cicada on a tree; but, no! a fox barks, the sound being exactly like a large door grating on rusty hinges. This animal (*Vulpes Bengalis*) is a very pretty creature, and does not much molest the poultry-yard, as he is content with all kinds of other food, and my chief complaint against him is the destruction of young game. It is much smaller than the English fox. Its bark is, however, quite unheeded when I hear the large rock or horned owl with his hoarse laughter or solemn hoot, once slowly, and twice more rapidly repeated. "Dōōr-gōōn" is somewhat like the sound. This is a noble bird, generally of a bright tawny yellow, with wide streaks of rich dark brown with five aigrettes of feathers resembling horns, and very large eyes, so that as he sits on a bare bough in twilight he looks just like a cat, measuring more than a foot in height. When disturbed he flies off quietly, which seems strange when one remembers that the wings extend more than three feet. I have several times found their nests on ledges in the steep banks of the canal; the eggs are large, round, and white. I reared two young ones, feeding them on rats, and had them sent, when full-grown, to the Zoological Society of London, but I believe they died on shipboard.

I hear, too, in the tree by the verandah my pretty little owl (*Athene Brahma*) with her clear, round, yellow eyes—"Too-whit! too-whit!" a rather pleasant call, say I, although many people do not like it, holding it to be of evil omen. This little bird makes its nest in the holes of trees, and lays very round polished eggs, like most owls. It is very sociable, and often to be seen even in daylight, although it feeds chiefly on insects by twilight. I have seen large owl hawking over the grain-fields at night for beetles, mice, and moths, but I cannot be certain as to the species. In the room, as I sit writing, there is a steady subdued hum, like that of gnats on a river's bank at home on a summer's evening, but here it is caused by mosquitoes. Like the gnats in England it is wonderful whence the millions on millions come: of course from the water, although one does not see such swarms of their larvæ. When one contemplates the very large number of bats, swallows, swifts, and other creatures who feed much on them, the supply seems scarcely larger than the demand. And here comes a pipiselle or some other small bat. I cannot see him, but I hear his little "snap, snap" as he catches his prey, and I feel the air caused by his flight as he sweeps past, kindly clearing off my tormentors. It is still dark, but the light is breaking, and now the sad plaintive cry of the awakened lapwing, "Ti-ti-ri! ti-ti-ri!" arrests the attention. Two of these birds had tenanted my court-house roof, and had laid three eggs, of a dirty speckled colour, on the bare mortar without any nest, and just as the young birds were hatched a kite swooped down and carried them off to feed her own young! Their wailing and crying all day was such that I could scarcely carry on my work. Again and again they did the same, with always the same result. Another pair occupied the roof of my house, but their eggs—which were placed on the flat surface of the plaster, their small ends pointing inwards, and surrounded with a circle of small pieces of mortar, as my man suggested, to prevent their rolling—were invariably carried off by the crows, who were constantly on the watch for them.

Recent Explorations in Madagascar.—I.

IN the first volume of *ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS* we gave an account of Madagascar from the observations of M. Charnay. The descriptions contained in that article referred, however, to only a limited portion of the island, and that which has been most frequently visited; namely, the neighbourhood of Tamatave, and other parts of the eastern coast. Since M. Charnay's visit, a far more extensive journey has been performed by a well-known French savant, M. Alfred Grandidier, a gentleman

is tolerably correct in his assertion that hardly one of the accounts of Madagascar hitherto published are at all reliable, in whatever language they may be written. There is one author, indeed, a countryman of his own, to judge from the name, M. Legueval de Lacombe, who has published an account of his travels from north to south, and from east to west of the island, in which the most precise details are given of journeys which M. Grandidier assures us could not possibly have been



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who, in pursuit of his favourite studies in natural history and geography, has visited many parts of the island previously unknown to Europeans.

Great and insurmountable have been the obstacles which, until within these last few years, have frustrated every attempt to gain a more accurate knowledge of this magnificent island, the superficial area of which is 200,000 miles; that is, nearly double the size of the British Isles. Although it lies in the line of trade between South Africa and India, and possesses in the elevated lands of the interior a fine healthy climate, Madagascar is still very imperfectly known, either to traders, geographers, or naturalists. A glance at the best modern maps will show at once the meagreness of our knowledge concerning it. Round the coasts there are indeed a good many names of places marked down, but the interior of the country is almost a blank. We are inclined to think, therefore, that M. Grandidier

made by the writer. M. Grandidier comes to this conclusion, not merely from a perusal of the book itself, and a comparison of the account there given with his own experience; he was assured by the natives that M. Lacombe had never quitted the east coast. And yet so little was known actually of the country, that map-makers seized eagerly on any new material, even although it might be fictitious, and thus the interior of the country is marked in modern maps with false rivers, mountains, and places, based upon this imaginary narrative.

It was in the year 1863 that M. Grandidier first set foot in Madagascar. He landed at Point Larrey, a promontory opposite the little French colony of Sainte Marie, which has been established on the small island of that name on the north-east coast. In making choice of this part of the island for his starting-point, he hoped to escape the notice of the Queen of the Hovahs (in whose possession it is) and her chiefs, since,

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WRESTLING MATCH BEFORE THE COURT OF TANANARIVO.

in the vicinity of the French colony, strangers are, of course, not so uncommon as in every other part of the country. At the same time he wished to avoid the well-known route from Tamatave to Tananarivo. He was well aware that the Hovahs were averse to any foreigner advancing into the interior of their country, and his chief object was to penetrate into the very heart of it.

Unfortunately for him and his enterprise, the suspicion and mistrust with which this tribe had always regarded Europeans, were at this juncture aroused afresh by the demand for indemnity made by the French in this same year, 1865. Every European was looked upon with suspicion, and the governors of the north-east provinces subjected M. Grandidier, directly he stepped on land, to a strict and perpetual surveillance. Whichever way he turned, his progress was immediately arrested. He was, in fact, a prisoner of state. He might, if he pleased, go to the island of Sainte Marie, but not a step into the country.

All attempts at conciliation failing, and it being useless to remain longer at Point Larrey, which was little more than a sandbank, he returned to Sainte Marie. From thence he took his passage in a schooner belonging to the local governor, to Mananhara, a village situated a little further north, just beyond Cape Bellona, at the entrance of Antongil Bay. But there he encountered the same difficulties—no chance of penetrating inland even here. At last, as a special favour, he was permitted to return to Point Larrey along the coast, a distance of about fifty miles. And thus terminated the first campaign, which had lasted six months. All that had been accomplished was a determination of the exact position of ten villages situated on the coast line, between Mananhara and Point Larrey, together with the small rivers which there fall into the sea.

This was a truly disheartening commencement, but the traveller consoled himself with the consideration that, on the whole, the time had not been so wasted as at first sight it would seem to have been, for he had occupied himself with studies with which it is well for every would-be explorer to be conversant before attempting to traverse new and barbarous countries, and they are, the language, laws, manners, and customs, and, above all, the superstitions of the natives.

Having so entirely failed in his endeavour to get a footing in the country of the north-east, M. Grandidier's next attempt was towards the southern part of the island. This district is inhabited by the Antandroins and the Mahafaly, whose possessions are joined on the south-west by those of the Sakalaves. The inhabitants of these countries bear an evil character for rapacity, and, indeed, it was reported to be very unsafe for travellers to venture amongst them, but, as they were independent of the Hovahs, M. Grandidier hoped that perhaps they might not have the same disposition to obstruct his progress by the obstacles which had proved so insurmountable in the east. Another inducement which attracted him was the consideration that while his first attempt had been made on comparatively well-known ground, no geographer or naturalist had ever visited these countries of the south, with the sole exception of a Mr. Peters, who had hastily passed through on his way to Tulleur.

M. Grandidier sailed from St. Denis de la Réunion (whither he appears to have gone after his failure at Point Larrey) in June, 1866, on board the barque *Indefatigable* one of four vessels which, during the last few years, have ventured to trade along the inhospitable shores of the south, between Fort

Dauphin and Morundava. Owing, however, to a sudden and unexpected gale of wind when near to Fort Dauphin, the *Indefatigable* was compelled to put out to sea again, and thus M. Grandidier was prevented from visiting this ancient possession of his countrymen, which is now entirely abandoned to the mercy of the Hovahs. They continued forward, therefore, along the south coast until they arrived at Cape St. Mary (the extreme southerly point of the island) where they cast anchor. This was the first year in which vessels had ventured to anchor off this coast, nor can we wonder, after reading the description of it, at their reluctance to make its more intimate acquaintance. Facing the sea is a line of desolate dunes, almost destitute of vegetation, and without any trace of inhabitants; while, below, banks of rock stretch out at the water level a great distance from the shore, against which the huge waves of an open and furious sea continually dash themselves with irresistible force. It is clear that anchorage under such circumstances must be an exceedingly difficult matter, and that vessels which venture to brave the two elements, whose conduct here is so riotous—for the winds are as furious as the waves—must be in constant danger of swift and certain destruction. And there would appear, at first sight, to be nothing whatever which could attract ships to these desolate and dangerous shores. Barren, however, as the country seems, it in reality possesses some source of wealth for the children of this generation, who find a use for, and make use of, everything.

It appears that on the bark of the stunted and thorny shrubs characteristic of these deserts, a tinctorial lichen (the *Orcilla*) grows in great abundance, and it is for cargoes of this product that ships venture on this dangerous coast.

The hills at this point rise in a single mass, at a slope of some 40°, and to the height of about 500 feet, almost from the water's edge, leaving a shore of some seven to ten feet in breadth, which is composed of quartz, or sand largely intermixed with granite. At one part where, owing to the shape of the coast-line, they are less exposed to the force and violence of the south-east winds, there are two distinct ridges of elevation, separated by an intermediate plateau of some hundreds of yards in width. These dunes are also remarkable for their rectilinear summits. "At a distance," says M. Grandidier, "one would take them to be fortifications constructed by the hand of man; they are, however, but the work of the winds." The marl of which these dunes are formed, is composed of the debris of shells ground down to fine powder, out of which struggle, here and there, thorny shrubs, whose dark foliage is barely distinguishable from the soil in which they grow. On the slopes M. Grandidier found numerous fragments of eggs of the colossal bird of Madagascar, the *Epiornis*. This part of the coast lacks one element of life, and that is, fresh water, and the plateau on the cliffs is hardly better supplied with this necessary than the rest.

The people of this desolate country—the Antandroins, a tribe independent of the Hovahs—are subject to the authority of several petty chiefs, and are continually at war with one another. They occupy a tract extending from 42° 30' to 44° 20' east longitude, and inland to a depth of from forty to fifty miles. The poverty and misery of the inhabitants is very great. Civil wars are incessant. They are never safe in their own dwellings, and the rapacity of these wretched beings, who are half destitute of the simplest necessities of life, is almost incredible.

M. Grandidier made his way northwards into the interior

of this desert country, for a few leagues, until he arrived at the village of King Isifaniky. "I traversed a vast plain," he says, "covered with thorns and briars; not a hillock, not a tree to be seen. I never remember in all my travels to have met with such a desolate region."

Each Antandroin family has its plantation of nopals, just as the European peasants have their field of corn, and the figs which these nopal-trees bear are, with a few watery roots, the principal resources of these poor people, who are often, for months at a time, without cereals or fresh water.

In many parts of the island the inhabitants set fire to the scrubby thickets and brushwood which cumber the earth, and having by that means cleared a space and fertilised the ground, they are enabled to cultivate maize, millet, pumpkins, and *antaks*, or Madecasse beans; but in this region the soil is so sandy, that anything of this kind is quite impracticable.

M. Grandidier passed several days hunting around the village of Isifaniky, but whichever direction he took, he found before him the same desolate plain, dotted here and there with stunted and distorted trees. He descried, however, on the distant horizon a line of somewhat lofty hills, and he was told that near to them were extensive forests.

Quitting Cape St. Mary, M. Grandidier next visited Masi-kura on the south-west coast, and thence went on to Tullear, which lies further north. In the course of several voyages beyond this point as far north as Mahabon, in latitude 16°, he ascertained that the Manguka, or St. Vincent, one of the principal rivers of the west coast, falls into the sea thirty miles north of the position assigned to it on the maps, and determined the exact position of thirty villages on the coast, which no traveller had hitherto visited. Nor did he forget to examine the geology of the districts he passed through, and he was rewarded by the discovery of numerous fossils characteristic of the oolite period, which proved the existence of secondary formations, covering a vast extent of country to the south and west of Madagascar.

These small expeditions were but preliminary travels, and made chiefly with the view of preparing the way for future and more important undertakings, for, as we have before observed, it was the intention of M. Grandidier to traverse the island from west to east, and from north to south.

Up to this time he had only succeeded in just getting his foothold on land, and nothing more. Knowing well the dangers which would ever beset him in his researches amongst a cruel and superstitious people in a part of the country where, during the last twenty years, several ships had been pillaged, and the whole of their crews massacred, it behoved the traveller to be wary, and to feel his way, as it were, before venturing into the heart of the country. For this reason he had taken with him only a few scientific instruments, a small sextant and artificial horizon, a barometer, and some scalpels. The suspicions of the natives were so easily aroused, that the meridional observations had to be taken hastily and by stealth. Yet these were of much value, and we can imagine how great must have been the disappointment and sorrow felt by M. Grandidier when a fire most unfortunately consumed these papers, together with the entire work of the two years 1865-66. Several valuable collections also met with the same fate on this occasion. Amongst other specimens, were two skulls of the Sakalave tribe, which had been procured with great difficulty, and not a little danger; some fossils of the carboniferous epoch, gathered in

Passandava Bay, besides sketches, and a herbal of the medicinal plants found on the west coast.

M. Grandidier now determined to return to his native country for a few months, before undertaking the great task he had set himself; for, besides it being necessary for him to procure the scientific instruments required, he had been absent from Europe for five years and a half, and he naturally felt the want of intercourse with civilised people.

In November, 1867, M. Grandidier quitted France, and set forth bent on further conquests. He arrived at the Isle of Bourbon early in December, but was obliged to remain there some months before he was able to meet with a vessel bound for the west coast of Madagascar. At length, in the month of May, 1868, the *Indefatigable*, with M. Grandidier on board, set sail for Yavibule, a port on the south-east, which is frequently visited by coasters trading from St. Denis; but through fear of the strong southerly currents which prevail in these parts, the ship was kept in too northerly a course, and made the land at the mouth of the river Farafangana. M. Grandidier, profiting by this *contretemps*, took meridional observations of the rivers between the Farafangana and Fort Dauphin, and thereby discovered that many of them were wrongly placed on the maps, which errors he was thus enabled to correct.

It appears that captains of vessels sent to Madagascar are often quite ignorant as to the geographical position of the place of their destination; the names of many of the minor ports on the east as well as the west coasts, being either wrong in themselves or wrongly placed on the charts. The sailors, too, and those seamen who by long experience become acquainted with the navigation of these seas, with a most culpable selfishness keep their knowledge to themselves, and rarely, if ever, communicate the results of their experience to their colleagues. Consequently much time is often lost in seeking the port to which they are bound, and the captain of the *Indefatigable*, being a stranger to the south-west coast, although well acquainted with that of the east, had some difficulty in finding the port for which he sought.

From Yavibule the vessel proceeded round the southern extremity of the island to Tullear, the town which M. Grandidier had fixed upon as his head-quarters. Immediately on landing he paid his respects to the King of Fiherenana, whose acquaintance he had made on his previous visit, and with whom he had contracted a *serment de sang*.

"I knew," says M. Grandidier, "that in 1866 the Sakalaves had kindly accorded to me the reputation of being a sorcerer, and therefore I was anxious to gain the king on my side by the force of presents. Well for me that I did this; for during my sojourn in this State of Fiherenana I was summoned to attend numerous 'kabars,' or public tribunals, for the prevention of sorcery, and it was only owing to royal protection that I was enabled to leave that province safe and sound."

There is no accusation so much to be feared as that of sorcery, especially amongst the uncivilised tribes independent of the Hovahs. If the pretended crime is proved, the offender is punished with instant death, and, according to M. Grandidier, there does not exist a people on the face of the earth more stupidly superstitious than the Madecasses. To them nothing ever appears to come naturally. Good fortune or ill-luck, everything that happens, is attributed to charms and talismans. "Ah!" sighs poor M. Grandidier, "what troubles and vexations was I not daily caused by this absurd

fear respecting sorcerers! And let it be understood that every individual who distinguishes himself from other men, either by words or actions, is at once set down as a sorcerer. Therefore I leave you to imagine what is naturally thought by these ignorant barbarians when they see the traveller gathering information—writing, observing the stars, or conversing with the 'good God,' as they in their picturesque idiom term it, handling a number of the most extraordinary instruments, collecting the skins of animals, putting reptiles into alcohol, and so forth. Such actions do not merely give rise to grave suspicions, but the man who performs them is in their eyes unquestionably a dangerous monster, whom it is well to fear, and against whom it is needful to take every precaution. I knew their laws, and I lived their life; I had, moreover, gained, or rather bought, the goodwill of their chiefs, and yet it would be impossible for me to recount one tithe of all the obstacles with which my progress was impeded."

Fortunately, the love of gain was the dominant passion in the breasts of these Sakalaves; otherwise this narrative would probably have been ended here.

At Ambulint-satre, which lies a little north of Tullear, M. Grandidier discovered a deposit of fossil bones, amongst which he had the good fortune to find a new species of hippopotamus (*Hippopotamus Lemerlei*), almost all the parts of a skeleton of the foot of the gigantic bird, *Epiornis maximus*, and two immense tortoises (*Testudo abrupta* and *Emys gigantea*).

On his return to Tullear, he occupied himself in making a plan of St. Augustine Bay. No other place was more fitted for the object that he had in view at this time, which was to cross the island from the shores of this bay to Yavibule, on the east

coast; and in order to make the trigonometrical survey which he proposed, during the journey, it was necessary to first measure a base from which he could deduce the result of his observations. Having laid down a satisfactory base of about eleven miles for this purpose, he proceeded to carry out a hydrographic survey of the river Anhulahé, or St. Augustine,

adopting the method of natural marks, so usefully put in practice by M. Antoine d'Abbadie. He followed the course of this river as far as Salonté, and just as he was congratulating himself on quitting the country of the unfriendly Sakalaves, and entering one peopled with more amiable tribes, most unfortunately for him a civil war broke out between the Ba-és—at whose country he had just arrived—and the Antanosses, settlers through whose country he must pass in order to reach Yavibule. Now, the emigrant Antanosses were the men upon whom the traveller had depended to act as porters, and they were, moreover, the only people whom he could trust to follow him to the end of his journey. But, alas! all the able-bodied men must now go to the war, and it would be an act of madness for a stranger to venture into countries where fight-



MADECASSE LADY OF SAINT-MARIE.

ing and bloodshed were the common order of the day; his appearance with articles of barter, and scientific instruments, could be but a signal for instant death; for our traveller had already had experience of the Mahafaly, having been robbed by them, and escaping from them with much danger and loss.

After waiting in vain for several weeks, and things still continuing in the same unfavourable state, and also being much weakened by fevers, M. Grandidier was fain to give up his enterprise in that direction, and return to Tullear; and



so ended his first attempt to cross the country from the west to the east coast.

After a somewhat long convalescence, M. Grandidier resumed his labours. First he paid a visit to the great salt lake of Mananpetsy, which is situated about two leagues from the Mahafaly coast. It was necessarily but a hasty and rapid survey, owing to the dangerous state of the country, and made but to be assured of the existence of a lake of which he had often heard the natives speak. Its northern point is in about 24° , and it is said to extend some twenty miles in a southerly direction. The lake is very narrow, and the water is extremely salt, and appears to contain no fish of any kind—in contrast to Lake Héontri, near to Marumbé, which is full of shells and marine animals of all kinds.

The hydrography of the river Fiherenana was the next work undertaken, but after a progress of fifteen miles the explorer was again stopped and turned back, in spite of the strict orders to the contrary given by his friend the king. He was told that a little further inland beds of lignite or coal cropped up, but it was impossible for him personally to ascertain the truth of this statement, or even to obtain specimens.

As there was nothing more to be done in this inhospitable part, and as it seemed perfectly useless to expect that the chiefs would relent or become more friendly, M. Grandidier bade farewell to the Bay of St. Augustine, and proceeded northward as far as Menabé, on the Morundava River, resuming his old work by the way—that of rectifying the names and positions of villages, bays, creeks, and rivers, by which he passed. The rainy season had now arrived, an effectual barrier to all further progress, for rivers then overflow their banks and render the roads impassable, and clouds of mosquitoes and gnats infest the west coast. To avoid these unpleasantnesses, M. Grandidier settled down for the winter in the village of Ambundru, situated at the mouth of the Morundava, near to Menabé.

Directly the time arrived when geographical work could be recommenced, this indefatigable Frenchman commenced a survey of the neighbouring rivers, Tsidsubon and Mananbule, being, as he was informed, the two branches of one and the same river, the Mania. But ill-luck still followed the traveller, for although the Sakalave king and his chiefs received the presents which were bestowed with a liberal hand, they refused to allow the donor to pass on. When only twenty miles distant from the coast he was again forced to turn back, not having been even able to visit Lake Andranuvana, which lies about forty miles from the sea, on the right bank of the Tsidsubon, a river which doubtless will one day be of great importance, since its course is direct east, and is navigable by canoes for a distance of thirty leagues.

Advancing north, difficulties increased thick and fast. Mailat, Marah, and Milanga, three small independent Sakalave states, situated between Cape André and $18^{\circ} 20'$ south latitude, obstinately and positively refused to permit any entrance into the interior. The reputation of being a dangerous sorcerer had preceded our author's arrival; and to add to this, the Arab slavers, who here drive their lucrative and horrible trade, and who bear a deadly hatred towards Europeans in general, took care to stir up the already-aroused suspicions of the Sakalaves, and so between them they persecuted M. Grandidier to such a degree that he was obliged to leave the neighbourhood altogether, and hasten to the French settlement, Nossibé, situated

on a small island of that name off the north-west coast. Thence he retraced his steps as far as Madsanga, in Bembetok Bay, the place he had chosen as the next starting-point, with a view of exploring the way from this point to the Hovah capital, Tananarivo, in the heart of the country. This was a route he was more especially anxious to follow, because he had been told that the Betsibuka was navigable by canoes until close upon Tananarivo, and if this were the case it would be comparatively easy to open out a way of communication between the coast at this point and the province of Emerina. But it appeared that these statements were exaggerated, and that the Betsibuka was not in reality navigable beyond its junction with the Ikiupa, so that there remained at least a ten days' march across a waste and mountainous country before reaching the province of Emerina.

Here at last this irrepressible explorer broke through the great obstacle which had foiled him time after time in every previous effort—he obtained permission to pass into the interior, and visit Tananarivo. But he was not allowed to go in freedom and alone; eight officers and twelve soldiers watched and guarded the traveller each hour of the day and night so jealously, that he thought it prudent to abandon all attempts to make a complete and detailed map of all the route, and so contented himself with simply taking the latitude and longitude on every occasion that offered, under the pretence that these observations assisted in the regulation of his watch!

The route from Madsanga to Tananarivo passes through the most desolate and sterile country that it is possible to imagine. For the first seven and a half days the road traverses arid and drearily monotonous plains, covered with scrubby brushwood, and dotted here and there only with palm-trees and bushes. Coming then to the great granite chain of mountains, which extend from 22° south latitude to the port of Radama, for thirteen or fourteen days the traveller finds nothing but a perfect sea of mountains, without a tree save for some small clusters of shrubs which cling to the ravines, without a plant excepting a coarse kind of herb. This country is uninhabited, and indeed incapable of supporting any population. Since the taking of Madsanga by the Hovahs, however, several posts of soldiers have been stationed at intervals on this route to facilitate communications.

The neighbourhood of Tananarivo forms a large valley dotted with hills, on one of which the town is built, and the land is well cultivated, and thickly peopled. The valley measures about eighteen miles in length, and ten in breadth. M. Grandidier had previously been favoured with a personal introduction to the prime minister, Rainilaiarivouny, (observe the moderate length of the Madecasse names!) by the French consul, M. Laborde, and thanks to this, was now able to pursue his labours without fear of interruption, and in peace. He made good use of these unusually favourable opportunities by surveying, and making an accurate map of the province of Emerina, which lies to the south-west of the capital. During the intervals of this work he visited Lake Tasy, Mount Andringhitra, the great peak of Ankaratru, 6,560 feet above the sea, and the loftiest in Madagascar, the falls of Ikiupa, and numerous other interesting localities, and he found the centre of the province of Emerina to be everywhere thickly inhabited.

Returning to Tananarivo after he had completed his exploration of Emerina, he set out in the opposite direction, and

traversed the plains of Ankaye until he came to the source of the Manguru, the largest of the rivers of the east coast; indeed, no other river on this coast is navigable, even by the smallest canoes, for more than eight or ten miles. After crossing several mountains and still travelling almost due north, he came to a large valley inhabited by the Antsikankas, containing the most important lake in Madagascar, that named Alaoutre, which though not very wide, is more than thirty miles in length. From thence, making a détour, he traversed the mountains bordering the west side of the plateau, and finally reached the Hovah capital after a twenty-three days' expedition.

These various journeys had been so arranged as to enable M. Grandidier to be at Tananarivo during the new moons in October and November, he wishing to ascertain by this means the true longitude of that town; but unhappily these new moons did not answer his expectations. The weather proved unfavourable, and as from December to April the heavens are usually very cloudy, there was nothing for it but to postpone this important duty until another visit. And so the traveller quitted Tananarivo for the third time, and in the month of November set out to reach Ambundru, on the west coast, where he had wintered the previous year—a journey which would take at least twenty-eight days to accomplish. The way led through the country of the Betsileos, a region better populated than that traversed on the journey from Madsanga, yet so bare of trees that the inhabitants are often obliged to make a journey of three or four days from their villages in quest of wood for building purposes. The little valleys, however, which are formed in these granite ranges by the action of innumerable torrents are of fair extent, and capable of being cultivated with rice. For the first 90 miles the road ran direct south, then for the remaining 150 miles it turned to the west. Passing the Hovah forts of Etremu, Ambuhinume, and Tanzine, the route emerges at the latter point from the sea of mountains in which it has been hitherto involved, upon a vast plain of 84 miles, marking the commencement of the Sakalave country, and which is crossed near to $42^{\circ} 38'$ east longitude, by a chain of mountains so straight that they appear to extend the whole length of the island from north to south.

Having waited at Ambundru until the end of the rainy season, in March, 1870, M. Grandidier proceeded to ascend the little river Mitampate in a light canoe, and reached the Hovah fort of Manga, this being the most southern point occupied by the Hovahs in the Sakalave country. This part of the island is thinly populated, and really dangerous, owing to the continual raids made on cattle and men by the "dzirikas," or robbers, who infest these parts. At this very time, and within a few furlongs of the explorer, a number of independent Sakalaves attacked a convoy of 1,500 oxen, notwithstanding their being escorted by fifty Hovah soldiers and several officers. All the beasts were driven off, ten soldiers and the officer in command were killed, and the rest made prisoners and slaves.

It was necessary to traverse the whole extent of the Betsileo country in order to reach its capital, Fianarantsona, which is the second important town in Madagascar. From thence, continuing to cross an uninterrupted mass of mountains, Mananzarive, a port on the east coast, was reached. The country here proved more fertile and better wooded than that of the Betsileos. It had taken thirty-nine days to traverse the island from west to east.

Our versatile savant next turned his attention to the ethnology of the country, and in pursuit of his investigations, made a short excursion southwards to Matelanana, a place inhabited by men of Arab race, whose forefathers had formerly emigrated to Madagascar. Here he was able to collect many curious and interesting documents respecting this tribe, and also to obtain extracts from their books written in Arabic characters, a difficult matter, as they guard them very jealously. From thence he proceeded northwards again, until he reached Mahanuru. During this journey he examined the series of lagoons and canals parallel to the coast, which extend from Matenana to Tamatave. These channels are sometimes from 100 to 200 yards, sometimes only two to three yards broad, but often two or three miles, and by these it is almost possible to traverse the whole distance from Foule Point to Matenana in a canoe. Here and there are isthmuses, varying from one to ten miles across, but a passage through these might be very easily cut, and in this way a canal would be made 150 leagues in length. The way these channels came to be formed is this. The sea is continually casting up sand on the shore, which gradually forms a barrier, and so prevents the rivers emptying themselves into the sea, unless their streams happen to be very strong, which is not often the case with the rivers on the east coast. The waters being thus dammed up, overflow their banks right and left, and thus form a succession of lagoons. On many of the rivers, too, besides these sandy barriers, there are others of rock, which render them altogether impassable to boats.

But to return to M. Grandidier. At Mahanuru, he left the coast and struck out for Tananarivo; here he found the country very mountainous, but, relatively speaking, fertile. The day after his arrival at Tananarivo, he had the satisfaction of obtaining two lunar observations, giving fresh determination of the longitude of the Hovah capital. These, added to many previous observations, both for latitude and longitude, enabled him to fix its position with great precision.

His researches in this province being now concluded, he returned to the east coast by the well-known route from Tananarivo to Andevorante; thence he proceeded to Tamatave, and on to Point Larrey, and so he once more arrived at the point from whence he first started, and had really accomplished the task he had set himself five years before, though not without many a struggle, many trials, and the exercise of patience and of marvellous perseverance. The traveller thought that he had earned a rest; he was wearied out and much weakened by fevers, and he felt the want of his native air, and so he finally quitted Madagascar at the close of August, 1870.

"There still remained much to be done," he says, "and I felt a lively regret at having been able to lift only a corner of a veil which has for so long hidden this curious island from the eyes of Europeans, but it gives me pleasure to think that I had been able, by careful personal observation, to correct many erroneous opinions concerning it. I trust," he continues, "that the souvenirs which I left with the Madecasses will tend to make the travels of future explorers less difficult. The first step is made; and when these superstitious people perceive that, far from doing them the least harm, I have the rather done them good, then perhaps they will cease to follow with incessant persecutions those geographers and naturalists who wish to make a study of their interesting country."

Let us now try to give briefly an idea of the general aspect of the country.

The island may be divided into two distinct parts—one division containing the north and east, which is altogether mountainous; the other, the south and west, which is, relatively speaking, flat.

There are five chains of mountains, all of which bear more or less in the same direction—north-north-east to south-south-west. The first chain which one encounters on leaving the west coast is comprised between 21° and 25° south latitude; the second, the Bemaraha, extends from 16° to 25° —this chain, at first narrow, at 22° joins the preceding chain, and forms with it one vast plateau; the third chain commences like the first at 21° , but ends near to $23^{\circ} 30'$. To the

coast. Thus all the zone situated south and west of the granitic mountains belongs to the secondary formation, of which the northern limit appears to be the coast south of Narinda Bay. In all this vast area, the soil is fertile, and the country inhabited only along the banks of the rivers or streams, and these are rare enough. All the mass of plutonic mountains which is situated west of the eastern slope, is still more sterile, with the exception of those valleys which have been formed by the gradual filling up of ancient lakes and marshes with the debris of the neighbouring mountains. The slope facing the Indian Ocean is very fertile, thanks to the continual rains which fall on the east coast.

There is a narrow but continuous line of forests from north to south which, joining those of the west, form a belt or circle,



VIEW NEAR FORT DAUPHIN.

west of $48^{\circ} 20'$ east longitude, there is but one immense mass of granitic mountains, which appears owing to at least two different periods of elevation. One upheaval has given rise to the great chain which extends from Anuruntsangane to 22° south latitude, measuring more than 100 miles; the other, that which runs the whole extent of the island, from north to south, from Vohemar to Fort Dauphin.

The first three chains of mountains are separated from one another by sandy plains, or arid plateaus cut by shallow ravines; they belong to the secondary formation. The great central range, which is much broken up, does not rise on an average to an altitude of more than from 3,280 to 6,560 feet.

In the whole of the eastern part there is no level ground except that of the small valleys, which are utilised by the natives for the cultivation of rice.

Here and there amongst these plutonic mountains, portions of mica-schist strata crop out like islands, and to the south of the granitic range which terminates at 22° , there are slightly undulating plains of secondary formation, which extend to the

in the centre of which there is nothing to be found but sterility and barrenness.

Respecting the rivers, it has already been said that on the east coast there are not many worthy of mention; indeed, there is only one of importance, the Mangoro, which rises in latitude 18° on the southern side of the mountain chain, which separates the plateau of Ankaye from the valley of Antsihanake, and falls into the sea a few miles south of Mahanoro. On the west coast there are several rivers which are navigable for some thirty or forty miles from the coast; amongst others, the Tsidsubon, the Betsibuka, and the Manguka or St. Vincent.

If the east and north-west coasts abound in water-courses, the same cannot be said of those of the south and south-west, for from Fort Dauphin to Cape Kimbihi only the following rivers are to be found:—The Mandrèré, the Mananbuvu, Menarandra, Ilinta, which flows into Nasikura Bay, the St. Augustine, Fiherenana, Manumbè, Kitumbu, and the Manguka or St. Vincent, the Mailampak, and two other streams at a little distance, the Morundava, the Andranumene, the

Tsidsubon and the Mananbule, two branches of the Mania. Twelve rivers in all, the first four of which are of little importance, as their embouchures are very often dry. Between the Ilinta and the St. Augustine there is a distance of more than fifty leagues without the smallest stream of water, and between the Manumbè and the Manguka, there is also a portion of the coast which, for forty leagues, is in a like condition.

With regard to the lakes of Madagascar, there are not very many. Antsihanake and Tasy, the lagoons of Nusivè, Rasoabé, Rasonamasaye, Rangazavake, and Namorune, which have been already described as the channel, parallel with the east coast, the salt-lakes of Mananpetsutse in the Mahafaly country, and of Hèontri at Fiherenana, lastly, Lake Ranumene on the right branch of the Tsidsubon and that of Kinkury near to Manzaraye.

Of the different routes by which the capital, Tananarivo,

west coast would be a gigantic undertaking, and entail immense labour, but, should the attempt be made, M. Grandidier thinks that the route from Mananbule which passes near to the Hovah fort, Ankavandre, is far preferable to that from Madsanga.

Such is the information concerning the physical aspect of Madagascar which M. Grandidier gathered, but added to all this, he tells us that he fixed the latitude of 18° different points, the longitude of twenty-four towns; he took more than 1,500 observations with the theodolite; he examined the coast-line for a distance of 1,250 miles; registered three times a day as regularly as circumstances would permit the indications of the barometer, thermometer, and hygrometer, respecting the weather

and the temperature's maximum and minimum; and he also made numerous collections of mammals, of birds, reptiles, and insects, plants, trees, and shells, both terrestrial and fluvial.



THE "PANDANUS MURICATUS."



MADÉCASSE VILLAGE.

may be reached from the east or west, the shortest is that from Andevorante, and M. Grandidier is of opinion that by a little engineering skill, it might very easily be made a more practicable carriage road than any of the others. As yet it is the only one on which villages may be met with, and, consequently, provisions obtained. To make a good road from the

He discovered sixteen new species of animals, ten of birds, and more than twenty-five new reptiles, amongst which were five tortoises, eighteen lizards, one snake, and several batrachians, also two fishes, and many insects, of which about a dozen were *Lepidoptera*, and many *Coleoptera*. He took the measurement of twenty-three individuals of different tribes, in addition to

numerous photographs of persons also, who appeared to be typical specimens of their race.

In the midst of all this more purely scientific work, he found time to study the religion, laws, manners, dialects, and oral traditions of the different people amongst whom he dwelt.

The results which rewarded the labours of this indefatigable and accomplished Frenchman, possess the highest value, and the perseverance, assiduity, and undaunted determination with which he carried out to the end his bold enterprise, must command our warmest admiration.

The Andaman Islands.

THE Andaman Islands, which are situated in the Bay of Bengal, about 300 miles south of Rangoon, between 10° and 15° north latitude, and in 93° east longitude, have just acquired a sad notoriety through the circumstance of the assassination of the late Governor-General of India. They are forty miles distant from the nearest group of islands, called the Cocos, which lie to the northward, and are seventy-two miles distant from the Nicobar Islands to the south. The largest and most important of the group is that termed the Great Andaman; and about twenty miles to the southward is situated a second large island, considerably smaller than the other, and which is termed the Little Andaman.

The large island is divided into three distinct tracts of land, separated by narrow passages; its northern section is some forty-four miles in length, with an average breadth of fourteen miles. In this part is situated the splendid land-locked harbour of Port Cornwallis, and a few miles to the southward of it rises to the height of 2,400 feet, the most considerable mountain peak in the whole group, known as Saddle Mountain. The centre division of the Great Andaman is known as the Middle Andaman, and is the largest of the three, being fifty miles in length, some fifteen miles long, with an average breadth the same as that of the northern division. In this portion there are two commodious harbours, bearing the names of Port Blair and Port Meadows: and on the western coast, also, are situated two harbours, known as Port Mouatt, after the distinguished medical officer who was chief of the Committee of Investigation appointed by the British Government to report on the Andamans in 1857; and Port Campbell, so designated in honour of Captain Campbell of the Indian Navy, who commanded the Honourable East India Company's ship-of-war *Semiramis*, which conveyed the committee to Burmah in that eventful year, and supplied the guard of seamen attached to it.

The strait separating the Southern from the Middle Andaman, unlike the passage in the north, is navigable in the entire length; and near its western extremity is an excellent harbour, discovered by Major Houghton, the officer who succeeded Dr. Walker, the first superintendent of the convict settlement. There is also a small island to the southward of the South Andaman, called Rutland Island. The whole of the shores of the group are fringed with continuous coral reefs.

The inhabitants of these islands, known as Andamaners or Mincopie, are a short, sturdy race of savages, having skins of an intense blackness; but they are not cannibals, as has been represented. Professor Owen, to whom an entire skeleton of a defunct Andamaner was sent, observes regarding them, quoting from a report to the Government of India, "It is impossible to

imagine any human beings to be lower in the scale of civilisation than are the Andaman savages; entirely destitute of clothing, utterly ignorant of agriculture, living in the most primitive and rudest form of habitations, their only care seems to be the supply of their daily food." Their chief weapons are bows and arrows, and some of the males carry spears, the iron heads for which weapons are obtained from wrecks.

The Andamaners are very powerful, though diminutive in size, and are swift runners, and can climb like monkeys, ascending in search of honey the straight lofty trees without branches. They are also excellent swimmers from their childhood, and wonderful divers. Three or four of them have been seen to dive into deep water, and bring up in their arms a fish six or seven feet long; and they make a practice of fishing for shell-fish at great depths in the sea, and can shoot fish with arrows where Europeans cannot see them. They spin rope, make wicker-work baskets, and large nets for catching turtle; and they scoop out their canoes from fallen trees by means of a small kind of adze tipped with a semicircular blade of iron. But these are the only acquirements that raise these savages above the brute creation, and their low stature and black colour increase the similarity to the orang-outang or gorilla; but they are, on the other hand, well shaped. The stature of the full-grown male sent to Professor Owen, and which is, I believe, now to be seen in the British Museum, is four feet ten inches, which is about the average height.

By old writers they are very generally called Negrillos, or dwarf Negroes; and it is said, though there is no foundation for the statement, that they are descended from African Negroes, imported by the Portuguese, and wrecked on these islands. The Andaman islanders manufacture various articles and implements, but they are of very simple construction.

Their canoes, as described by Dr. Mouatt, are of a peculiar character. The natives first select one of the tallest, straightest, and thickest trees, and then set to work with infinite patience to bring to the earth this king of the forest. As their tools are of the most primitive description, it takes a considerable time to fell and hollow out the mighty trunk; and it is surprising how they ever succeed in reducing the shapeless mass to the condition of a canoe, hollowed out and completed with consummate neatness and finish. The shell is no thicker than a lady's deal bonnet-box, and yet, though extremely light, they are found to be strong enough to keep the sea in very rough weather. These boats are fitted with outriggers similar to those in use among the Cingalese fishermen, and which renders them incapable of being upset. It is supposed that these outriggers must have been adapted from one of the Point de Galle fishing-

boats having been driven to the eastward and wrecked on their shores, for in speaking of these islands, early writers never refer to their existence.

The Andamaners proceed to sea on fishing expeditions often as far as forty or fifty miles. The paddles used to propel these boats are also specimens of fine workmanship; they are made of sizes varying from three or four feet in length, and are generally the handiwork of the women and children.

During some trials of speed between the Mincopie canoes and the cutters and captain's gig of the Honourable Company's steam frigate *Semiramis*, while that ship was at the Andamans, in 1858, the islanders, when seeking to escape, invariably beat picked crews of the man-of-war's men, much to the chagrin of the latter.

The first credible account we have of these islands having been personally visited by others than the natives, is taken from Pemberton's collection of voyages and travels. In the ninth century two Mohammedan travellers visited the group while travelling over a great part of China and Asia, and their description of the inhabitants and of their customs is so grotesquely exaggerated that it is extremely doubtful whether they even saw what they pretended to describe.

The next account we have of them is of the time when Aurunzebe was Emperor of the Moguls, in the latter years of the seventeenth century. Again, in Hamilton's account of the East Indies, reference is made to a ship that was wrecked on these islands, when it was supposed the crew were devoured by the islanders; but we must come down to more recent times before we can be certain of learning reliable information regarding the Andamans and their inhabitants.

In the latter part of the last century the Indian Government despatched Lieutenant Archibald Blair, of the Indian Navy, and Colonel Colebrooke, of the Bengal Army, to survey this island; and from the report of these two very able and distinguished officers most of the present information is derived. The official report of Lieutenant Blair, one of the early hydrographers of a service that subsequently produced such surveyors as Moresby and Haines, was, in June, 1789, laid before the Marquis Cornwallis, the then Governor-General of India. Speaking of this report, Dr. Mouatt says: "It not only contained a minute and accurate account of the survey conducted under the superintendence of that able and enterprising officer, but it was also illustrated by a chart, in which the situation of the most important localities was distinctly marked, accompanied with a plan of three harbours, which he had found to be secure places of refuge for the shipping that stress of weather or other causes might drive on the Andaman coasts. The report merited and obtained much praise for the clearness with which it was written, and the intelligible manner in which various operations of the surveying party were described. The chief geographical features of the island were delineated with a fidelity that has secured the approbation of subsequent explorers."

Colonel Colebrooke's report was equally valuable, and contained a vocabulary of the Andaman language, which, however, Dr. Mouatt, in his intercourse with the natives, found of little service, probably owing to defective pronunciation.

So favourable were the reports of these officers that the Indian Government decided on establishing a penal settlement; and, accordingly, a colony, under the charge of Lieutenant Blair, was organised on a site then known as Port Cornwallis, near the southern extremity of the Great Andaman.

The name of Port Cornwallis was subsequently changed to Old Harbour, and again to Port Blair, in honour of its surveyor, by which it is at present known. The spot chosen for the first colony in Port Cornwallis was Mark Island, now called Chatham Island, which was likewise proposed by the expedition of 1857 as the best site for the penal settlement.

Captain Blair had taken with him a large staff of artificers from Bengal, as also provisions for six months. His first act was to raise a redoubt, on which he mounted the guns of his ship, the *Ranger*; and then the colonists, under the superintendence of their able chief, turned their attention to clearing away the rank vegetation. While doing so they were frequently engaged in conflict with the natives, who came over from the mainland in considerable numbers, and greatly harassed the working parties by the insidious method of attack they adopted. A convenient watering-place for ships was, however, at length cleared, and a reservoir constructed; sheds were also erected within the redoubt, and the settlers were fully occupied in the cultivation of land, which soon began to recompense their labour. On the 19th December of the same year, Commodore Cornwallis, brother of the Governor-General, with H.M. ships *Ariel* and *Perseverance*, arrived at the settlement, and the commodore, in his report to Government, stated that he found it "fully equal to what it had been represented."

During the three years the penal settlement was established here, Captain Blair occupied his time in completing his surveys, and sailed round the island, when he discovered another large and more commodious harbour, about 2° to the northward, and on the eastern shore of the same island, in 43° 28' north latitude, and 93° 12' east longitude. To this place, also called Port Cornwallis, the colony was removed in 1792, and in March of the following year Captain Blair was succeeded in command of the settlement by Major Kyd, of the Engineers. In consequence of the war with France, the colony was put into a sort of defence, and large reinforcements were sent, and more guns mounted on the redoubt, to guard against an apprehended attack from the enemy.

On the 14th May, 1794, the council of the Governor-General reported that the situation of Port Cornwallis was unfavourable to the health of the settlers; and in the following year fifty deaths occurred among the native convicts during the rainy season. In February, 1796, accordingly, we find that orders were issued by the Indian Government for the abandonment of this settlement, and the removal of all the settlers to Prince of Wales' Island, as being a more healthy locality.

Major Kyd, in his report on the climate of Port Cornwallis, says that only four months of fair weather can be counted on, viz., December, January, February, March; though part of the months of April and November may be added to this estimate. During this period the weather is dry, and the air clear and pure. Towards the end of March, and throughout April the thermometer is seldom lower than 83° in the shade during the day, and sometimes ranges as high as 98°. From the middle of May till November it continues to rain with little intermission.

The country about Port Cornwallis is described as covered with lofty trees and thick underwood, the former affording most excellent timber for ship-building purposes. The soil also is excellent; the scenery here, as elsewhere in the group, magnificent; and the foliage of the rich luxuriance proverbial in the East.

In the year 1795 Colonel Syme, while on his way to Ava, visited Port Cornwallis, and devoted a chapter to it in his work on the results of the mission to Ava. He describes Chatham Island, in which were erected the houses of the commandant and of the penal colony, which at that time numbered, including guards, some 700 souls. After its abandonment we hear nothing further of Port Cornwallis until the year 1824, when the fleet that conveyed Sir Archibald Campbell and his army to Burmah made this their rendezvous. The expedition consisted of about 11,000 European and native troops; and the immense fleet of transports that carried them was convoyed by three vessels of war, under Commodore Grant, and by the *Diana*, a little steamer recently built in Calcutta, and the first that ever floated in the waters of the East. What astonishment must have been created in the minds of the simple islanders by the sight of this immense armament, and the singular vessel that formed a portion of it! Major Snodgrass, in his history of the war, briefly notices Port Cornwallis.

In the year 1840, Dr. Helfer, a Prussian savant in the employ of the Indian Government, visited the Andamans for scientific purposes, and, while carrying on some observations on shore was transfixing by a spear hurled by a savage concealed behind a bush. Madame Helfer, who accompanied her husband, immediately drew a pistol she carried in her girdle, and, with a presence of mind worthy the niece of Field-Marshal von Bulow, shot the murderer on the spot.

At length reports of the outrages continually committed on shipwrecked mariners induced the Government of India to order a committee to proceed to the Andaman Islands, and report upon them with reference to the establishment of a penal settlement for the mutinous sepoys of the Bengal Army, and for native convicts from other parts of British India. The committee appointed were in every way suited for their duties, and consisted of Dr. Mouatt of the Bengal Medical Staff, with Surgeon Playfair, and Lieutenant Heathcote, of the Indian Navy. The first-named officer was selected to take general charge of the expedition, while to Dr. Playfair was entrusted the medical and scientific, and to Lieutenant Heathcote the hydrographical duties of the committee.

In November, 1857, they sailed for Moulmein, on board the Honourable Company's steam frigate *Semiramis*, commanded by Captain Campbell, of the Indian Navy. Here the *Pluto*, an iron war-steamer of light draught, was placed at their disposal; she was admirably adapted for navigating the shallow water, and the coral reefs of the group of islands the committee were about to visit. On the 9th December, they sailed for their destination, having first been supplied with all appliances necessary for the proper attainment of the objects in view, as well as with a guard of twenty well-trained seamen, who had been carefully selected by Captain Campbell from amongst the crew of the *Semiramis*. Colonel Fytche, the commissioner, also made over to the committee twelve Burmese convicts used to forest life, with a native guard, for the purpose of cutting a path through the jungle, or for boring for water while on surveying expeditions, for which they were supplied with boring-rods.

The *Pluto* arrived at Chatham Island on the 11th, and then was commenced the series of observations which was embodied in a combined report submitted to the Governor-General, and which was published in 1859, as the twenty-fifth number of the "Selections from the Records of the Government of India."

Dr. Mouatt has published, in addition, an exhaustive work on these interesting islands, and also submitted a paper to the Royal Geographical Society, which was read at the meeting of that learned body on the 13th January, 1862, and from which works have been drawn much of these materials.

The *Pluto*, with the members of the committee on board, first examined the east coast of the Great Andaman, from Port Cornwallis in the north to Rutland Island in the extreme south, which was also explored. They then proceeded along the west coast as far as the North Reef Island, incidentally paying a visit to the Andaman Strait, between the North and Middle Islands, and the Middle Strait between the South and Middle Islands.

In their report to Government, they spoke in the highest terms of the picturesque magnificence and great security of the harbour of Port Cornwallis, the one occupied as a settlement in 1792, and abandoned in 1796, owing to its unhealthiness, which the committee ascribed to an extensive bog of mud, skirted by belts of mangroves on the south-western extremity of Chatham Island. The remains of the old settlement were disentangled from the dense brushwood, and the fragments of brickwork were found in good preservation.

The original settlement, now known as Port Blair, was considered by Dr. Mouatt as the only desirable spot in which to establish the convict colony contemplated by the Government, and thither accordingly were removed some of the Bengal mutineers under the charge of Dr. Walker, who was well known in India for his intimate knowledge of native character, and who established his head-quarters at Ross Island, in the harbour of Port Blair. This island, as also Chatham Island, and several bays, were cleared by the convicts; vegetables of different sorts were planted and appeared to thrive. Paddy (rice) was also cultivated with good prospects of success, and wheat was sown. About 2,000 convicts in all had arrived towards the end of 1858. They were permitted to engage in their respective callings, and those who were not skilled were allowed two annas (3d.) a day, and were employed as labourers in clearing jungle, and making roads.

The records of the settlement do not, however, show an unqualified success in the management of the convicts committed to Dr. Walker's custody; for whereas between the 10th March and 12th of June, 1858, 773 felons were landed at Port Blair, only 481 of them remained in the colony on the 16th of June in the following year. Statistics show that of the original number, 64 died in hospital, 140 effected their escape, 1 committed suicide, and 87 were executed for a murderous attempt to overpower the guard.

Dr. Walker resigned his appointment in 1859, and Major Houghton was appointed superintendent. After a successful governorship, he was succeeded by Lieut.-Colonel Tyler, but in 1863, was reinstated chief authority in the Andamans, with an increased salary of £2,100 per annum.

An Indian Government return recently issued, contains a report on the vegetation of the Andamans by Mr. Kurz, curator of the Herbarium of the Calcutta Botanical Gardens, in which the writer gives it as his opinion that these islands are in a sinking state, and must eventually disappear. Mr. Kurz has arrived at this conclusion from having observed, at various points of the island, a vast extent of decaying vegetation, stumps of trees, &c., covered by, or open to, the action of the sea. There are at the present time upwards

of 17,000 convicts located at the penal settlements at the Andamans, but there is no occasion for immediate anxiety on their behalf, for, according to Mr. Kurz, the submersion is proceeding only at the rate of one foot in 100 years, and 1,000 years must therefore elapse before all the stores and houses along the beach at Ross Island can disappear under water.

During the last few years the discipline enforced among the convicts located on the Andamans has been of a very lax character. Too much liberty has been allowed, with the result that the convicts have given way to habits of rum drinking, and unlimited idleness. Recently a Port Blair European felon,

James Devine by name, was convicted of murdering a comrade in a drunken quarrel, but was recommended to mercy on the plea that the crime was due to "disgraceful laxity of discipline and want of proper control." It was in consequence of this discreditable state of affairs, that at the suggestion of Lord Napier of Magdala, General D. Stewart, a stern disciplinarian, was recently appointed Governor. Unhappily, he had not been sufficiently long at his post to effect so necessary a reform as restricting the liberty of fanatics like Shere Ali from wandering at will over the settlements. Thus, a most valuable life has been sacrificed, it is to be feared, to a preventable cause.



THE DENIZENS OF THE SWAMP.

A Flying Visit to Florida.—V.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

TOWNS WITH NATIONAL NAMES.

CONTINUING to ascend the St. John's River, its channel again began to narrow about eight or ten miles above Mandarin. Here, on both sides, there are several settlements; one on the west bank being the nucleus of a future city, dignified by the title of "Hibernia"—perhaps receiving its baptism from some patriotic Patlander who has been its founder. On the opposite shore is "New Switzerland"—in all probability so called from a similar prompting by one of the countrymen of Tell.

Hibernia stands upon an island, the projection of which into the river is the cause of the channel being at this point contracted. The island itself is about five miles in length, separated from the mainland by Doctor's Lake; a broad inlet already mentioned, which, obliquing from the river in a south-westerly direction, terminates, several miles off, in an extensive tract of marsh.

Hibernia is situated on the east or river side of the island,

and can boast of an hotel, which stands conspicuously near the landing-place.

The little town, or rather its surroundings, has certain attractions likely to make it a favourite place of residence. Among these is a fine promenade under a grove of grand trees—live-oaks—in local phrase known as the "river walk."

Like most of these village settlements on the St. John's, Hibernia has its proportion of invalid visitors; and provides for their recreation not only hotel and boarding-house accommodation, but boats for picnic and fishing excursions.

A place more specially intended for the residence of invalids is Magnolia, three miles further up the river, and on the same side with Hibernia. Here, in 1851, an enterprising physician, of the name of Benedict, erected a sort of hospital hotel, named Magnolia House, capable of accommodating some fifty or sixty patients.

In the Southern rebellion, Florida, notwithstanding its remoteness from the political and military centre, saw its share

of the stirring events to which the great struggle gave rise. During its continuance Dr. Benedict's building was devoted to various uses, and so damaged as almost to become a ruin. Since then, a speculative company of New Englanders have restored it to its former condition, and placed it under the charge of another disciple of Esculapius, to be continued as a sanatorium.

Between the two places, just after passing Hibernia, a considerable affluent of the St. John's enters the river from the west. It is known as Black Creek; and, with its numerous smaller tributaries, waters a large tract of country, chiefly occupied by the county "Clay"—called after the celebrated Kentucky statesman. Inland upon Black Creek, there is some fertile land, and several flourishing settlements.

A SANATORIUM FOR DYSPETICS.

Two miles above Magnolia, still on the western side of the St. John's, is a mineral spring of some repute, called "Green Cove." It is of the kind known as "sulphur," and said to have proved efficacious in the cure of chronic rheumatism, cutaneous diseases, and that peculiarly American complaint, dyspepsia.

Its fountain has a natural basin some forty feet in diameter, in the bottom of which is a hole, through which the mineral water ascends in large volumes, and with such velocity as to have given it the name of the "boil."

Some years ago the bed of the basin surrounding this aqueous embouchure gave way, and for a time the "boil" was obliterated. But as Green Cove has also its hotel and boarding-houses—keenly catering for guests who suffer from rheum and dyspepsia—the choked throat was soon cleared out, and the "boil" re-established for the use of drinkers and bathers.

After passing Green Cove, the St. John's preserves a goodly width for several miles; the land on both sides lying low, and presenting the same monotonous aspect to any one sailing in mid-channel. It is only by hugging its shores, or rounding some convexity of its extremely sinuous banks, that anything like an interesting view may be obtained; and this will chiefly consist of the grouping of forest trees, of the reaches between, and the varied vegetation. Here and there the estuary of a tributary stream causes a break in the line of woodland, giving diversity to the landscape.

One of these, called "Six-mile Creek," enters from the east, coming from the direction of Florida's ancient capital, San Augustine. Its name, I believe, has reference to the distance at which the reach, leading from the St. John's to the latter city, touches upon a curve of the creek.

Our boat party did not debark on any part of the river's bank for twelve miles above Green Cove Spring. On this part of the river there are no towns, nor any settlements, save a few wretched and not very prosperous plantations. The shores are low and swampy. Above Six-mile Creek they again approach each other, contracting the channel; which once more widens, and again grows narrow at the point where stands Picolata.

PICOLATA.

This, though one of the oldest settlements on the river, and historically celebrated, can scarcely be called a town. It has not even the usual hotel, and travellers who stop at it must be content with "Bridier's boarding-house." And yet

it is the entrepôt, or landing-place, for all who, having so far steamed up the St. John's, intend going "overland" to San Augustine. It stands at the point where the old Spanish military road, leading from the latter city to St. Mark's, on the Mexican Gulf, passed over the river; and is still the crossing-place of what is termed the "Federal" or "Bellamy" Road. It is about eighteen miles from San Augustine—not the point of the river nearest to this city, but that most practicable for a road. The route above designated makes a considerable deflection northward, both before reaching Picolata and after crossing the river, to avoid the low-lying marshy lands of Clark's Creek.

Picolata is, of course, on the eastern bank of the St. John's, on land slightly elevated above the water surface of the river. Here, again, we had evidence of the same terrestrial change already noticed as having taken place, and still going on, near the river's mouth, where Fort Caroline once stood.

At Picolata the channel has encroached upon the eastern bank quite as much as at the spot rendered historic by the bold Ribaut, the gentle Laudonnière, the cruel Menendez, and the heroic De Gourgue. As proof of this, we have the truthful record of Bartram, written a century ago. He says:—

"By noon I came abreast of Fort Picolata. I landed, but, to my disappointment, found the fort dismantled and deserted. This fortress is very ancient, and was built by the Spaniards. It is a square tower, thirty feet high, invested with a high wall, without bastions, about breast high, pierced with loopholes, and surrounded with a deep ditch. The upper storey is open on each side, with battlements, supporting a cupola or roof. These battlements were formerly mounted with eight four-pounders, two on each side."

The old traveller goes on to say, that the works were constructed of hewn stone, and cemented with lime. He describes the stone as of "a pale reddish brick-colour, and a testaceous composition, consisting of small fragments of sea-shells and fine sand." He further states that it was "cut out of the quarries of St. Anastasius Island, opposite St. Augustine, where it lies in horizontal masses on the quay, and constitutes the foundation of that island." Bartram adds: "It is well adapted for the construction of fortifications." Bartram here speaks of the composite rock of Anastasius Island, known to the Florida Spaniards as *coquina*, and of which most of the old dwellings of San Augustine, as also its fortified castle, are built. The accomplished old naturalist traveller is justified in describing it as "well adapted for the construction of fortifications;" since against it the said castle successfully resisted the siege guns of more than one hostile attack—signally that of the English colonists of Carolina, under their ambitious and flagitious governor, Colonel Moore, who was compelled to retire in humiliation from before its walls. The soft *coquina* stone can be penetrated with cannon-balls almost as easily as a bank of clay. But the shot produces about the same effect as upon a *fascine*, or a sand-bag.

A FORTRESS NOT TO BE FOUND.

The proof of river encroachment at Picolata is, that not a vestige of the fort described by Bartram now remains!

The traveller speaks of it in his own time as being "very ancient." Of course it could not be older than San Augustine itself, to which it was an outwork.

On the opposite side of the river the Spaniards had a corresponding fort, called "San Francisco de Poppa." The

site of this can be determined by the remains of earth-works still traceable about a mile below; that is, northward of the present landing-place. These show that the fort of San Francisco de Poppa could not have been a structure either so grand or important as Picolata.

Most steam travellers up the St. John's, bent upon a mere tour of pleasance, land at Picolata, and thence cross over to San Augustine. There is an air of romance about this old Spanish city that attracts. And well may it do so, being the oldest town in United States territory—that is, the oldest built by Europeans. For it must be remembered that the aborigines of America had their towns—many of them deserving the name of cities—long before Columbus ever thought of a new world lying westward. Even the Indians of Florida dwelt in towns, with houses substantially constructed, before Ponce de Leon set foot on its shores, and there unfurled the conquering flag of Castile.

ON UP THE RIVER.

San Augustine has around it all this attraction—a halo of the olden time: enough to tempt divergence from the route we had mutually agreed upon. We might have been seduced from it, but for the reflection that we could “do” the ancient capital of Florida on our return. Sport was now our lure, the sport of the hunter; and towards San Augustine was not the direction for this. The place to seek it was up the St. John's—as far up as we could go—the further the better for a follower of St. Hubert.

More than one of our party had an ambition to reach the head of the Floridian River—strange to say, a problem yet undetermined, as the sources of the Nile!

Thinking of this: thinking of the savannahs lying beyond Lake George—of the grand, though little known Lake Okechobee, and the equally unrevealed “Everglades,” stretching almost to Florida's extremest southern point—imagining all sorts of mysteries to be met with in this famed wonder-land, almost a *terre inconnue*—we sailed past the fort of Picolata, leaving San Augustine to be visited at a future opportunity.

Above Picolata there is a long reach of river where the channel is of great width. There the settlements on either side are few and far between, there being no town of any note. The land on both banks is but slightly elevated above the water surface, showing tracts of sedgy swamp, interspersed with forests of the kind called “low hommock,” in which live-oaks grow, luxuriantly mingled with magnolias, scarlet maples, the water-loving tupelo-tree (*Nyssa aquatica*), gordonias, “loblolly” bay (*Laurus Borbonica*), and two distinct species of palms (*Chamerops*).

At the distance of two or three miles from the river's edge a higher ground is reached; where the timber is chiefly pine and scrub-oak, with an undergrowth of the saw palmetto (*Chamerops Adansonii*). The pine lands are generally of a sandy and sterile character—the very opposite to that of the “low hommocks.” In these the soil is of exceeding richness, capable of producing sugar crops for an indefinite period, without any need of manure. The only drawback is the difficulty of clearing them; and, it may be added, the danger from malaria. When the peninsula becomes more thickly populated both may be got over; when the thick-standing timber falls before the settler's axe, and is consumed by his fires.

About ten miles above Picolata the St. John's makes a sharp turn; bending in a direction nearly west—or rather east,

if we speak of its descending course. On this part there are several settlements, the chief one called “Buena Vista,” from its commanding view of a long reach of river.

On again assuming its customary longitudinal direction, the channel begins to contract, and continues narrowing up to the town of Pilatka.

Pilatka is a noted place; after Jacksonville, the chief city on the St. John's. The steamers from Charleston and Savannah run up to it; and there are several smaller boats belonging to it that ply along the inland lakes and rivers of the peninsula. Also, a mail stage-coach runs from it to the town of Tampa, more than a hundred miles off from the Gulf. Upon the other side it holds communication with San Augustine by a road known as the Pilatka Road.

Pilatka is built upon a sandy bank elevated some fifteen feet above the level of the river surface, and has a population of over 1,000, mostly occupied in “lumbering” and the cultivation of oranges. There the tree, growing in a more congenial clime than that of Jacksonville, yields its golden fruit with less danger from frost-blight.

The town stands on the site of an Indian village, seen by Bartram on his ascent of the river in 1774. Although he has not given any name, there can be no great difficulty in identifying the place from his description of this part of the river. He speaks of “doubling a promontory” before coming in sight of the village, which could be no other than that now called “Forester's Point.” I am particular about this topographical matter, because Bartram's account of the Indian village is valuable, as showing the condition in which the so-called savages of Florida were living a century ago. As the description is short, I shall quote it entire, in the old traveller's quaint but clear language.

THE FLORIDIANS A CENTURY AGO.

“As I continued coasting the Indian shore of this bay, on doubling a promontory, I suddenly saw before me an Indian settlement or village. It was a fine situation, the bank rising gradually from the water. There were eight or ten habitations in a row, or street, fronting the water, and about fifty yards' distance from it. Some of the youths were naked, up to their hips in the water, fishing with rods and lines, whilst others, younger, were diverting themselves in shooting frogs with bows and arrows. On my near approach the little children took to their heels and ran to some women who were hoeing corn, but the stouter youths stood their ground, and, smiling, called to me. As I passed along I observed some elderly people reclining on skins spread on the ground under the cool shade of spreading oaks and palms, which were ranged in front of the houses. They arose and eyed me as I passed, but perceiving that I kept on without stopping, they resumed their former position. They were civil, and appeared happy in their situation.

“There was a large orange-grove at the upper end of their village; the trees were large, carefully pruned, and the ground under them clean, open, and airy. There seemed to be several hundred acres of cleared land about the village, a considerable portion of which was planted with corn (*Zea*), batatas, beans, pompions, squashes (*Cucurbita verrucosa*), melons (*Cucurbita citrullus*), tobacco (*Nicotiana*), &c., abundantly sufficient for the inhabitants of the village.”

This account of Bartram, along with other descriptions

given by him elsewhere, leaves no doubt as to the civilised condition of the Indians of Florida before mercenary white men, coveting their lands, found cause to quarrel with them; finally driving them from their delightful homes. If not in a high state of civilisation, they were certainly not the savages they have been depicted. They dwelt in substantial houses, quite as good as the log cabins of the white backwoodsmen who persecuted them. With far more care than these, they cultivated fields and gardens; and although they enjoyed the sport of hunting, they were never dependent on the chase for their daily food. They were, in truth, less hunters than agriculturists.

In the strife which ended in their compulsory exile—this last scattering them through Texas, and as a tribe almost exterminating them—beyond question they displayed a fighting capability, coupled with a heroic valour, quite equal to that shown by their enemies. In the Seminole war, taking its causes into account, it was these last, rather than the Indians, who deserved to be characterised as "savages."

During the continuance of the war in question, carried on for over four years—1836 to 1840—Pilatka was held as a position of importance; and a military fort was established where the town now stands. Its intention was to protect the line of communication along the St. John's, as also between San Augustine and Tampa. No one without having business there, would think of making stop at Pilatka. For the pleasure-seeker the town has no attractions, its streets being nothing better than sand-beds, scorched by the hot sun, and yielding ankle-deep to the tread of the pedestrian. Its only beauty is in its surrounding of orange-groves—a sight always gladdening to the eye. Our party made only a short stay at it, and then continued on up the river. We were growing anxious to get on to the more noted hunting-grounds around the great Lake George, and beyond. For this reason we had resolved not to stop again, except for night camping, or an hour or two's bivouac by day. The entrance to the lake was still seventy miles ahead of us, and with a favourable wind it might be reached in less than a couple of days.

A COLONY OF NYMPHS.

A little above Pilatka the river contracts to the width of less than half a mile. Here, on its eastern bank, is a place around which may be said to cling a somewhat singular celebrity. It is the site of Charlotia. The reader will ask, What is Charlotia, and why strangely celebrated? In its history will be found the answer, as follows:—

In the year 1763 England obtained possession of Florida, by cession treaty from Spain, and held it for a number of years. During the period of their possession, the English made several energetic attempts to establish colonies in the peninsula. These took the form of grants—large tracts of

land ceded to private individuals, on condition of their carrying over a certain number of colonists, and settling them. Two of these grantees were notable men, and fulfilled the conditions of their grants in a notable, though very dissimilar manner.

One of them, a London doctor named Turnbull, with a turn for speculation, carried out a colony of 1,200 people; most of them from the shores of the Mediterranean, being Minorcans, Corsicans, Greeks, and Italians. He settled them at a place named by him New Smyrna, on the Atlantic coast, about a hundred miles south of San Augustine. He appears to have acted the part of a hard taskmaster, as well as tyrannical governor, over his colonists of Latin race. After bearing his tyranny for but a few years they abandoned him, and removed to San Augustine, where their descendants to this day form a majority of the poorer population, and are still known as "Minorcans."

The other *entrepreneur* spoken of was also a Londoner, but of quite different character from Turnbull. He was a philanthropic gentleman, by name Dennison Rolle, whose hobby was the reclaiming of fallen women. Having received a grant of 40,000 acres of Floridian land, just after its cession to the English crown, he set sail from England in a large ship laden with the frail sisters. His intention was to settle on the Gulf side of Florida, near St. Mark's; but by contrary winds his ship was compelled to put into the St. John's; and after making an exploring expedition up the river, he selected a spot above Pilatka, on the eastern bank of the river, as the site of his colony. There having landed his cargo of nymphs, he built houses for their accommodation, with a grand mansion for himself, and bestowed upon the place the name of Charlotia, from Charlotte, the Queen of England.

Not better than the speculation of the avaricious man did this of the philanthropist prosper. In his quaint way Bartram conjectures the reason, thus:—"It seems, from an ill-concocted plan in its infant establishment, negligence, or extreme parsimony in sending proper recruits and other necessities, together with a bad choice of citizens, the settlement by degrees grew weaker, and at length totally fell to the ground. Those of them who escaped the constant contagious fever, fled the dreaded place, betaking themselves for subsistence to the more fruitful and populous regions of Georgia and Carolina."

No doubt "the bad choice of citizens" was the chief cause. With all its flowers, and fair sylvan scenery, Mr. Rolle's *protégées* were not likely to find Florida so attractive as the cities of Georgia and Carolina. They were not nymphs of the sylvan sort. Modern American writers on Florida seem to have made a strange mistake about the locality of Charlotia. Dr. Brinton, the author of "Notes on the Floridian Peninsula," as also a book entitled "Florida and the South," places it upon the present site of Volusia—more than a hundred miles



THE EGG OF THE ALLIGATOR (NATURAL SIZE).

further south, and at the other extremity of Lake George. This writer, it may be observed, takes frequent occasion to disparage Bartram, by throwing doubts on his credibility. He should have studied the old traveller with more care, before speaking of him so flippantly. Bartram landed at Charlota on his voyage up the river. It was in 1774, just after the colony had been abandoned by most of its people. He thus speaks of it:—"The remaining habitations are mouldering to earth, except the mansion-house, which is a large frame building of cypress-wood, yet in tolerable repair, inhabited by an overseer and his family. There is also a blacksmith with

evidently meant for Rolle's Town—is placed on this spot. And Rolle's Town was Charlota. On this account Brinton's mistake is all the more inexplicable—inexcusable too, as his work professes to be a "guide-book."

GOOD HUNTING-GROUND.

Above Pilatka the St. John's continues narrowing, and is very tortuous in its course. It has, in truth, no longer a single channel, but several of them, being thus divided by the intervention of numerous islands. The land at this place is lower and more marshy than further down stream. The consequence



A LADEN ALLIGATOR.

his shop and family at a short distance from it. The most valuable district belonging to Mr. Rolle's grant lies on Dunn's Lake, and on a little river which runs from it into St. Juan."

The lake and streams mentioned are the present Dunn's Lake, Dunn's Creek, and the St. John's. There can be no doubt about the place where Mr. Rolle attempted to establish his singular colony. It could not have been elsewhere than upon the elevated stretch of shore a little above Pilatka, and on the opposite side of the river. This elevation is obtained by a conglomeration of shells, now concrete, and of which immense deposits extend along the river for nearly a half-mile, and back for several hundred yards. It is one of the numerous "shell mounds" met with all over the Floridian peninsula, denoting the sites of ancient aboriginal settlements, that existed long antecedent to the discovery of Columbus.

On some American maps the name Rawle's Town—

is, that settlements are scarce, and the country for many miles is still an unreclaimed wilderness.

Our boat party liked this all the better, as promising better sport.

And we were not disappointed. Upon one of the islands where we landed to take a look round, we found game so plentiful, that we changed our minds about hastening on, and determined to make a day's hunt of it. Having moored our boat, and selected a spot for our camp, we started forth upon a stalk.

Our hunt lasted for about four hours, the result being as much venison as we could carry back to camp, making a double journey in its transport. We also succeeded in obtaining a splendid specimen of the black bear (*Ursus Americanus*), and a wolf, the skins of which were added to our trophies. The Florida wolf is generally looked upon by naturalists as belonging to the same species as that found all over North America. If

so, it is a very distinct variety, being not only smaller in size, but quite different in general colour and markings. Its coat is nearly jet-black, uniform all over, the she-wolf having a small white spot upon the breast. Some are said to be spotted black and white, with a mingling of other colours, though we did not meet with any of these mottled specimens. The Florida wolf hunts in packs, which would seem to prove it different from the true *Canis occidentalis*, who is a solitary skulker.

A SPECTACLE IN THE TWILIGHT.

Our naturalist was delighted with the incidents of the day, but more still with what he saw in the evening. While reclining along the grass, smoking the after-dinner cigar, we were witnesses to one of those sylvan scenes for which Florida is famed. On the opposite edge of the glade in which we had encamped, a troop of flying squirrels were observed going through their gambols. At first we saw only one, which, being in flight, we had mistaken for a bird. The naturalist pointed out our mistake, at the same time cautioning silence, so that he might have an opportunity of studying the habits of these singular animals. The one seen had shot down from the top of a very tall tree, alighting on the trunk of another tree, about ten or twelve feet above the ground. There for some moments it remained, facing the tree, with its body flattened out against the bark. Then it took a second and shorter flight, out upon one of the branches; where it seated itself in the erect attitude usually assumed by the ordinary kind of squirrels, flitting its tail in the air. While we were watching it, another shot down from the same tall tree, and then another, and, to our surprise, several others, following in quick succession, until at least a score of the little creatures were collected on what appeared to be their evening playground. It was evident that the larger tree—which was a cypress, and a very monarch of the forest—contained a large colony of them, and was, no doubt, their breeding-place. They had come out in the twilight, the hour at which these animals are most active, like other animals with whom they have a certain affinity—the bats. That the flying squirrel possesses a power of flight beyond that of the mere parachute action of the spread membrane, there cannot, I think, be any doubt. In passing from tree to tree, I have seen them, after sinking down almost to the surface, rise again several feet before alighting. This could only be done by a muscular movement. Indeed, the common squirrel must have some capacity of sustaining itself in the air; else how could it spring from the top of a tree over a hundred feet in height, strike the ground so lightly as scarce to be heard, and then shoot off like a flash of lightning, without having received the slightest injury? This feat I have witnessed at least a hundred times.

We sat watching these pretty creatures, all of us more or less interested in their innocent gambols. But to our chagrin the spectacle was cut short by an intruder, who received chastisement for disappointing us. One of our dogs had scented the strange game, and sprang out towards it. Before he could be called off, the squirrels scattered in all directions, vanishing from our view as if they had melted into the air, or become blended with the twilight.

A SURFEIT OF BIRD-SHOOTING.

Next morning we continued our journey up stream, choosing one of the more intricate channels; through which,

perhaps, boat had never before passed, unless, in olden times, the canoe of some red-skinned hunter.

Here we found ourselves alone with Nature, and only her handiwork around us. In some places the shores were sedgy; but most generally timbered on one side, with a stretch of reedy marsh forming a selva to the opposite bank. The abundance of water and wading birds seen here was something to astonish us. It was one of their favourite haunts, where they are left undisturbed by the fowler, perhaps never having heard the report of a gun. For this reason they were tamer than elsewhere; and most kinds could be approached to within range. So easily were they shot, that we soon became surfeited with the sport; and as none of our party took pleasure in wantonly destroying them, we soon desisted.

PARENT AND PROGENY—A STRANGE SPECTACLE.

During this, day we witnessed a spectacle which, though not so pleasant as that of the flying squirrels, was of equal interest to the naturalist.

We had dropped our sail, and landed to make luncheon, it being a little after the hour of noon. While seated upon a projecting point of the river's bank, with a reach of clear water before us, we saw an alligator swimming gently along, the spinal portion of its body being above the surface of the water. It was one of large size, though not of the largest we had seen. As far as we could judge, it was full fourteen feet in length, with a proportionate thickness. It was not its great bulk that caused us to turn our eyes upon it with interest; we were too well acquainted with these *saurians* to care much about the sight. The one in question had a peculiarity attached to it in the shape of a numerous retinue. This consisted of a young brood, not less than fourscore in number, closely following it. They were evidently the year's progeny, and the old one heading them was the mother.

The little creatures were all of one size, each about a foot in length, and as like one another as a school of mackerel or herrings. They were nearly black, with some mottlings of a yellowish colour, giving them the hue of tortoiseshell. As the water was perfectly limpid, we could see every movement made, both by the mother and her numerous family of chicks, as clearly as if we had been viewing them through the plate-glass of an aquarium. The old one swam straight on; passing close to the spot on which we were seated, and apparently regardless of our presence. Her attention taken up with her young, perhaps she had not seen either us or our boat. The little creatures followed her in a somewhat extended line, neither losing nor gaining distance. Nor did they appear to deviate from one another in the slightest degree; but maintained their relative positions, with as much exactitude as a flock of birds in their flight.

We should have allowed them to go unmolested, but science would not be cheated of her chance. The naturalist wished to observe how the old alligator would act under the circumstances, and if it was true that the parent when attacked gives protection to her young by swallowing them. To prove whether the strange story was fact or only fable, a ball was fired, which was seen to hit the old one fair on the side of the skull.

The result was not so conclusive as we had wished. The shot seemed to produce no more effect than if the bullet had

been a boiled pea. The reptile only gave a plunge forward, curled up its thick flat tail, and striking it repeatedly down, raised a commotion in the water for several yards around. Into the space thus agitated the young ones suddenly darted as if there seeking protection; but on account of the disturbance of the water, and the froth now floating on its surface, their movements were no longer observable; and before the water became still again, parent and progeny had disappeared, having all sunk to a depth where their sombre hue rendered them invisible.

THE HAUNTS OF THE ALLIGATOR.

We shortly after came upon a breeding-place of these gigantic lizards, containing six separate hillocks; or, as they may be called, nests. They were of an obtuse, conical shape, nearly regular, their tops rising between three and four feet above the ground. They were in a state of ruin, the young having escaped from the eggs, and only some fragments of the shells remaining. On laying open one of the hillocks, however, we found several eggs, addled, which for some reason unknown to us had remained unhatched. They were white, with the surface much rougher than that of a fowl's egg, the inequality being caused by lines or grooves running in all directions, and looking like Chinese characters, impressed upon the shell when soft. They were about the size of goose eggs, though quite different in shape, being more slender and equally tapered at both ends. One we measured was over four inches in length, the shorter axis being about half the longer one.

The alligator selects a spot of dry ground on which to

make its nest, usually where there is long coarse grass or reeds, and near the water's edge. It proceeds by spreading a compost over the surface, several inches in thickness. It is a mixture of mud, grass, and the leaves and stalks of herbaceous plants. On this she deposits—for it is the female that builds the nest—a layer of eggs, and covers them over with a thick stratum of the same compost. Then a second layer of eggs is voided and spread over the platform. These are also covered in like manner. On the top more eggs are placed till the laying is completed, when all receive a further coat of the mixed earth and vegetable matter.

The heat generated by the fermentation of the latter is supposed to assist the sun in the incubation. Over a hundred eggs will be found in an alligator's nest, but whether all the product of one female is a question. During the breeding season the old ones are exceedingly savage, especially in the neighbourhood of their nests.

A large alligator lying upon the water, with its body well above the surface, may easily be mistaken for a floating log, and is often compared to this. The rhomboidal protuberances somewhat resembling the corrugated bark of a tree, help to heighten the similarity. Often an alligator is seen thickly coated over with mud, and not unfrequently with grass and aquatic plants adhering to it. The mud comes from the animal wallowing in it, while the vegetable substances floating about get caught in it, and there remain, the huge reptile seeming not to regard the incumbrances. Birds of several species may often be seen perched upon an alligator's dorsal ridge, looking as little concerned as if roosting on the limb of a tree.

The Hot Springs and Geyser Region of the Yellowstone River, in the Rocky Mountains.

ENGLISHMEN who take an interest in the preservation by the nation of such places as Epping Forest as tracts of wilderness of priceless value for the mental refreshment of jaded city populations, may well envy and admire the enlightened foresight of the United States' Government, which has already appropriated, by Act of Congress, several large districts in their territory, of great natural beauty, for popular enjoyment. In the words of the various Acts, such districts are "to be held for public use, resort, and recreation; and are to be inalienable for all time." Thus, in 1864, the far-famed Yosemite Valley, a stupendous gorge in the Sierra Nevada of California, with its magnificent waterfalls, a thousand feet in descent, was voted to the State in which it is situated, and the gift accepted and confirmed, with all its conditions as to guard and preservation, by the State Congress. This unparalleled national park, which is already resorted to every summer by thousands from San Francisco, includes a district fifteen miles in length and about three in breadth. It was not, however, the sole appropriation made by the Act; for a second district, of similar dimensions, a little nearer San Francisco, called the "Mariposa Big-tree Grove," containing the most beautiful group yet remaining of the gigantic cedars of California, was

voted and accepted in the same manner. Again, in the present year, Congress has decided to reserve another extensive tract of country, situated in the Rocky Mountains, and remarkable for its thousands of hot springs and geysers as well as its wonderful scenery. This district, situated near the source of the Yellowstone and Firehole Rivers, has only recently been discovered, or at least explored, and is therefore much less known than the now familiar excursionist resorts of California.

The "Wonderland" of the Upper Yellowstone, as it is termed by Mr. Hayden, the not too enthusiastic geologist whose mission it was to explore it in 1871, is situated about midway between the Pacific coast of Oregon and St. Paul, on the Upper Mississippi. Although the locality is remote and difficult of access, the surrounding country is fast becoming settled up, and Mr. Hayden's party found there a number of invalids, trying with some success the healing qualities of the various mineral springs. It is situated between the parallels of 44° and 45° north, or nearly in the same latitude as the Pyrenees. The Yellowstone and Firehole Rivers are both tributaries, flowing from the south, of the Upper Missouri, and their beds lie nearly 6,000 feet above the sea-level. The centre of the

district forms a mountain valley, in which lies a beautiful sheet of blue water, the Yellowstone Lake, diversified with islands and jutting promontories, and twenty-two miles in length by an average width of ten or fifteen miles. Although in the midst of a region containing hundreds of springs and violent spurting fountains of hot water, the lake water itself is cold, and it is of great depth, from 150 to 300 fathoms, the ultramarine hue, with clear green shading, contrasting on a distant view with the pure white snow of the surrounding peaks, some of which are nearly 11,000 feet high. The Yellowstone River emerges from its northern end, and burrows its way through the mountain ranges that form the northern border of the "Wonderland" in a series of deep cañons. The whole country—upland valley and mountain slope—is clothed with a forest of pines, growing straight as arrows 100 to 150 feet without a branch, and so close together in many places that there is not room for a pack-animal to pass between the serried columns.

The real wonders of this charmed district, however, are its volcanic phenomena. It is supposed that in former geological times the whole basin, forty miles long by thirty wide, formed one vast crater made up of thousands of smaller rents and fissures, through which the fluid matter of the earth's interior was erupted in prodigious quantities. Hundreds of volcanic cones are still remaining, but the subterranean fires manifest themselves no longer on the prodigious scale to which they are the very eloquent witnesses, and now limit themselves to the ejection, through countless narrow passages in the earth's crust, of boiling water, which dissolves the lime and silica contained in the carboniferous and cretaceous rocks, and pours it forth from thousands of springs and fountains. These springs are distributed in numberless groups over the whole area, at various altitudes, and they offer great diversity in their manner of action, chemical composition, temperature, and so forth. Thus, some are placid founts, forming pools of tepid water, lined with calcareous secretions of the most picturesque

forms; others are intermittent boiling geysers; some are intermittent whilst others again are always at the boiling point, throwing up the water in jets from two to six feet high by regular pulsations. The colours of the borders of the quiet springs and of the channels which drain them to the river, formed by the mineral incrustations reflected through the water, are described as most beautiful, brilliant, aniline dyes, from scarlet to light purple, bright sulphur-yellow, various shades of green, and so forth. One of the geysers, visited by

Mr. Hayden, threw up at intervals a column of boiling water ten feet in diameter to a height of thirty feet, the eruption lasting about fifteen minutes, and eight of these paroxysms occurred in twenty-six hours. Some of the springs throw up mud; from the largest of these, having a funnel-shaped basin twenty-five feet in diameter, a column of steam is continually ascending 500 feet or more, and the mud is ejected with a noise like distant thunder. On the shores of the lake there are two vents which keep up a constant pulsating noise like a high-pressure steam-engine; columns of steam being ejected at each pulsation to the height of 100 feet. Geysers were seen which project at intervals, without much preliminary warning, a column of water, six feet in diameter, to a height of 150 feet, and by a succession of impulses keep it up for fifteen minutes.

At no distant day the Yellowstone hot-spring district will, no doubt, become the chief sanatorium and watering-place of the North American

Continent. There is room for the invalids of even so vast a population as the United States will soon contain; for the district preserved as a national park is quite as large as Yorkshire, and covered with healing springs of almost every variety. Nature has contrived, too, the most perfect of bathing establishments; for on the hill-sides there are series of quiet pools, formed on calcareous terraces one below another, as the hot-spring above discharges its waters down the slope, thus each successive pool is cooler than the one above it. With the summer weather of that region, many a jaded spirit will feel refreshed.



INDIAN OF THE LOWER YELLOWSTONE RIVER.



HOUSE IN THE SUBURBS OF RIO DE JANEIRO.

Rio de Janeiro and the Organ Mountains.

BY THOMAS W. HINCHLIFF, M.A., F.R.G.S.

THE Bay of Naples, the Golden Horn of Constantinople, and the harbour of Rio Janeiro were, as I was told long ago, three things to be seen if possible before I died; and I am thankful to say that I have been enabled to rejoice in them all. But, though the last is by far the finest of the three, it is seldom visited by any but commercial men, who look with astonishment upon those who go to Brazil simply to enjoy its natural beauties, without the slightest concern in the prices of sugar, coffee, and tobacco. And yet the voyage is pleasant and easy beyond any ocean passage that I am acquainted with; and the limits of a long vacation will admit of a sojourn of nearly two months in one of the most beautiful regions in the world, at the most agreeable season of the year, the spring of the Southern Tropic.

A summer's run across the Bay of Biscay and a day at Lisbon, a distant peep at the Peak of Teneriffe, dreamy hours spent in watching flying-fish flashing through the air, and porpoises running races with the ship, and taking the short purple waves neck and neck like steeple-chasers; the occasional excitement of a few score of whales rolling along like coal-barges turned topsy-turvy; and in twelve days from England we anchor at St. Vincent in the Cape de Verde Islands. Hot enough it is here, and the only people to be envied are the bright-eyed negro boys, who spend the day in diving for coins: as their bodies gleam like great fish through the transparent water, where we can see a plate fifty feet deep upon the sand; we know that they are not only enjoying the luxury of a bath,

but are getting well paid into the bargain, by a harvest of such shillings and sixpences as have survived our departure from home. Our splendid steamer was drawing twenty-one feet of water, but one of these amphibious animals dived from a boat amidships, passed underneath her, and came up on the other side with no symptoms of having made an effort.

The appearance of the island is very singular. Bare, brown, jagged hills rise up from near the sea, almost utterly devoid of vegetation, in a climate where frequently no rain falls for several years together. A few patches of deep green along the base of the hills, as seen from the ship, give promise of better things; but when, to escape the horrors of coaling in a hot and dry air, I went ashore and rambled over burning sand and rocks towards the interior, I found that they only consisted of tamarisk bushes, amongst which now and then rose a magnificent yellow *orobanche*, whose parasitical roots were so far below the surface that it could successfully defy the sun. A beautiful little borage appeared now and then, so dwarfed by the climate as to be more fit for the microscope than the herbarium. The inhabitants are supplied with food from other islands; and the only *raison d'être* of St. Vincent is that the safety of its harbour makes it a convenient coal-cellar for steam-ships.

As the sun went down the last coal-barge was cast off, the last divers turned their boat shorewards, chuckling over a successful day, and we found ourselves once more on our way to sea, not far from Bird Island, which is a remarkable rock

rising precipitously from the sea, and so whitened in many parts by birds that it has very much the appearance of the summit of the Matterhorn rising out of the water. After a few days of very great heat and sundry thunderstorms, between losing the north-east trade wind and meeting the south-easter, life became agreeable again; and, after passing near the wonderful pillar-rock of Fernando Noronha, we found ourselves one morning anchored off Pernambuco, with such a heavy sea and frequent squalls that very few prepared to go ashore except those who were obliged to do so. We contrived, however, to secure some magnificent pine-apples, which at Pernambuco and Pará are seen in the highest perfection. The flatness and monotony of this part of the coast are not inviting; but two days later we had a charming contrast on reaching Bahia, which is built on high sloping land, and is not only surrounded, but even penetrated, by palms, plantains, and mangoes, which spread their verdant beauties in all directions, among the white houses and churches that look down upon the shining bay. The luxuriant and varied vegetation of this place charms the eye of every beholder, and yet one of our most popular novelists has displayed his ignorance by selecting it as the spot where he condemns a misanthropic hero to wander among pathless tracts of sand! Here we laid on board a supply of the famous navel-oranges, for which Bahia is justly celebrated. They are of very large size and full of juice, which can be enjoyed to the utmost, as the pips are collected in a little excrescence on the fruit, and there is no tough fibre in the middle.

Up came the anchor once more, and there was something exciting in the thought that it would not be dropped again till we reached the object of our desire, the world-renowned Bay of Rio de Janeiro. As we turned into bed after our three weeks' voyage, we knew that next day we might expect to see the wondrous forms of the Sugar-loaf, the Corcovado, and the Organ Mountains. Nor were we disappointed. It has been my good fortune to go into Rio four or five times; but I have never seen the entrance to such advantage as on my first voyage. In the dull, early morning or in cloudy weather scant justice is done to a scene which revels in and requires the glorious presence of the sun. We had passed the fine head-land of Cape Frio in the morning, and in the earliest afternoon strange forms began to appear, rising in a faint blue haze out of the sea before us. These were the conical granite islands which seem to guard the entrance to the harbour. The weather being perfect we soon found ourselves gliding between two of these islands, called *Pai and Mai*; so near, that we could see the cactus clinging to the stony clefts, to say nothing of the green shrubs that, lower down, cast their reflections into the deep clear sea; and soon afterwards the entrance to the harbour was close before us. A rude, old-fashioned fort on the right crowned the rocky point of Santa Cruz, against which the peaceful but huge swell of the Atlantic was surging upwards in towers and pillars of white foam; and on the left, the Sugarloaf Mountain rising to the height of 1,200 feet out of the sea with an almost perpendicular wall of granite towards the harbour, presented the appearance of a gigantic sentinel. In a few minutes we had left the great Atlantic and passed through this narrow entrance into a land-locked bay of about twenty miles in length by fifteen or sixteen in breadth, capable of containing all the armed ships of the world. Nearer and nearer come the glimpses of the city and its shining suburbs,

enveloped in masses of luxuriant vegetation, amongst which the mango gives a deeper shade than I have ever seen thrown from any other tree. Immediately behind the Sugarloaf is the lovely Bay of Botafogo, with the vast hospital of the *Misericórdia* at one end of its arc and the *Lunatic Hospital* at the other, with shining white houses and gay gardens stretching round the chief part of its graceful curve.

Then comes the small island of *Villegagnon*, named after the French traitor who, in the days of Coligny and the massacre of St. Bartholomew, led a Protestant emigration to Rio de Janeiro and then sold them to their foes; and presently the ship stops to receive the custom-house officers on board, and to satisfy the curiosity of a Brazilian Board of Health. When our doctor, speaking from the gangway, has been able to convince these local magnates that we are not all dying of yellow fever or something equally disagreeable, we are allowed to proceed again, and the engines thump away sturdily as we glide past the man-of-war anchorage, and welcome above all the glorious ensign of Old England. Slowly we creep up among the multitudinous shipping, and a crowd of boats gathers about our sides, eager to avail themselves of every stoppage to put some of their passengers on board. Consuls and agents and merchants, bent on business, are talking with the captain or the purser of the ship, and asking for papers, letters, and the last news from Europe, as the telegraph has not yet been permitted to anticipate intelligence in this portion of the globe. Brazilians slip on board, and are seen kissing and hugging their returning friends like school-girls after the holidays; while the harder Northerners are devoting themselves to the price of coffee and the rate of exchange. The ship becomes like a swarm of bees or a disturbed ant-hill; whilst we who, like Gallio, care for none of these things, are devoting our attention to the glorious spectacle all round us, and watching the operation of mooring the ship to the island which is our temporary rest. Let them go, these kissing natives and these busy men! Their boats are jammed together by the ship's side, and their sable crews are cursing and swearing in Portuguese and the purest tongues of Africa. The custom-house barges appropriate our heavy baggage, and we are in no hurry with our light effects. We are content to look at the Bay of Rio.

And what a view it is! The first thing that astonishes a new-comer is the wonderful form of the neighbouring mountains. Immediately behind the city is the Corcovado, the summit of which is about 2,400 feet above the sea. The northern side is completely covered with vegetation, and a very fair road has been carried up to the top of the mountain, though to anyone looking at it from below the work would seem impossible: but the side looking towards the Sugarloaf and the Atlantic presents an absolutely perpendicular precipice going sheer down into the rich forests that cling about its base. The *Tijuca Mountain* seems rather higher, but not being so precipitous it is clothed with forest to the summit; and these together afford a perfect background of rich colour to the white city, which branches out right and left till its most advanced outposts lose themselves in scattered groups among the trees. The *Gavia* and other strange forms are a little further to the north; and then, beyond the head of the bay, at the distance of thirty or forty miles from the city, runs the long chain of highlands rising on an average to about 4,000 feet above the sea, over which again the marvellous peaks of the Organ

Mountains, at the height of 7,000 or 8,000 feet, are seen ranged in fantastic line against the sky. They owe their name to this row of pillar-shaped peaks, between which, when I first saw them, the declining sun darted long rays of golden light across the purple shade that was already shrouding the rest of the mountain-side.

The city itself is more than usually picturesque, from the fact of its being built on very irregular ground, including several well-marked hills, each with its varied forms of houses or churches with groups of rich foliage between them, and gardens ending with trees that dip their branches in the sea. The absence of smoke gives the sun liberty to illuminate the scene, and to impart full life and gaiety to every part of it. At night there is always an illumination of another kind. Probably no city in the world is so well lighted as Rio Janeiro; and the reason is said to be that the contract of the gas company with the Brazilian Government was that they should be paid a certain sum for every light erected. The consequence is that it is well worth while to take a boat at night to see the effect. All along the shore and even round the Bay of Botafogo the closely-placed lamps encircle the city with a luminous fringe, and the varied elevation of different parts of the place enables us to see countless lights along the ups and downs in every direction, even to remote suburbs where scattered houses hide themselves among their orange-trees. There can scarcely be anything of the kind more charming to the eye than this fairy-like spectacle; and nothing can be much more humiliating to the Englishman than to contrast it with the effect of darkness made visible by the lamps of London.

There is, in spite of all the natural charms of Rio, one great deficiency about it; that is in the matter of hotels. I have always stayed at the Exchange Hotel, kept by a very worthy Englishman, M'Dowall, who has always done his best to make people comfortable; but its space is extremely limited, and he has not been able to adapt it to modern requirements. At the Botafogo end of the city is the Hôtel des Étrangers, somewhat pretentious in appearance and so admirable in situation that it is difficult to get a room there without giving a month's notice. It is out of the main noise and bustle of the place, and is on the very edge of the sea in face of Botafogo Bay and the Sugarloaf. There are plenty of others, but I never heard a satisfactory account of one of them. On the whole, Rio may be said to be well supplied with most things, if you are willing to pay rather dearly for them. There is an abundance of capital carriages that can be used either open or shut; and a very useful article is a kind of cabriolet in which there is only room for one passenger, who sits with the driver inside. An immense success has been achieved by tramways, which run from the very heart of the city to the furthest suburbs. Nothing can be better fitted for a large and rambling city in a hot climate, where walking is apt to be disagreeable, and where the private carriages are too costly to be always indulged in, except by the rich. Each tram-car is drawn by two mules, and holds about two dozen people, who get a quiet ride and rest for 200 reis, about 5d. English. No gold or silver coinage is in use, and these tram-tickets are allowed to pass for small change; they are flimsy scraps, easily lost, and it is said that this feature in them is a considerable source of profit to the company. The bustling activity of the principal streets is very great, and groups of powerful negroes are passing continually with their heavy burdens, and

singing their strange chants as they go. Some of these Minas Africans are the finest specimens of humanity that I have ever seen in the world; when stripped for work they are like magnificent bronze statues, and with their graceful figures and perfectly-developed muscles, they realise the highest ideal of the human form. Their young women are equally fine, and, in spite of prejudices against a brown skin, it is impossible to deny that their splendid figures and native gracefulness of action can hardly be surpassed. They are, like all their race, very fond of gay colours, and nothing can be more picturesque than the appearance of one of them in the favourite white turban, with a blue or pink dress and an amber scarf thrown elegantly across her shoulders, presiding over a fruit-stall, and displaying a perfectly-formed hand and arm as she presents an orange to the purchaser. There was one near the door of the hotel whom any artist in Europe would have gone wild about.

Heavily-laden coffee-carts are continually thundering over the stones, suggesting some idea of the vast quantities of it that Brazil supplies to the world. The trade is enormous; one of the leading Englishmen at Rio told me that in the previous year his firm exported 400,000 bags of coffee, each bag containing 5 arrobas or 160 pounds; and this I believe is about a quarter of the whole quantity exported from the city. There are plenty of good shops, but everything is very dear in the principal streets. The most novel and attractive objects to a visitor are the exquisite fans and head-dresses made from the feathers of the many-coloured Brazilian birds; and nothing but impecuniosity would enable him to resist their temptations as he passes through the Rua do Ouvidor. Here, too, are the shops where the favourite ornaments made with beetles of various kinds are sold at very high prices. Their splendid green hues, in gold mounting, produce an admirable effect; but I would advise an intending purchaser to buy the beetles in their natural state and have them mounted by a London goldsmith; the work would be much better done for about half the money. In the matter of provisions the difference of price between the products of the country and articles brought from Europe is of course enormous. Brazilian bottled beer does not cost one-third of the price of English bottled ale and porter, which become articles *de luxe* at three shillings a bottle, but are nevertheless consumed in vast quantities. Brandy costs ten shillings a bottle, but *cachaça*, the spirit made in the country costs only 500 reis or about one shilling, and for my own part I prefer it. Light French wines are moderately cheap, but exorbitant prices are asked for those of a superior quality. On the whole, living at Rio is not now much more expensive than at other places, certainly very much less so than in Paris, and I believe that those who are thoroughly acquainted with the habits of the country can live very cheaply indeed.

One of our first excursions was a drive to the Botanic Garden at the back of the Corcovado, and about eight miles from the hotel. The weather was magnificent, though still rather hot for the month of May, which corresponds with November in Europe, and taking a little luncheon in the carriage, we rattled out of the Rua Direita towards Botafogo, near which the road is carried along close to the margin of the sea. Here the crowd and bustle of Rio is all left behind, and most of the houses belong to wealthy citizens, who come out to enjoy themselves in the evening at the end of their day's work. Most of them have fine palm-trees planted in front,

or along the lines of walks in their gay gardens. The most popular shade-giving trees appeared to be the mango and the bread-fruits of two kinds, *Artocarpus incisa* and *A. integrifolia*, or jack-fruit, all so densely rich in foliage that merely to look at them had a cooling effect. Hanging over the walls were magnificent creeping-plants in endless variety, *Bignonias* of divers colours, yellow *Alamandas*, and mauve-coloured *Bougainvilleas*, but perhaps the most striking feature in these gardens was the abundance and luxuriance of the blood-red *Pointsettias*. These, instead of the little plants which in England are used for table-decorations, become in Brazil about fifteen feet high, and I have measured some of their crimson stars nearly two feet in diameter. At a bend in the line of the bay we came to our first bed of aloes on a sloping bank, and then turned sharply to the right with the steep side of the Corcovado directly before us; for several miles we passed between villas, more and more scattered, gardens which supply flowers and vegetables to the city, and orange-groves loaded with fruit. At length we stopped at an open gateway, and found ourselves at the beginning of the famous avenue of palms.

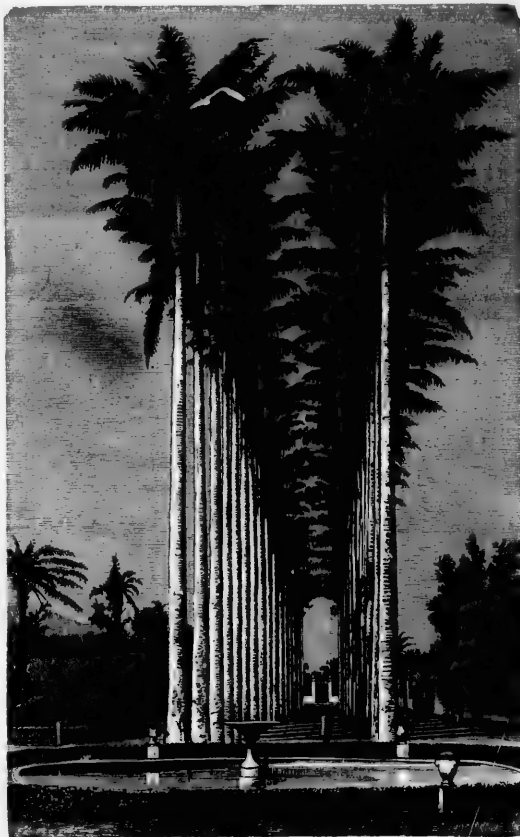
Much as I had heard of these, the reality far surpassed my expectation. A broad walk of about 600 yards in length has been cut across the garden from the entrance, and on each side of this is planted a row of cabbage-palms (*Oreodoxa regia*) at regular intervals through the whole distance; and a smaller cross-avenue has been treated in the same way. These palms are about 100 feet high, and have grown with marvellous evenness of stature, their magnificent crowns still seeming in perfect health and vigour: the lofty grey-white stems crossing the deep blue sky made it look more blue than ever, and the grandeur of the general effect was never to be forgotten. As an American traveller observed, these magnificent trees form "a colonnade of natural Corinthian columns, whose graceful bright green capitals seem to support a portion of the blue

dome that arches above them." The avenue is divided near the middle by a reservoir and fountain, forming the foreground of the illustration, which therefore gives only half of the entire length. One of the palms startled me considerably. I heard a sort of swishing noise overhead like that of a miraculous rain out of a clear heaven; and, while I was wondering what

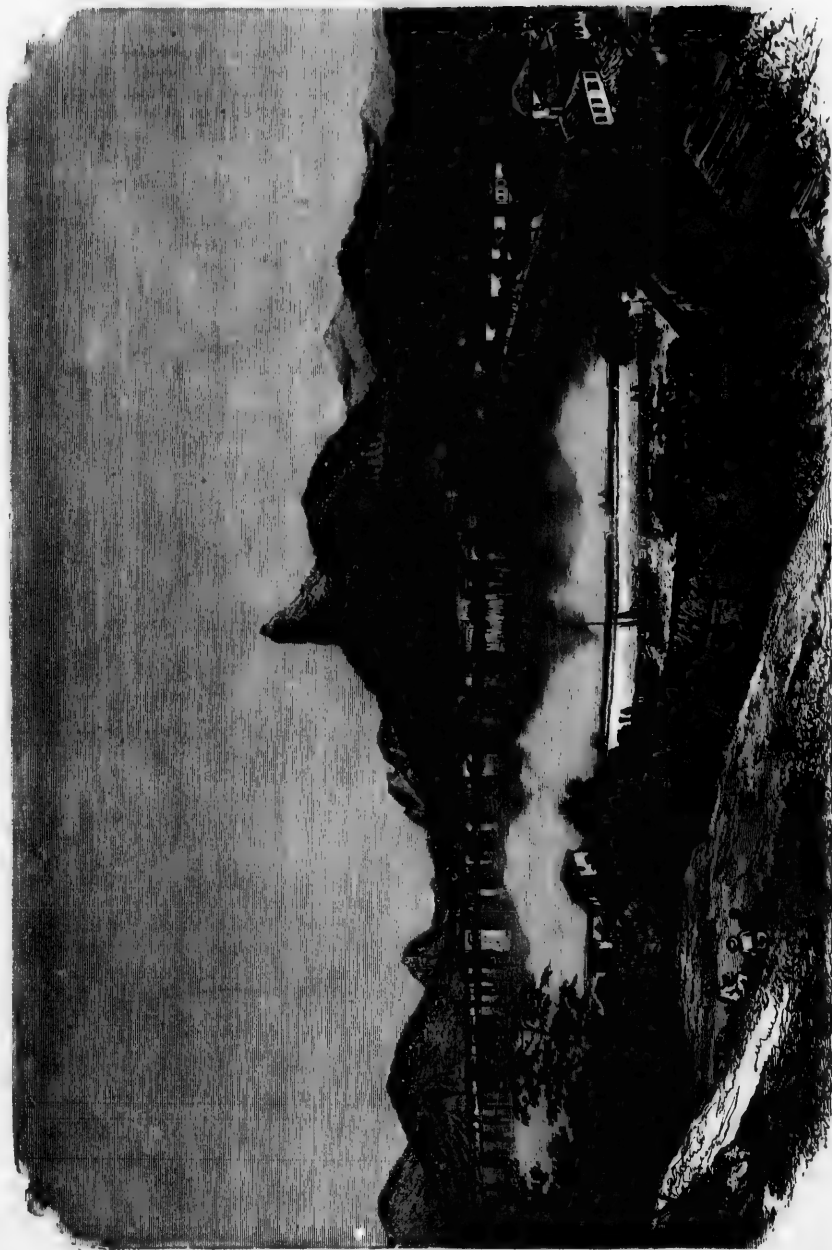
it could be, a warning cry from a bystander made me jump aside in time to avoid the fall of a dead leaf, twenty feet long with a stalk as thick as my arm. Not long after leaving the avenue one of my companions had a narrow escape from a huge bread-fruit, which fell like a cannon-ball on the path where he had just crossed, and gave us notice to avoid such missiles for the future.

The natural situation of this garden is remarkable from the fact that, while it has a tramway and civilisation on one side, it terminates in dense forest and jungle on the other, without any intervening barrier but a long stream about one foot wide, which brings down water for a mimic cascade. Stepping over this I found myself in a bed of the ivy-leaved *Doryopteris* fern in great beauty, and several species of *Adiantum*, mixed with masses of a greenhouse favourite at home, the *Thunbergia*, with its buff-coloured blossoms and dark eye. Stooping among these, I lost the opportunity of se-

curing a splendid blue butterfly that flashed across the little stream to a place where I could not follow it. The water is led in dark shade over fern-clad rocks to a pond covered with water-lilies of various kinds, near which are clusters of huge bamboos, feathering outwards and forming natural umbrellas to cool the excited butterfly-hunters as they enjoy their sandwiches and Bordeaux. The delightful climate of Brazil, with its alternate rain and brilliant sunshine, gives a perpetual freshness to the great lawns which spread out from both sides of the avenue, sparkling with gay butterflies, and ornamented with palms of every kind, from all parts of the world, screw-pines, camphor-trees, bread-fruits, aloes and sago-plants, bananas and



THE GREAT AVENUE OF PALMS IN THE BOTANICAL GARDENS.



BOTAFOGO BAY AND THE CORCOVADO

bamboos. Close by, the grey precipice of the Corcovado rises with infinite grandeur out of the forest which borders the garden; and among the dark green trees about its base we could see others with masses of purple and yellow blossoms, with which we were afterwards to be better acquainted. There were also trees which seemed to be covered with flowers of pure white, which, however, turned out to be the white leaves of a species of *Sumambai* or aloth-tree, the stems of which being perfectly hollow, are used for water-pipes in the country. At length we turned unwillingly from this delightful spot, and found our coachman who, with his horses, had reposed for several hours under the shade of a group of trees near the entrance to the gardens. We bought a bottle of wine at the stall close by for about one-third of the hotel price, and drove back to Rio in time for a very welcome dinner, for which one of my friends concocted a most admirable salad, with the great prawns, for which Rio is very justly celebrated, to do duty instead of lobsters.

We were very anxious to ascend the Corcovado on the first opportunity, and for more reasons than one. In the first place, it was evident that from the summit of the Corcovado there must be a complete panorama of the neighbourhood of Rio; and in the second place, the mountain appears so excessively steep that, accustomed as I was to the highest peaks of the European Alps, I was curious to see how it could be possible to get there. An occasion soon arose, and the weather being perfectly fine, we made up a party, including two English ladies, and determined to start next day, under the special guidance of Dr. Gunning, who has lived for many years in Brazil. Good Mrs. McDowall was charged with the preparation of sandwiches enough to fill one basket, while Dr. Gunning placed sundry bottles of wine in another. An English horse and saddle were found for one of the ladies, and sent on to the foot of the hill, while we went by the tramway to meet them at the lovely suburb of Laranjeiras, or the orange-groves. The road, after getting out of the thickest part of the city, bends among charming houses, with gardens of very much the same kind as those of Botafogo, and gradually getting more and more distant from each other, till after a ride of about an hour the carriage stopped at the base of the mountain, where, on the very edge of the woods, a few beautiful villas stood embowered among trees and blossoms. Here we found the horse waiting, in charge of a man who undertook to carry the luncheon, while one of the ladies rode, and the rest of the party prepared to walk. The ascent began at once, on a steady incline of no great severity, but as we had the whole heat of mid-day to encounter, we confined ourselves to a gentle pace, looking for ferns and flowers by the way. There were, still higher, a few scattered houses, inhabited by those who thought themselves compensated for the labour of going up-hill by the draughts of fresh cool air at night and the lovely view of the bay which soon begins to develop itself. Presently even these were left sunning themselves far below us, and we found ourselves following a very fair horse-road cleverly cut in long zigzags, up through the forest, on the steep hill-side. This afforded every possible charm to such a walk. Sometimes we were cooling ourselves under the dense shade of overhanging trees, and making sorties into the woods to collect plants, while the ladies rested by the roadside; and then again, emerging into a more open space, we saw before us the view of ever-extending beauty, the sun lighting up the tops of

evergreen trees below us, the great white city at our feet, and the shining waters of the bay beyond it.

We had been told, that higher up, and close to the reservoirs which supply water from the living rock to the people in the city, we should find some sort of refreshment place. When we got there, towards one o'clock, we were hot enough to enjoy a cooling drink, if it could be got; but we only found a few cottages, shut up, with the exception of one that was being repaired. This was a disappointment; but one of the men succeeded in producing from a corner an old woman, who combined the extreme of ugliness with an expression of the greatest possible good-temper. She had some of the distinguishing features both of the African and of the American Indian, and must have been a cross between the two. The mixture of grey wool with the broad Indian face and nose had a very comical effect, but she seemed so merry and contented with herself in every way, that we did not like to offend her by any inquiries as to her parentage. To our great satisfaction she produced from a dark hole several bottles of the *cerveja nacional*, or national beer, a liquor by no means to be despised, though of course very inferior to the productions of Bass and Allsop. She seemed very much delighted at seeing two English ladies in her den, and gave us a smiling adieu as we started for the last and steepest part of the ascent. Luckily this was to a great extent in the shade, for the heat had become rather severe for climbing. By the side of the road we killed a large brown snake; and a little further up I was startled by something flying towards me with much the appearance and the flight of a woodcock just flushed. My first idea certainly was that it was a bird, but I soon saw that it was a very large grey-spotted Imperador moth, many specimens of which I have seen measuring eleven and twelve inches across the wings. Near this spot we tried in vain to catch a singularly beautiful butterfly, with large green wings, apparently fringed with gold, the Imperial colours of Brazil. Two or three of them were enjoying themselves in a sunny place, and as they flashed through the air their appearance was marvellously brilliant. We were all now obliged to come out into the sun, and the last quarter of an hour proved to be rather hard work. It was far too steep for the horse to be of any further use, and the path was necessarily carried straight up a narrow ridge, the only way of getting to the summit. There is scarcely any soil at this height to cover the ledge of granite, and nothing but small shrubs could exist; so there was nothing left for us but to face the blazing sun and tow the ladies up the steep incline till we reached the top at two o'clock.

I have stood upon the highest peaks of the European Alps and seen many startling effects from those ice-bound summits, but I much doubt whether on any of them I have ever felt such sensations of pleasure and surprise as those which were aroused on the Corcovado. After climbing up by a road through tropical forest, which never permitted our seeing anything of our destination till we were on the last ridge, to emerge upon the summit with such a view before us, could not but be exciting in a high degree. The actual top of the mountain is a narrow arching slab of bare rock, ending in vertical precipices on every side except the ridge by which it is reached; and so dangerous-looking is the place, that the Government long ago built a strong wall of stone, about three feet high, to protect people from the perils of giddiness or a false step. With this assistance we could comfortably devote

ourselves to the enjoyment of a matchless view under a perfectly cloudless sky. The peculiarity of the situation is, that here we have a mountain rising out of, and almost overhanging a large and picturesque city on one side; while a few paces down on the other side, the forest with its ornaments of ferns and orchids, takes away all thought of proximity to civilisation. Turning to our right as we leaned over our little wall of defence, we looked down upon the Botanic Garden, and saw the avenues of giant palms looking very humble now, some 2,400 feet below us. The beautiful Bay of Botafogo was glistening in the sun, surrounded by its belt of white houses and deep green trees, and beyond it the Sugarloaf showed itself, rising out of the sea in the direction most favourable for seeing its extraordinary form. Then came the gateway to the Atlantic, where a line of smoke marked the retreat of a large steam-vessel; the fort of Santa Cruz; and range upon range of hills to the westward of the bay beyond Niterohy, the "Hidden Water" of the Tamoya Indians. The whole harbour lay before us bathed in glowing light, washing the shores of palm-crowned islands, and bringing up happy memories of former cruises, when I had sailed blissfully among them thinking of Tennyson as I went "from island unto island at the gateways of the day." Rio itself, the great city, with more than 300,000 inhabitants, seemed to lie sleeping at our feet, so singular was the effect of looking right down upon its countless streets and houses from such an elevation as to prevent our hearing a sound. Perfect stillness reigned all round our lofty perch, and I much doubt if a similar phenomenon could be met with in any other part of the world.

The scene beyond the head of the bay is, however, the grandest and most interesting part of the view, where the Organ Mountains rise high above the purple shades, and where we know that Petropolis and Theresopolis are nestling among their forest-covered hills. A speck on the bay, with a trail of dazzling light on the water behind it, was the steamer going to join the railway at the base of the Serra, whence is carried, at a height of 3,000 feet above the sea, that magnificent road into the province of Minas, by which countless treasures of coffee and of minerals have been poured down upon the capital of Brazil. There too, among the purple hills is the favourite abode of the fern-hunter, who, amongst cooling streams and deep-shaded waterfalls in the virgin forest, will find an inexhaustible field of research. The thought of that well-watered region, with tree-ferns for umbrellas, was enough to make anyone contrast it with our present position of being broiled in the sun, on the uttermost rock of the Corcovado. It was agreed, however, by all that the position should not be abandoned as long as it was tenable, and taking the best advantage of a slight shadow thrown by the little wall, we lunched upon the spot, and remained to admire the glorious view till time compelled us to go down again to Rio.

The descent required great care throughout the steep part, for the long continuance of fine weather had baked the smooth soil as hard as a brick, and a fall would have been serious. In due time the horse was able to come into play again, and we again reached the abode of our ugly friend of the morning, who welcomed our return with the proffer of fresh bottles of beer, and a cheap selection of insects collected on the mountain. On the way down we had more leisure for examining the plants within reach, and found several new

ferns, besides having the opportunity of observing that the opposite mountain, now *en face*, contained amongst its green forest trees some glorious patches of purple, which we afterwards found to be luxuriant trees of the family of *Melastoma*, in full blossom. We took a different route down to Laranjeiras, to visit the reservoirs, and to follow for awhile the covered way, by which the sweet mountain water is conveyed to the city by the aqueduct, built by Jesuits about 100 years ago. The reservoirs are very large, and constructed of solid masonry and iron, but they are not sufficient for the present requirements of the city; and negotiations have lately been in progress for a greatly extended water supply from this part of the mountains, which in conjunction with the streams of Tijuca, will make a vast difference in the means for cleansing and purifying the capital. A fine broad road from hence leads down by the line of the aqueduct, overhung by an endless variety of evergreen trees, spreading an atmosphere of cool deep shade, which seemed doubly delicious after our long exposure to the sun upon the upper part of the mountain. From time to time, through the openings in the trees on our right hand, we had ever-changing views of the city, still far below us, and the countless vessels riding idly on the glassy bay; and when the eye was almost weary of looking at the sunny prospect, we had only to turn to our left and place our hands upon the cool fern-clad side of the water-course.

On the damp walls in this part of the excursion, besides abundance of maidenhair and other ferns we found an immense quantity of the delicate *Gymnogramma leptophylla*, one of the few ferns which has penetrated far northward, and is popularly known as the "Jersey fern." And as we look at this fine aqueduct, carried sometimes underground, and sometimes over noble arches into the heart of the city, it is impossible not to do some justice to the Jesuits who did such wonderful work in South America, and received nothing but ingratitude by way of thanks. They achieved the only great missionary success in modern times by civilising and bringing into orderly habits about 100,000 Indians in Paraguay and the Misiones; they promoted and executed everything that tended to the welfare of the country, and when their work seemed almost complete they were cast out of the continent by intrigues with Europe, and "other men entered into the fruit of their labours."

The sun was setting as we once more approached the orange-trees of Laranjeiras; a golden gleam was lighting up the varied forms of the distant mountains, and the dark blue shadows were enfolding the countless islands of the bay, as we returned into the city after a day of unmitigated happiness, in which, amidst the cloudless splendour of a Brazilian sky, we had been fortunate enough to see what is probably the most varied and most beautiful scene in the world—the view of Rio Janeiro and its surroundings from the summit of the Corcovado. To those who have seen the rich vegetation and gorgeous colouring of tropical scenery it must ever remain a cause of wonderment that the artists who, every year cover our walls with cornfields and cottages at Bettws-y-Coed under every possible circumstance of weather, should not go further afield; and while depicting themselves, perchance induce some of their fellow-creatures to follow their example, and to revel in what would probably be the greatest enjoyment in their lives.

An Autumn Tour in Andalusia.—VI.

BY ULICK RALPH BURKE.

SEVILLE.—ACADEMY OF PAINTING.

We concluded our last chapter with an account of the *Museo* or permanent picture-gallery of Seville. But the Sevillanos are the artists *par excellence* of the Peninsula, and there is also an academy of painting which organises exhibitions from time to time after the manner of our Royal Academy at Burlington House, with the exception that copies of the great works of the old masters are not only admitted into the exhibition, but form an important part of the whole number of pictures exhibited. There had, however, been no exhibition for three years when we were at Seville, and the opening of the galleries in the second week in October was looked forward to with some interest by the *aficionados*. We were obliged to leave Seville before the eventful day, but through the kindness of the secretary, we were permitted to have a private view of the pictures, and even to carry away some of them which we particularly admired. The Academy of Seville is of some antiquity, having been founded on the 11th February, 1660, and its first president was Murillo; Herrera, Valdés, and other celebrated masters, being original members. Zurbaran was at Madrid at that epoch, where he died two years afterwards having been for some time Court painter to Philip IV. Murillo lived until 1682 in his native city, and was buried in the parish church of Santa Cruz.

BEGGARS.

No sketch of Andalusia would be complete without at least a few words about the beggars. These pests of Spain still play an important part in Spanish society. There are no societies for "organising charitable relief and suppressing mendicity" in the Peninsula. On the contrary, *El dar limosna nunca mengua la bolsa* is the saying; and certainly the dreadful creatures who present themselves to your charitable consideration are calculated to inspire pity, if that tender sentiment is

not overpowered by disgust. By a journey in Spain one may, I think, become acquainted with almost every species of human deformity. Every part of the human body assumes some extravagant or loathsome peculiarity, and one is tempted to ask if Spain alone is cursed in this terrible way; or if not, where the afflicted inhabitants of other countries hide themselves from the sight of their fellow-men. Another strange feature of Spanish mendicity is that an alms is taken as a matter of course. This may perhaps best be illustrated by a story for the accuracy of which we can vouch. A gentleman who lived in the suburbs of Granada had occasion to pass over a bridge every day on his way to the town, and used to give a *cuarto* to an old beggar who took his station on the bridge. Business compelled our friend to be absent from Granada for some weeks, and on his return he found the old beggar posted as usual, and offered him the accustomed alms. This the jolly beggar indignantly refused, and demanded thirty-six *cuartos* for arrears! I have heard many stories of a similar nature, but I give this as having absolutely happened to M. Mauziase, a French artist, and settled at Granada. But the police are just beginning to consider that this state of things is not quite perfect, and things will no doubt get better as rapidly as any-



COUNTRYMAN OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF SEVILLE.

thing can be done in Spain. For these town police, in spite of their long swords, are really very good, and second only to the country *guardia civil*. As to their swords, they must have been rejected by the cuirassiers and heavy dragoons. Hooked up, they reach from the man's armpit to within an inch of the ground; and when drawn, they must be most formidable weapons.

EL NODO.

No one who has visited Seville can have failed to remark *El nodo*, the badge of Seville, which is to be seen at every turn, and is thus represented—"No. 8. Do.," a fanciful spelling of *No*



ANDALUSIAN BEGGAR AND DAUGHTER.

me ha dexado (It has not deserted me). The 8 is supposed to be a knot (and is painted thus, 8), in Spanish *madexa*, which is the key to the hieroglyphic. This badge was given to the city by Alonso el Sabio, and from its constant use Sevillanos would appear to be very proud of it.

RELIGION.

Seville indeed has much to be proud of, having been in many respects, at various times, the real capital of Spain, if not of the Peninsula. To say nothing of its more ancient glories, it was Seville that first received the wealth of the New World, and became about the same time the head-quarters of that power which kept in awe both Old and New—the Inquisition. But if Seville can boast of having seen the first *auto da fé*, and of having set an example to the universe of Catholic piety, in her zeal in the service of the Holy Office, she can also lay claim to having been the first of the Spanish cities, after the liberty of public worship was established after the last revolution, to welcome, with open arms, the Protestant religion. Such impartiality in religious zeal is truly Andalusian, but the result is in the highest degree interesting; although, indeed, it can hardly be realised without difficulty, that in Spain, where formerly to profess any other religion than that of Romanism was a crime punishable and punished with penal servitude, now, Jews, Turks, infidels, and Protestants, can think and even pray as they please; that at Seville, whose stones are charred with the flames of *autos da fé*, and whose pavements are crimson with the blood of heretics, the “new religion” should have made greater progress, and to all appearance be more firmly established than at any other city in Spain. There are at present no less than seven Protestant churches at Seville, and one of them, recently purchased from the State, is the old chapel of the Jesuits’ College, and those walls which once rang with the voice of persecution, are now startled with the strange preaching of religious liberty.

It would perhaps be out of place in a sketch like the present to give any detailed account of the rise and progress of Protestantism in Spain during the last three years, but the subject is one of the greatest interest from more than one point of view, and worthy of the most careful consideration of the student, whether of history, of religion, or of national characteristics, and the phases and cycles of national life.

SPANISH PROVERBS.

There is also something else in Spain well worthy of the attention of the student, and that is the proverbs. I think I have already remarked that no one should attempt to travel in Spain without, at least, a conversational knowledge of the language of the country. The acquisition of such knowledge is not difficult, and the work most interesting, while the learner gives an additional zest to his studies by a constant reference to that proverbial literature which, according to the most competent critics, are all models of pure Castilian, “wells of Spanish undefiled,” to say nothing of their being fountains of wit and wisdom well nigh inexhaustible.

One of the most remarkable features in the history of the Spanish literature, and one which is peculiarly striking in the study of ancient proverbs, is the very slight change which the language has undergone during the last three centuries. “Don Quixote,” after two hundred and fifty years, remains about the best book in which to study the Spanish language; the construction of the sentences differs very slightly from that of the

best modern Castilian writers, while the vocabulary is even richer than that in common use at the present day. “Language,” says Archbishop Trench, “is fossil history;” and in this petrification, so to speak, of the Spanish language we may see the state of the nation itself.

The state of Spain, indeed, reminds one of the fairy tale, in which all the inhabitants of a certain castle were punished with a sleep of a hundred years, while the rest of the world went on as usual. I think that the sleep of the Spanish nation has lasted three hundred. I fear I shall offend many respectable prejudices when I say that the spiteful fairy of this national enchantment has been Ferdinand the Catholic, who destroyed the old nobility, the noblest body of men who ever gave lustre to a country; and established the Inquisition, which broke the spirit, and destroyed the enterprise, of the rest of the nation. The proverb *Con el Rey y la Inquisicion, chiton! chiton!* is indeed fossil history, and a record of policy which has petrified Spain into the fossil thing she is. Let us contrast the spirit of two modern Castilian proverbs with that which animated the proud *hidalgos*, who drove the Moors from Granada, *Socorros de España, tarde ó nunca* (Spanish help comes late, or never); and *En España se empieza tarde, y se acaba nunca* (In Spain they begin late, and never finish!).

DEPARTURE FROM SEVILLE.

And now we must leave Seville, its pictures, its beggars, and its cloudless sky, and begin our journey homeward. It is, I believe, considered the proper thing to feel a “glow of pleasure” under such circumstances; but, I confess, I felt rather a chill come over me when I thought in how few days I should exchange the courts of the Alcazar for those of Quarter Sessions, and the blue Sevillian sky for the more familiar atmosphere of London in November.

TO CORDOVA—OLIVE OIL.

At length we tore ourselves away, and took the morning train to Cordova, where we proposed to spend a day or so, before taking our final leave of Andalusia. The scenery on the road is by no means so wild as the greater part of that which we had hitherto seen in Spain; and the country had altogether a rich appearance, which was very different from La Mancha and the Castilles. The neighbourhood of Seville is celebrated for its olives, which are considered the richest in Spain, and a vast amount of oil is annually manufactured on the spot, by the rudest possible machinery. The olives are picked in the autumn, and pressed almost immediately. The process resembles that of the olive-farmers of Provence and the Italian frontier. The olives are gathered for eating before they are ripe; hence their green colour, for those in the mill are of a rich purple hue, which gives a dirty look to the refuse in the press after the pale green oil has flowed away. The pigs are very fond of this rich refuse, and, as may be imagined, they find it an exceedingly fattening food.

CARMONA.

Less than half-way between Seville and Cordova rises the picturesque old town of Carmona. We did not stop here, but its appearance from the railway is very striking, and we were very sorry that time did not permit us to examine more nearly its ruined Alcazar, its Moorish walls, and the various picturesque and interesting antiquities which we felt sure they enclosed. The view from the top must be magnificent. According to

Ford, it is something like the panorama of the Grampians from Stirling Castle, on a tropical and gigantic scale. From this point also, a view may be obtained of the Sierra Nevada.

CORDOVA.

In a short time we reached Cordova, and a well-appointed diligence drove us through the narrow and tortuous streets to the door of the best hotel in Spain—La Fonda Suiza, kept by an Italian, brother of mine host of the Fonda de Europa, Seville. The site of the Fonda Suiza has been occupied successively, according to reliable authority, by the houses of the Roman, Moorish, and Spanish governors. The half-ruined remains of the latter were pulled down a few years ago by an enterprising man, and the present white marble palace rose on the time-honoured spot. Cordova is a very quiet, not to say dull, old city—more strikingly a city of the past than any I ever remember to have seen. In the days of its greatness Cordova numbered over a million inhabitants, but now the remnant that is left scarcely exceeds forty thousand. The streets are without foot-paths, and, indeed, almost without foot passengers, and are paved with large round stones. The shops are few, and difficult to find; for, as every street is exactly like another, and none go more than a few yards in the same direction, the town resembles a labyrinth.

THE CATHEDRAL.

We found our way, however, to the *Mesquita*, or Mosque, as the cathedral is still called, from the building being the same—properly disfigured, blessed, and purified, of course—as that in which the original Moslem possessors of the town were wont to worship. This cathedral is certainly the most interesting, if not the most beautiful, in Spain, and pleased me more, I think, than anything we saw on our tour, the Alhambra itself included. Although low, the building covers a very large extent of ground, the superficial area being very nearly as great as that of St. Peter's at Rome. The building is square, the roof being supported by 1,100 columns, each composed of a single block of marble, the spoils of the world. Nismes and Narbonne, Tarragona and Seville, Rome, Carthage, Constantinople, and many cities of Africa, all contributed to the glory of the *Mesquita*. The character of the various pillars differs as their origin; and jasper, porphyry, serpentine, verd-antique and every variety of marble, is gathered together in what is called the *labyrinth* of the great Cordovan mosque.

In the centre is a gigantic modern choir, built in the time of Charles V., and in that too well-known style which I always associate with the emperor, but which is to a certain extent veiled if not hidden by the multitudinous pillars of the labyrinth; although of course the character and original *tout ensemble* of the Moorish building is entirely destroyed. This choir is, however, exceedingly rich and handsome in itself, and is the most satisfactory and pleasing specimen of that style of architecture that I have ever met with. The roof is lofty, and the details sufficiently simple to give an air of grandeur to the whole. A magnificent candelabra of massive silver and noble proportions hangs from the ceiling before the high altar; while on either side are two pulpits wonderfully carved in *palo santo*. These, together with the *silleria* or stalls, are in themselves worth going all the way to Cordova to see; to say nothing of the massive brass gates with enormous steel locks, which lead into or rather keep you out of the *cava*. The *Mesquita*, it must nevertheless be admitted, is not an easy

place to enjoy; for to say nothing of the beggars and touterers with which the place swarms, and who do not allow you a moment's peace, Ford gives so meagre an account of the beauties of the cathedral, and indeed of Cordova generally, that at the very time one is persecuted by unwelcome strangers, one is deserted by the Englishman's best friend, the faithful Murray! All round the cathedral are little chapels of more or less interest, notably in one is a most exquisite mosaic; indeed there is a good deal of Moorish work still remaining scattered about the building, reminding one of the Alhambra, but, if possible, more elegant and more delicate, as it has proved more lasting in its execution. One of the most celebrated of the Moorish chapels is the *Capilla de la Villaviciosa*, in which may be seen the original recess where the Alkoran was placed in the days of the glory of Cordova.

SIGHTS OF CORDOVA.

But it is not alone the interior of the *Mezquita* that is deserving of attention. The belfry tower; the immense courtyard, with its orange-trees and fountains; the miliary columns; the colossal Moorish doors; the sombre wall, six feet in thickness, and sixty in height, which surrounds the whole, are all striking and interesting objects. In fact, it would be impossible to give an account of all that we saw at Cordova; and yet we were compelled to leave with the consciousness that we had not seen half that was beautiful or interesting in the town. The bishop's palace, the ancient city walls, many of the gates, the old fortified bridge, were little more than glanced at by us; and except, perhaps, Avila, I do not think we ever quitted a place with more regret.

OLD TESSELATED PAVEMENT.

Just as the omnibus was about to start for the train which was to convey us on our homeward journey, a local antiquary informed me that a Roman pavement had been just discovered in the course of excavating a foundation at no great distance from the hotel. As Spanish omnibuses are usually timed to arrive about an hour before the departure of the train, we left our *impedimenta* to the care of the *mozo*, and walked round by the *Calle de la Sangre* with our obliging friend. The mosaic pavement was well worth the walk; and a full description of it may be found by those who are interested in such matters in the *Athenæum* of October 21st, 1871.

CORDOVA TO ALBACETE.

Our train left Cordova about ten o'clock in the morning, if I remember rightly; and we made very slow progress until we reached Manzanares, something over twelve hours afterwards. With the exception of the passage of the Sierra Morena, which we have spoken of in our first chapter, the country through which we passed was very uninteresting; but the humours of the company in our carriage made up for the deficiencies of the landscape. We had a sick captain of infantry, with a robust wife, and two irrepressible children, one of whom upset the family water-bottle, and compelled me to rescue the *aforjas* from the flooded floor with great precipitation. Then there was a good-looking young Frenchman, who had served in the Zouaves de la Charette, in the second army of the Loire; a refined *padre* from Bilbao; a fat farmer; a family going to Barcelona; a very fat *dame seule*, with a very pretty face; and sundry men in gold-laced caps, who were in some mysterious way connected with the Government—or the railway company—and who were for the most part very agreeable, lively fellows.

Our party was varied from station to station by the entrance and departure of the *guardia civil*, who relieve guard, so to speak, by means of the railway. This may seem a pretty good carriageful; but the second-class carriages in Spain are open from one end to the other, and are seated for fifty people. As to the first-class carriages, no one ever thinks of travelling in them except on the long journeys by the express trains, where there are usually no other carriages.

AN ENGLISHMAN ABROAD.

In due course of time we arrived at Alcazar de San Juan, where we had to change trains for Albacete, and where we had, of course, some time to wait, according to the unfailing custom at Spanish junctions. And here we were refreshed by a sight which had not delighted our eyes for some time—a real, live Englishman. We first caught sight of him in the waiting-room at Alcazar, and there was no mistaking him. He was a youngish man, about the middle height, and clad in a short blue pilot coat, a pair of striped inexpressibles, a collarless shirt, and a hat which looked something between that of a stage Irishman and a stage bandit, which he assured me afterwards was *sunproof*. Just before the train started for Albacete, we saw our compatriot in difficulties about his ticket, and volunteered our assistance on discovering that he could not speak one word of Spanish. He appeared a very amiable sort of creature, and as for some unknown reason we spoke of him as Smallweed, in our ignorance of his real patronymic, he is remembered by us as the bearer of that name. I had no doubt after a few

minutes' conversation, that Smallweed was a man who, in his native country, would appear before his admiring fellow-citizens in the quiet and unobtrusive costume that has been appropriated by English gentlemen; and why, on attaining a certain distance from Charing Cross, he should break out into stripes and spots, lay aside his shirt collar and assume the head-dress of a policeman, is one of those unexplained and inexplicable peculiarities of the *homo Britannicus* which people are accustomed to say "puzzles foreigners," although why it does not puzzle them I never yet could make out. Smallweed was certainly, however, a man of some pluck; for to travel from Lisbon to Alcazar as he had done, and from Alcazar to Valencia, Madrid, and Burgos as he intended to do, without understanding one word

of the only language that is spoken in the country, was an enterprise almost worthy of Ulysses, and only to be undertaken in modern days by an Englishman.

I soon found, however, that his purse was taxed to supply the deficiencies of his brain, and that whether his travelling could be said to give him experience or not, he certainly paid pretty dearly for it. At the same time some of his expedients were certainly ingenious. When he wanted an egg at Badajoz he told us he had crowed like a cock, and the pantomime he went through in my presence at Albacete in order to provide himself

with cigars and matches was inexpressibly amusing. His mode of payment in all cases was exceedingly simple—he opened his purse and allowed the vendor to take as much as he chose; and it really says a good deal for Spanish honesty, or at any rate moderation, that such a financial system could carry a man through the country without absolute pillage. But as I am not writing the "Odyssey" of this modern Ulysses, we will sing no more of Smallweed, who accompanied us as far as Albacete, where we put up at the *Fonda del Reloj*.

ALBACETE CUTLERY.

In the rude omnibus which conveyed us from the station to the fonda, we had a companion who at first rather puzzled us; he was a short, thick-set man, with greyish hair, speaking Spanish perfectly, but evidently not a Spaniard. We had been induced to stop at Albacete, in order to see the head-quarters of Spanish cutlery, and had certain romantic notions about "Albacete blades." But—alas! for romance—our mysterious fellow-traveller turned out to be a German bagman, travelling for a Sheffield "house." *Sheffield at Albacete*—it was too much! This prosaic man also informed us that no razors at all were made in Spain, and that every blade wielded by every Figaro throughout the Peninsula was made either in Germany or England. It quite distressed me to learn this. Fancy if Spain were ever to be at war with those countries—the war happily would not last long; but what would become of the beards of Spain, and the craft of those incomparable men who shave them? Had I been talking of any other country I should have said scrape; but Spanish shaving is a luxury neither to be forgotten nor to be laughed at, save by those whose chins are insensible to the caress of a razor and their hearts to the sweet sentiment of gratitude. As a



INHABITANT OF ALBACETE.



A STREET IN ALBACETE.

general rule, Englishmen care little for the pleasure of being shaved, preferring to grumble at the misery of shaving themselves, or drowning their cares in a beard.

ALBACETE.

Albacete is a queer old town, and M. Doré's drawing gives a very good notion of the general appearance of most of the streets; but whether it was that our German bagman's revelation had given our minds a turn against the place, or whether it had anything to do with the hotel, or with Smallweed, or whether we had eaten too many eggs in oil of late, I don't know, but we did not appreciate "the Sheffield of Spain." A good account of Albacete cutlery as it was and as it is, together with some of the mottoes which adorn the blades, will be found in Ford's "Handbook to Spain," Part II., pages 61 to 63. Apropos of mottoes, I may mention that a sword in the possession of my family bears the following inscription on the blade: *No me saques sin razon: no me embaines sin honor* (Do not draw me without right: do not sheath me without honour).

Looking at our sketch of Albacete, a woman may be seen in the centre of the group holding an earthenware water-bottle on her hip. The bottle and the attitude are most faithfully copied from nature, and will be recognised at once by the classical student. The man walking towards her wears a magnificent *capa de monte*, and appears sufficiently proud of it. In fine, the children, the mule and its trappings, and even the melons are thoroughly characteristic of Southern Spain.

TO VALENCIA.

Our next move was to Valencia, where we arrived in the

afternoon from Albacete, and found the town in a state of the greatest excitement, and the hotels full. It seemed that there was a *gran fiesta* in honour of Saint Somebody or other, and all the inhabitants of the neighbouring country had flocked into the town to see the religious processions, the bull-fight, the masses, and the dances, and all the other accompaniments of the day. Smallweed got a bed at the Fonda de Madrid, and through the kindness of an officer whom we had met in the train, we got a room for ourselves at a *casa de huéspedes* in a small street. We wandered about the town after nightfall, and I never saw so many gay, happy, pretty faces collected together as we did that night in the streets of Valencia.

LA FIESTA.

The next morning was the great day, and the Valencianos seemed to have gone pretty nearly as mad about the *fiesta* as the sober Londoners did on the occasion of the Thanksgiving procession of the 27th of February of this year. But I dislike processions, whether in London or Valencia, and, as the service in the cathedral had no greater attractions for us, we amused ourselves by watching the gay and good-humoured crowd, and seeing as much of the town as we could under the circumstances. In the afternoon, of course, we went to the bull-fight, which was all that could be desired, the greatest talent in Spain having been "specially retained" for the *corrida*. It is, of course, the correct thing to be disgusted at a bull-fight, and still more be shocked at the conduct of anyone who goes there; so we will here bring our chapter to a close, in order to give our readers a mouth to recover from the shock, and make up their minds whether they will read the next part or not.

Notes on the Ancient Temples of India.—VII.

THE mountain of Karli is two miles to the north of the road from Bombay to Poonah. Its temples are hollowed out half way up the hill, and a winding road cut into steps leads to the entrance. Although not a long ascent, it is fatiguing.

The most remarkable of the excavations is a kind of Buddhist cathedral, one of the most ancient of India. The dimensions given by Lord Valentia in his work are correct. The temple measures 130 feet in total length, the nave being 82 feet 6 inches. From one wall to another there is a width of 47 feet, the width of the nave being 26 feet.

To the left of the porch there is a sixteen-sided column, surmounted by eight lions, supporting a cornice in the shape of an inverted cup. On this column is an inscription which has been partly translated by the celebrated Orientalist, Mr. Prinsep. Mr. Stevenson, who revised this first translation, gives it as his opinion that this temple was excavated seventy years before Christ, under the superintendence of a Grecian architect, whose name was Xenocratus.

The façade of the chaitiya is very dilapidated, but the portico is decorated in the interior with some well-preserved sculptures. The great height of this portico has not allowed of a gallery being placed above the entrance, as is the custom in most of the Buddhist chaitiyas—such a gallery being con-

structed, as has already been explained, so as to allow the light to fall on the shrine, which is the express object of worship, leaving the rest in gloom. The temple of Karli is better lighted than others in the same style. It is very probable that formerly the chaitiya had a less elevated vestibule, without carvings, and that the ordinary gallery existed. More recently, perhaps about the commencement of the fourth century after Christ, this temple underwent great alterations. Excavations on such a large scale could not possibly be finished in a limited number of years, and therefore one seldom sees a chaitiya uniformly complete in all its parts.

The façade is pierced with a square door, and above this door may be seen the semi-elliptic opening by which the temple is lighted. This huge window is within a horseshoe arch, which projects beyond the façade, and is supported by a series of cubical corbels, indicating the extremity of the beams on which it would naturally rest. The upper part of the façade is covered with small horseshoe arches of similar design, united by a lattice-work of stone, which imitates that wooden trellis-work formerly common in Indian houses. All this exterior ornamentation proves that when first this chaitiya was excavated, art was in its infancy. The architect, in order to decorate his handiwork, drew inspiration from surrounding

objects. Noticing the elegant effect produced by the windows and balconies of the palaces, he commenced copying them on stone.

On each side of the door of entrance are figures of dancing-girls. Within, on both sides, elephants are placed, which appear as if supporting the rock on which they are chiselled. All these bas-reliefs, in accordance with the inscriptions engraved above them, which were translated by Mr. Stevenson, date about the year A.D. 336.

We must not stop to describe the impression made on most visitors by this magnificent chaitiya of Karli. It is impossible not to admire it, and not to feel that it is, in its way, as worthy a temple of the Deity as our own Gothic edifices. No temple in India can be compared to it for simplicity and beauty of proportions. The very lofty vault has a grand effect. It is arched over with teak—the hard wood of the country—and this probably dates from the origin of the temple. Certain authors fancy that these buildings are imitations of wooden edifices. Certainly no Indian building in the first centuries of the Christian era was vaulted. It is possible that the wooden beams served as props on which to fix the white linen suspended in the chaitiya—a custom which prevailed before *chunam*, or stucco, was used as cement. This is the more probable since the wooden beams in question are about a yard asunder, and this was the exact width of the bands of linen nailed or fastened to the vault.

In this farthest extremity is placed the dagoba, or actual altar, on which the faithful offered up their sacrifices whilst addressing their prayers to Buddha. It consists of a hemisphere on a cylindrical base, surrounded by a sort of stone fence. An oblong box, with a trellised surface, in imitation of

a reliquary, crowns the altar and supports four slabs of stone placed one above the other, increasing in size, and on this is placed the royal wooden umbrella, which, judging from its form and construction, was no doubt covered with some white material.

The pillars which separate the lower sides of the nave are thirty in number. The eight belonging to the apse are octagonal, having neither pedestal nor capital. The apse is semicircular, as is the case with the dagoba it contains. The other columns have a plinth composed of four slabs of stone, receding one from the other; their base consists of a spheroidal vase of stone, or *chattie*, from whence springs an octagonal shaft, similar to that in Kanheri. The upper part of the shaft is formed by another inverted chattie, resting on a series of four slabs rising in steps. On this species of gorget is placed the abacus, of which each face is sculptured in high relief. On one side are two elephants, on the other two horses bearing human beings on their backs; one of these animals is depicted standing sideways, of the other the full front is presented. It is probable that the carvings on the capitals and bases were made at the same time as the bas-reliefs on the façade, viz., towards the end of the third century, or at the commencement of the fourth. It would seem likely, on careful investigation, that before this epoch those columns which on feast-days were draped in white, had a square base and a square capital, as also an octagon shaft. The teak ribs, which, at the present day, rest on no supports, render it certain that, after being placed where they now stand, the cornice was removed, in order the better to raise up the pillars and ornament the existing capitals with sculpture. The low sides are so constructed in consequence of the division into castes which existed in Buddhist countries.

A Ride Round the Valley of Mexico.—III.

AN ANCIENT AZTEC TOWN.

CHALCO is something more than a village, and may be termed a town. In point of size it takes rank with such places as Tacubaya and Tlalpam. Its population, however, is composed of very different elements, being too distant from the capital for a place of suburban residence. The communication is also difficult, the road round Lakes Xochimilco and Chalco, as we have seen, being barely passable for wheeled vehicles; indeed, there is scarcely any traffic along the road, other than the local intercourse between the few insignificant villages lying along the foot of the southern sierra. The commerce of Chalco with the capital is made by water-way, by the canals already mentioned as running through the lake of the same name, and the sister one of Xochimilco. Its remoteness from the Mexican metropolis, and comparative inaccessibility, give to the town of Chalco a character of its own, somewhat differing from that of the other valley towns. It is a place of ancient Aztec celebrity, and the majority of its inhabitants are of pure aboriginal blood; even its *alcalde*, or chief magistrate, is not unfrequently an Indian. It is a quaint, crowded place, with narrow streets and the usual mud-brick dwellings, many of them, however, being plastered and whitewashed, or otherwise coloured, so as to resemble buildings of stone.

Its commerce is considerable, a portion of it, as already stated, being tropical productions from the *tierra caliente*, which reach it over the mountains from the district of Cuatla, for there it is the *entrepôt* or shipping-port of the lakes, as Xochimilco is for similar merchandise brought into the valley by the road of Cuernavaca; they are thence forwarded to the city by canal. In addition to these, Chalco sends to the capital a large amount of produce of its own growth. It is one of the chief sources of supply for garden vegetables; and the fertile plantations (*haciendas*) in this corner of the valley produce abundant crops of wheat, barley, *frijoles*, *chili*, and Indian corn. The maize of the Chalco district is esteemed the best in this part of Mexico, in the capital commanding a higher price than any other.

We made some stay in Chalco, where we were domiciled in a *fonda*, kept in the country fashion, and fed upon *frijoles*, *tortillas*, and stews of various kinds, all piquantly *enchilada*.

LAKE CHALCO.

The object of making a stay at Chalco was a desire to obtain information about the valley lakes which I had felt ever since my arrival in Mexico.

These great bodies of water are invested with a peculiar

interest, not only in a historical and hydrographical sense, but on account of many strange customs and indications connected with them. The idea of towns standing upon little islets, having no communication with the shore save by boats, is of itself attractive; but when to this is added the fact that in these lakes men live upon other islets that are movable and might themselves be termed boats, no wonder our curiosity should be piqued.

Chalco being the head-quarters of the lakes' commerce, and consequently of their lore, was the place to look for the desired information; and there I found it, as follows:—

Lakes Chalco and Xochimilco, whatever they may once have been, no longer merit the name of lakes—that is, they are not sheets of water with a clear, open surface usually thus designated. On the contrary, both are covered with a green mantle of living vegetable matter throughout nearly their

Scenes sacred to history, spots dear to the archaeologist, quaint customs, strange costumes, and curious manners, to say nothing of the many remarkable things belonging to the domain of nature, here have existence; but they are not to be seen by the mere tourist, or "steam traveller," to which class belong nearly all who have written books about Mexico.

Will the reader pardon this digression, and return with me to Lake Chalco?

THE CINTA.

As I have said, the vegetable stratum covering the lake is not rooted to the bottom soil, nor in any way connected with it; it forms an independent mass, afloat upon the water, and, as regards its vegetation, self-sustaining. The term *epiphyte* is employed by botanists for certain plants fancifully supposed to live only on air, as parasites are those drawing their sustenance from other trees. Taking a little liberty with scientific nomen-



GOING TO MARKET.

whole extent. This vegetation is of the most luxurious kind, and, what is more singular, it grows without any roots reaching the bottom. It is true there are several species of purely subaqueous plants that also form a bottom growth; but those upon the surface have no connection with the latter, and the two may be regarded as distinct strata of vegetation, one growing over the other.

It is to the surface stratum—by the Mexicans called *cinta*—that most importance is attached, as also the greatest interest, since it is from it was formed, and still is, the famed *chinampas*, or "floating gardens," spoken of by Cortez, and since affording much matter of speculation to travellers and savants; most of which, I may here say, has been croneous, the descriptions of the learned Humboldt not excepted. For it is a fact, and a singular one, that no traveller who has visited the Mexican Valley appears to have seen anything in it save what may be observed every day in the streets of the city itself, or along the two or three great roads leading out of it. Objects in every way worthy of observation, and in wonderful variety, are to be found in it.

clature, I propose for the plants that form the floating mantle of the Mexican lakes the title *aquatiles*, or *hydrites*, if the Greek synonym be deemed preferable.

Of these plants there are many distinct species, though among Mexicans they are known by the general name of *tule*, an extensive mass of them being called a *tulare*. The word is Aztec, *tollin* being the orthography of the aborigines. Nevertheless, the different kinds that compose the *cinta* have all particular local names, the Indians knowing them better than any botanist, since nearly all have a bearing upon their domestic economy. To enumerate the different species would be to give a somewhat extended catalogue; I have observed at least twenty, though the principal plants composing the *cinta* are various kinds of *juncus*, *iris*, *equisetum*, and *carex*. The large bulrush, which is more especially called *tule*, figures conspicuously among them; and there are *water ranunculus*, *lilium*, and *polygonum*.

The roots of all these interlacing form the *cinta*. At first it is only a thin structure, becoming thicker as it attains age, partly through the deposit of its own decaying stalks and



IN THE JUNGLE NEAR RIO.

leaves, partly from other contributions brought thither by birds, by scum drifted over it in time of high-water, as also dust carried from the adjacent shores during violent storms. These uniting form a spongy fibrous mass, in thickness varying from eighteen inches to more than four feet. Being of less specific gravity than water, it keeps afloat, though of course only its upper portion is above the surface. Lakes Chalco and Xochimilco have an average depth of seven or eight feet before reaching the subaqueous vegetation, which, with the soft mud underneath, gives another four or five feet to the firm bottom bed; therefore, below the *cinta* there are several feet of clear open water.

A vertical section of this vegetable mass exhibits a curious network, roughly resembling the surface of a cocoa-nut mat. Cut into thin flakes, it still adheres, as if woven; and in this way is employed for various purposes by the people who dwell around the lakes. Large slices of it, rendered light by desiccation, are made use of to protect the tender shoots of garden vegetables, or flowers, from a too hot sun or a heavy shower of hailstones. In the dry season of Mexico—the winter months—the *cinta* in many places can be traversed by pedestrians; and even cattle are driven over it to browse on the fine herbage it produces. It sinks beneath their weight, and in weak spots the hoof will sometimes break through, though with cautious management there is not much danger.

The *cinta* may be said to extend almost entirely over the lakes, though there are here and there stretches of open water, and the vegetable mantle is not in all places of equal density or consistence. It is only where there are extensive tracts of it firmly anchored that it bears the name of *cinta*. Other lesser portions, that have become detached by high winds or the movement of the waters, go drifting from place to place. They are called *bandoleros*, or rovers.

FLOATING GARDENS.

The *bandoleros*, however, are not the famed floating gardens, which are partly of artificial construction. The mode pursued is as follows:—A spot of *cinta* is selected, the upper surface of which stands well above the water. From this a piece is cut containing several perches of superficies, and in the shape of a regular parallelogram. It is sawn out very much in the same manner as the Americans do their ice in the storing of the "ice crop." When thus separated, it is pulled off and moored in whatever part of the lake its proprietor may have chosen as his place of abode; for his abiding-place it is henceforth to be. Now commences the task of turning it into a chinampa. This is done by dredging up the ooze from the bottom of the lake, and spreading it in a thick layer over the surface. By this means an elevation is obtained several inches above water-mark, while the mud, composed of pure organic matter, forms a rich manure, capable of yielding the most luxuriant growth of garden vegetables. Upon it these are sown or planted, as also such flowers as may be saleable; and in a short time the chinampa is established, being itself a little market garden. Its proprietor erects a hut upon it of light construction, the walls being of poles riveted together, with a thatch of *tule* (bulrush). In this he makes his permanent home, and can be seen on the chinampa at all times, with his family; leaving it only to convey its produce to the market.

When any part of the surface shows signs of sinking, he

patches up the place with a fresh layer of slime, thus restoring it to the general level; and at each putting in of crop he adds a coat of the same compost. With the weight thus constantly increased, the lower surface of the *cinta* at length touches the bottom, and becomes firm, solid land. It is still a garden, though no longer a floating one, and its proprietor continues its cultivation as before. Two questions will here naturally suggest themselves. First, why should all this trouble be taken for a few square poles of land? The reader will easily answer this for himself. He has only to reflect how light such toil would appear to an English labourer, if in return for it he could but obtain the same size of a garden plot for the cultivation of his cabbages. It is to be remembered that the chinampa gardeners are the poor labouring people of Mexico—the long subjugated Aztecs.

The second question will be—why, if free to it, do they not use the extended surface of the *cinta* itself, instead of cutting it up into small parallelograms, and moving these elsewhere? The reason is evident. The chinampa requires open water around it, not only to give its owner way for his boat—he could not otherwise leave or reach it—but in order that he may be able to obtain the bottom mud necessary for establishing and keeping up its fertility. On the surface of a continuous tract of *cinta*, covered with its luxuriant sedge, the manure could not be got at, and of course no garden vegetables be grown.

For this same reason the chinampa is always cut in the form of a regular parallelogram; its breadth being limited, so that mud fished up on either side may be easily thrown over it.

In several places, both on Lakes Chalco and Xochimilco, these curious floating gardens may be seen to this day, though it is generally supposed they have ceased to exist. Some writers have denied that they ever did exist, treating Cortez's account of them as fabulous. The scepticism is a mistake; the chinampas are there, as they were when the great *Conquistador* launched his brigantines almost beside them. Usually a number of them will be seen side by side, with open spaces of water between, all regularly aligned, like squares on a chessboard. Each will have its little *choza*, or tent, with a resident family; the whole collection forming a sort of miniature Venice.

Modern writers on Mexico speak of seeing *chinampas* near the capital, by the side of the canal where it terminates at the Paseo de las Vigas. It is true there are a number of little market gardens there of parallelogram shape, and separated by drains or ditches of water, like the *chinampas*. There are others farther along the canal, at Ixticahuatl, still more like the *chinampas*, and known by this name to the people of the city.

But in these places the garden-plots are *fixed*, not *floating*, and in other respects differ from the true *chinampas*. These can only be seen in Lakes Chalco and Xochimilco, in places somewhat inaccessible and too remote to be visited by the "steam traveller."

Lake Chalco is of an irregular circular shape, having a superficial area of more than forty square miles. As already stated, its average depth is about seven feet, without reckoning the substratum of ooze; though there are spots where the lake has a depth of fully ten feet. It varies some twelve or fifteen inches, according to the seasons; during that of the rains, Chalco discharging its surplus water into the sister lake,

Xochimilco, through the canal of Tlalhuac, while in the dry season the current sets in the opposite direction.

A HYDROGRAPHIC PUZZLE.

There is a hydrographic puzzle connected with the two lakes. Although several considerable streams flow into them, some of which are constant, there is no increase in the body of their waters, excepting that noted as appertaining to the change of seasons. The discharge of Xochimilco through the canal of Las Vigas, and thence on to Lake Tezcoco, is not of sufficient quantity to account for the singular phenomenon. Neither can it be explained by the ordinary theory of evaporation; nearly the whole surface of both lakes being under a mantle of vegetation, they are but little exposed to either sun or wind, and consequently cannot lose much by evaporation. The Mexican engineer Iglesias, and some others, hold the belief that there are vents at the bottom of Lake Chalco through which its surface water is discharged. As a considerable subterranean stream rushes through the cave of Cacahuamilpan on the southern slope of the sierra, this theory is not so absurd as some hydrographers have pronounced it.

By way of compensation for this loss by subaqueous drainage, if there be such, both lakes receive large accessions of water from springs that issue from various places in their midst, as also around their shores.

In Chalco there are three islands, each having its little village, inhabited by pure-blooded Aztec Indians. The most notable of the three is Xico, which lies near the centre of the lake. It is a *cerro* or mountain, in reality an extinct volcano, having a deep crater on its summit. There are many of these miniature volcanoes scattered throughout the Valley of Mexico. The Indian village is at the mountain's foot, on its northern side, and holds commerce with the mainland by the *acalote* (canal) running from the town of Chalco to the capital, which touches at the island. Xico also communicates with Ayotla, on the northern shore, by another of these waterways, while a third branching from the latter, enables the Xicenos to reach the other island of Tlapacoya and also the north-eastern angle of the lake, at the *embarcadero* of Santa Barbara.

The isle of Tlapacoya lies in this angle. It is also a *cerro*, and has its village; the latter situated on its northern side, and having communication with the mainland by a narrow artificial causeway or *calleada*.

AN AZTEC GOLGOTHA.

The third island, Mixquic, lying in an embayment of the lake on its southern side, has been already noticed. It, too, has its Indian town, of celebrity in the time of the *conquistadores*, and long before. Mixquic has led Humboldt and other writers into a somewhat ludicrous error. In the Aztec picture-writings the name of this town is represented by the drawing of a skull, which was in fact its coat-of-arms. The great German traveller, misled by the grim hieroglyphic, fancied it was designed as a symbol of unhealthiness in the climate of these marshy lagoons, and so pronounced it. The fact, however, is otherwise, for the villages in and amid the southern lakes are as healthy as any others in the valley, quite as much so as the city itself. No doubt the great elevation above sea-level, with the consequent extreme tenuity of the atmosphere, does much to counteract the bane of miasma.

The commerce of the lakes is carried on in boats of a very rude construction, in no way differing from those used by the ancient Aztecs. Those that ply along the *acalotes*, and make their trips to the capital, are of large size, with a crew of eight or ten men, who propel them with poles where the water is not too deep, using the oar only occasionally. The boats are of rough planks, very unskillfully joined, and look like punts or "flats." They are simply shallow boxes, sloping upward both at the stem and stern, but not tapering at either end. Sometimes their quarter carries an awning of coarse cloth, woven from the fibre of the *maguery*. The men who manage this navigation are all Indians; a considerable number of the poor people around the lakes get employment in this branch of industry.

Besides these large boats, there are smaller craft, belonging to particular families. Every man who owns a *chinampa* must have one, and there are others employed in the capture of water-fowl, in fishing, and collecting certain vegetable substances that figure in the domestic economy of the valley.

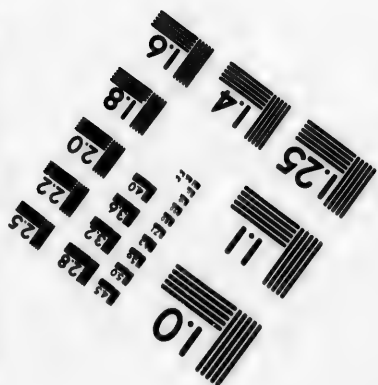
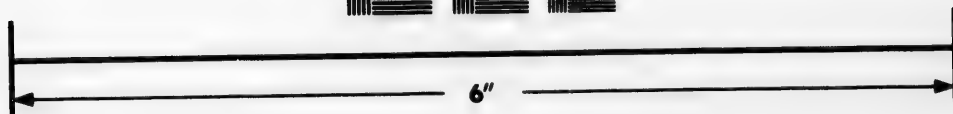
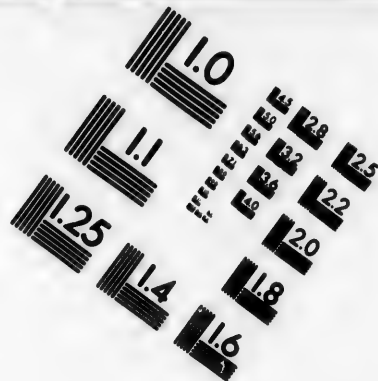
Notes on Bombay and the Malabar Coast.—IV.

BY LIEUT. C. R. LOW, (LATE) INDIAN NAVY.

NATIVE CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS IN BOMBAY AND POONA—THE BYCULLA SCHOOL FOR HALF-CASTE GIRLS, AND THE MATRIMONIAL ARRANGEMENTS CONNECTED THEREWITH—THE RAILWAY TO POONA—THE SHORE GHAT—KHANDALLAH AND THE CAVES OF KARLI—PRESENT ASPECT OF POONA—MAHARLESHWUR, AND THE NEIL GHERRY HILLS—THE MALABAR COAST—CONCLUSION.

A GOOD deal has been done in Bombay and Poona by earnest-minded men, deputed by the missionary societies of various European and American Christian denominations; but though the results are not inconsiderable, yet, the field of labour being a vast one, they are scarcely discernible in the teeming population of these cities. One seldom comes across a con-

vert in daily life beyond the compounds of the missionaries and their schools, and I have no recollection of having seen a converted native employed in a domestic capacity in any European family. Still, as I have said, for the money expended and the energies applied without stint to the task of Christianising the Hindoo and Mussulman, there is, what may be regarded, a fair return: and it would be singular were it not so, for no country can place among its religious records the deeds of more able and zealous soldiers of the cross than India. In Bengal and the Upper Provinces the names of Martyn, Marshman, and Duff, were in past years household words; and doubtless their



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successors are not less exemplary in their lives, or remarkable for their noble unselfishness, which reck not of time, or trouble, or health, in furthering the good work to which they have devoted their lives. A recent account of the missions in Bengal and the North-west Provinces contains the following interesting particulars concerning the schools:—

"Yesterday our kind and excellent minister took me to visit some of the schools, which you will like to hear about; but first we went to the house of a native pastor, a visit with which I was much pleased. We went out early, and drove through a native part of the town, where we stopped at a house with a chapel beside it; this is the American mission, and our friend is the ordained native minister of the congregation here. He is a converted Brahmin from Ahmednuggur, and has been a Christian for above twenty years. We found the pastor in a large airy room, half of it separated for the use of his family by a screen. He went behind it and brought out his wife, his grown-up daughter (a beautiful girl), and two nice little brown

ankles glittering with gold and silver bracelets, often the whole wealth of the family. One great drawback, however, in native day-schools like this is, that the girls go away so young; none of them stay beyond the mature age of eleven years, when they go away to be married. However, such is Miss W——'s personal influence among her pupils, that she never goes out into the bazaars without being surrounded by them, bringing their children, telling their histories, and showing that they have not forgot her lessons of love."

In Poona, formerly the centre of Mahratta power and of Brahmin theology, there is a school of 400 youths under Christian instruction, though the value of this assurance by the writer above mentioned is diminished by the admission that they are "not themselves Christians." This school was instituted under the auspices of Dr. Murray Mitchell, of the Free Church of Scotland, an excellent man, who possessed much influence, and was greatly beloved by his pupils; but who was compelled, owing to failing health, to relinquish his labours.



TOWN HALL, BOMBAY.

children. They were dressed neatly and simply in native costume, the father in white turban, and all the women without any ornaments. The mother could speak no English, and the father very little; but the daughter had been well educated by the American ladies, and spoke it beautifully. She is a very devoted missionary herself, and was able to do a good deal in teaching the poor women in the country, before she came to Bombay. This family has been here only a month, and the pastor says, 'It is a hard field to work in (compared to Ahmednuggur), and there are many obstacles.' I have not time to tell you of all the schools that we saw; but I wish I could photograph one of them for you—the excellent school of Miss W——, of the Church Missionary Society. The children there were most admirably taught, and answered in a way that showed that their minds were engaged. The boys stood on one side, the girls on the other; a tall native teacher walks behind; Miss W—— stands in front, full of animation and loving energy. The scene is one to please the eye as well as the mind; the small dusky forms of the little maidens, their lustrous almond-shaped eyes, the blue-black hair so smoothly braided, the clinging drapery hanging on them like statuary, but gorgeous in colour, crimson or deep yellow, white, blue, or pink; flowers in their hair, and their slender arms and

The school is held in an old palace, once belonging to one of the *sirdars* or nobles of Poona, when it was known as the Palace of Delight. It is described as adorned in the best style of native art; the hall is surrounded by arches and cloisters of dark old carved wood, with a vaulted and richly-painted roof. The various classes are held in beautifully ornamented rooms looking into a quadrangle, and approached by curious narrow stairs; the course of studies embraces Sanscrit, poetry, English, astronomy and other sciences, while the use of the turner's lathe and other handicrafts are taught here.

There is also at Byculla, one of the suburbs of Bombay, a school for boys and girls, chiefly half-castes, many of whom are orphans, and some foundlings. The instruction imparted embraces religious and moral training, and the institution is supported by the voluntary contributions of the European community. The boys are taught various trades, the cleverest when old enough becoming government clerks; the girls either remain until they marry, or are engaged as attendants on European ladies. The matrimonial arrangements for the girls would be thought in England very peculiar, and perhaps objectionable; but, having regard to the exigencies of society in India, where wives for Europeans of the lower classes form

one of the most pressing wants of the community, the system adopted is perhaps the best that can be devised, and is followed at the Lawrence Asylums and similar institutions for girls in the other Presidencies. A lady-patroness of the Byculla School thus describes the course adopted when a husband is wanted for a marriageable pupil:—"Should a European, or a half-caste, in the middling rank of life, desire to find a wife, the mistress of this establishment, being apprised of his wishes, he is invited to her tea-table, where she has taken care that several pupils of fitting age shall be present. From among these dark beauties the aspirant selects one for his helpmate,

hair, found himself suited with a dark female of Portuguese origin, speaking broken English in the manner peculiar to "Cheechees."

The Byculla schoolroom is nearly 100 feet long, very airy and well ventilated, with many large windows. This apartment also serves as a dormitory for the girls, who lie on the floor on carpets, which are easily removed in the morning. This sort of bed would be regarded in England as unfit for the use even of a workhouse bantling, but it is not so in Bombay, where during the hot season all the bedding one requires for comfort consists of a mat and pillow, with or without a sheet, for a



COTTON STORE, BOMBAY.

and, making known his choice to the governess, he is at once accepted (of course with the consent of the girl and that of the committee of ladies belonging to the school), if, on inquiring into his character, he is found to be respectable.

"All, however, who go to the above tea-parties are not equally pleased with the appearance of the young ladies, for I heard of a sergeant in a regiment, who, when asked by his captain if he had made his choice, replied, 'Lor, sir, no! they ain't got no 'air on their 'eads.' The girls are certainly singularly plain; their complexions being all kinds of neutral tints and shades of yellow; their hair is cut short; their dress is scanty, and of the greatest simplicity."

An equally comic story is told of the wrong young woman being sent to an expectant husband, who, being a non-commissioned officer in a Highland regiment, and perhaps having a marked preference for a daughter of Scotland with red

coverlet is not absolutely necessary—to the gentlemen, at least, among whom it is the custom to wear *pajamas* or loose sleeping drawers, made of the finest fabric.

We will now proceed to Poona, which has, within recent years, been connected with Bombay by an unbroken line of railway. Commencing at Negapatam, the most southern terminus of the present Madras system, and proceeding to Bombay, Jubbulpore, Allahabad, and Lahore, to Mooltan on the Indus, a continuous length of about 2,800 miles of railway has been formed. This has been effected at a cost of about £70,000,000; and profits at the rate of three-and-a-half per cent. upon this sum were earned in 1870. A further sum of about £18,000,000 has been expended upon the other lines open for traffic, and upon those which are in progress, making a total outlay of £88,000,000 upon railways up to the 31st of March of last year. Up to that date the extent of railway communica-

tion opened in India for this expenditure of money, was 5,050 miles, and of this total 566 miles were completed in 1870, and 211 during the first three months of the past year, from which it will be gathered that the Indian Government is fully alive to the necessity of having railway accommodation for the vast country committed to its charge, the development of the unbounded resources of which may still be said to be in its infancy. That much has been done will be allowed when it is considered that Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay are now united with Agra and Lahore, the capitals of the North-west Provinces and the Punjab, thus completing the system of trunk lines as laid out by that most able administrator and Governor-General, the late Lord Dalhousie. Much progress has not at present been made on what are termed the State lines—viz., those which the Government of India has determined to construct under its own immediate supervision, without the intervention of companies. A small branch from the Great Indian Peninsula Railway to the cotton mart of Oomrawuttee of seven and a half miles in length, has been opened, making the second line of this description which has been constructed by Government in the Central Provinces; but the line from Lahore towards Peshawur has not been advanced beyond laying it out as far as the Jhelum, a distance of 102 miles. Delay in proceeding with the works in this undertaking has been occasioned by the proposal to alter the designs, which had been prepared for the standard gauge, and to adapt them to the narrow gauge. Now that this question has been settled in the affirmative, and the gauge has been fixed at three feet three and a half inches, new plans are being made, and operations will commence in earnest. Among the State lines in construction or under projection, are the Punjab Northern, from Lahore to Peshawur, (a town on the extreme frontier of India, at the mouth of the Khyber Pass), some 270 miles in length; the Indus Valley, from Mooltan to Kotrie, 500 miles; some lines in Rajpootana, the chief of which are those from Agra to Ajmere, 236 miles, and one from Delhi, with which it effects a junction, 125 miles. There are also to be other short branch lines on the Great Indian Peninsula Railway, from Indore to Khundwa, and from Wurda to the coal-fields at Warora.*

The railway from Bombay proceeds over the Ghauts, a range of mountains which separates the Concan from the Deccan. The village of Khandallah, which is on the summit of the Bhore Ghaut—the term literally means "step," and is applied to any steep pass or mountain ascent—is about 1,800 feet above the sea-level. It is perched on the edge of a deep chasm; mountains rise up into sharp peaks on both sides, and it commands a magnificent view over the plains of the Concan. The outline of the Ghauts is remarkable, consisting chiefly of a "plane table summit, or else a long horizontal ridge, supported by sides as steep and regular as if artificially scarped, with natural terraces at uncertain heights each with its own precipice, affording a striking specimen of what is called the trap formation." There is a good deal of forest timber on the sides of these hills, and the gorges of the valleys are thickly wooded. Near Khandallah is a waterfall, which descends in three or four successive leaps into a deep and gloomy valley. The railroad up the Bhore Ghaut is certainly one of the grandest engineering feats of this wonder-working age. For a distance of 220 miles the only passes for wheeled vehicles from Bombay to the

Deccan are the Bhore and Tal Ghauts, so precipitous is the scarp which forms this portion of the mountains, dividing the plateau of the Deccan from the Concan. At the foot of the Bhore Ghaut, on the Bombay side, about four and a half miles from Khandallah, is the village of Kampuli, barely 200 feet above the level of the sea.

The railroad incline down the Ghaut is upwards of 15 miles long, the rise being 1,831 feet, and the average gradient 1 in 48. In this distance there are 2,535 yards of tunnelling, 8 viaducts, 18 bridges, and vast labour in cutting and embanking.* The best known work of this kind in Europe, is at Semmering, across the Noric Alps, but that of the Bhore Ghaut exceeds it in length, height, and steepness of gradient. After the heat of Bombay, Khandallah is bitterly cold, and the chill mountain wind sweeps without restraint over the stupendous hill-side, and across the ravines, which have a sheer fall of over 1,000 feet.

Not far from Khandallah is the rock temple of Karli, which is hewn on the precipitous face of a steep scarped hill rising to the height of about 800 feet above the plain. The cave cannot be seen from the road, and indeed the ascent to it is almost impracticable, owing to the masses of rock and thick jungle. The excavations consist of the principal temple having a height of 120 feet, by 46 in breadth, and many smaller apartments and galleries in two storeys, some of them ornamented with great beauty.

Like those at Kennery these galleries were evidently intended for the lodging of monks and hermits, and the great temple is on the same plan as that of Kennery, but half as large again, and far more richly carved. They were dedicated without doubt to Buddha, whose worship—the original and purer form of Hindooism, before the perversions of the Brahmins had been adopted—is still the religion of Ceylon, Burmah, Cochin China, and other portions of Asia, including parts of China. A mean and ruinous temple forms a sort of gateway to a great cave, and a similar small building stands on the right hand of its portico. The approach, writes Bishop Heber in his "Journal," "is under a noble arch, filled up with a sort of portico screen in two storeys of three inter-columniations below, and five above. In the front, but a little to the left, is the same kind of pillar as that seen at Kennery, though of larger dimensions, surmounted by three lions, back to back; within the portico, to the right and left, are three colossal figures in alto-relievo, of elephants, their faces looking towards the person who arrives in the portico, and the heads, tusks, and trunks very boldly projecting from the wall. On each of the elephants is a mahout very well carved, and a howdah with two persons seated in it. The internal screen is covered, as at Kennery, with alto-relievos very bold and somewhat larger than life, of naked male and female figures." As the details of the cave have been described in Lord Valentia's "Voyages and Travels," and in other works, it is only necessary to observe here, that they bear a general resemblance to those of the great cave at Kennery; although this rock temple is indisputably finer, and its ornamentation more elaborately designed and executed. The capitals of the columns are very beautiful, consisting of a large cap like a bell surmounted by two elephants, with their trunks entwined and carrying two male and one female figure; the timber ribs which decorate the roofs are also very perfect and have a fine effect. After leaving Khandallah and the Ghauts, we arrive in the

* See the last Annual Report, by Mr. Juland Danvers, Government Director of Indian Railway Companies.

* Markham's "Travels in India."

Deccan, by which term is generally meant the whole of India south of the Nerbudda and Mahanuddee Rivers, though sometimes the modern Deccan is understood to have a more limited area.

Arrived at Poona there is much to interest in this former capital of the warlike Mahrattas. The climate is always drier than that of Bombay, and the vegetation is not on that account so luxuriant as at the capital, though as usual in Eastern countries during the dry season, a visitor would regard it as incredible that a scene bearing a striking resemblance to an arid desert could after a few days "blossom like the rose," and be instinct with vegetable and insect life. The streets of Poona may be regarded as wide for an Oriental city, and are crowded—

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brook
In Valombrosa."

though not with the varied nationalities forming so marked a feature of Bombay and its bazaar.

There are many large houses of two storeys, with much richly-carved woodwork about the balconies and doorways, similar to what is found in the bazaars of Bombay. The walls of the houses of the wealthy are also elaborately ornamented with frescoes of gods and goddesses, and scenes in the lives of the Pandooos and Krishna. One of the chief specialties of Poona is the perfection attained by the gold and silver smiths, and by the workers in copper, brass, and wood. There are numerous temples, but none remarkable for either size or beauty, though all are adorned with frescoes. There are several large houses; some built round courtyards, and mostly originally owned by the Sirdars of the Peishwas of Poona, but, since the extinction of the Mahratta Empire, converted into Government offices, or used for private dwellings; the remains of the old palace of the Peishwa form one side of an open square, where the market is held, and are surrounded by a high wall with semicircular bastions. The entrance is by an archway, in which is a large door studded with huge iron spikes, as in European feudal fortresses; the gateway is flanked on either side by solid towers, which communicate by means of a small balcony. From this balcony, or a terrace near it, in the year 1795 the young Peishwa Mahdoo Rao Narrain threw himself in a fit of melancholy, and expired of his injuries after two days' suffering.* Twenty-two years before this event the then reigning Peishwa, Narrain, was murdered in this same palace by his uncle Rajonath Rao; and many another deed of darkness has been committed within its gloomy precincts.

In the Boodwar Palace, once belonging to one of the sirdars, is the native school already described, and also public offices. Among the chief temples is one belonging to the religious sect called the Jains, and there are musjids painted with gay colours and quaint ornaments.

A favourite drive is to the foot of the rocky hill of Parbattie or Parvatie, the summit of which is reached by a long flight of handsome steps; the hill is crowned with six temples, the largest of which—that dedicated to Siva—was erected by Peishwa Ballajee Bajee Rao, in 1749, at a cost of £100,000. The sacred edifice is surrounded by a solid-built wall, with a covered gallery, an open rampart above, and a covered gallery, with quaintly-carved wooden balconies, from one of which, in 1817, Bajee Rao, the last of the Peishwas, watched the final defeat of his army at the decisive battle of Kirkee, which brought about the restoration of the

* Grant Duff's "History of the Mahrattas."

Rajah of Sattara, and the sovereignty over his vast dominions of the great "Koompani Bahadoor." Besides these temples are the ruins of the Peishwa's palace, of which nothing now remains but one side of a wall, it having been struck by lightning in the fatal year that saw the extinction of Mahratta power. The view from the summit of the hill is magnificent; on the western side is the great city of Poona, with its bridges spanning the river, and the houses interspersed among the trees. Beyond can be seen the windings of the rivers Mula and Muta, tributaries of the Krishna, and the bridge at the Sungun, where these waters unite, and whence may be had a most lovely prospect. To the left is the village of Kirkee, famed in history, with the churches, bungalows, and cantonments of the British troops, always stationed here as the head-quarters of the Bombay army.

On the road to the hill of Parbattie you pass the Hira Bagh, or diamond garden, having some fine trees, including tamarinds, mangoes, and palms. In a small villa in this garden took place the interview with the Peishwa, described by Lord Valentia in his "Travels." Near this garden is a large tank, having in its centre a wooded island, and some fine peepul-trees on its banks.

Eight miles from Poona is Dapoorie, the residence of the Governor of Bombay during the monsoons. It was built by Major Ford, commander of a brigade of troops in the Peishwa's service, and whose defection to the side of the British, at the battle of Kirkee, contributed materially to the success of his countrymen. When the hot season sets in, all Europeans who can afford it start off for the Mahableshwur Hills, though the proper name of this range—which derives its designation from a small village about three miles from the table-land where the European community reside—is the Syhadree. These mountains are about 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, which may be seen from the windows of the bungalows. Panthers, hyenas, and cheetahs, afford good sport to sporting men; and even tigers are occasionally shot in the jungle, which abounds with snakes. Most commanding and magnificent views of the Concan, the road up the Bhore Ghaut, and of the sea, may be had from different points of the Mahableshwur range; and the scenery among the recesses of these glorious hills is magnificent beyond conception, and can only be surpassed by the sublimity of the views in the stupendous Himalayas.

Another famous sanitarium for invalids and the "upper ten," who annually resort to it as people in England go to the seaside or the Continent in the autumn, is the Neigherry Hills, distant about eighty-five miles from Calicut, on the Malabar coast. Hither flock the Madrassese, and folk from the southern part of the Bombay Presidency. The loftiest peak of this range is nearly 9,000 feet above the sea-level, and the climate is most salubrious. The nights are never sultry; the air is clear, elastic, and free from mists; and the ravages of those direful diseases, fever and cholera, are unknown in this happy spot. A great portion of the hills is under cultivation; and roses, honeysuckles, geraniums, and all the plants known and prized by us in Europe flourish here, as also raspberries, strawberries, and other English fruits.

Among the most interesting places on the Malabar coast, though now of no importance, is Severndroog, noted during the first half of the last century as the stronghold of the pirate Toolajee Angria, from which he was driven on the 3rd April,

1758, by the prowess of Commodore James of the Indian Navy, who with a small squadron captured the castle mounting fifty guns, for which the gallant officer received a baronetcy. Further to the south is Rutnagherry, which signifies the Diamond Mountain, and Viziadroog, or Gheriah, a fortress situated on a rocky promontory, where, in 1707, Conajee Angria established an independent sovereignty, and which was held from the 12th to the 14th February, 1756, by his successor, Toolajee, against a combined military and naval expedition dispatched from Bombay, under the command respectively of Colonel Clive and Admiral Watson. Here, again, Commodore James, who was in command of

formerly belonged to the French, but was taken from them in 1761 by Major Hector Munro, and after various vicissitudes restored to them in 1815. Other places of note are Cochin, where, in 1503, Albuquerque—who made his name famous not only in India, but in the Persian Gulf at Ormuz, and in Arabia at Aden, the former of which he conquered and settled—founded one of the first settlements in Malabar, and erected a fort to protect the factory. Cochin fell into the hands of the Dutch in 1663, and was taken by the English in 1795, in whose possession it has since remained. Still further to the south is Trivandrum, the capital of the Rajahs of Travancore, and Anjengo, where Orme, the historian, was born in 1728, as also



BRAHMIN AT PRAYER.

the squadron of ships of the Bombay marine, greatly distinguished himself; and, indeed, his intimate knowledge of the port and fortifications induced the admiral to give the commodore the place of honour, his ship, the *Protector*, of forty-four guns, leading the fleet into action. Passing Vingorla, the city of Goa, with its numerous churches, is sighted. This place, the capital of the Portuguese Government in India, was conquered in 1510, by that renowned commander Albuquerque, who greatly strengthened its fortifications. The cathedral is a really magnificent edifice; and within the church of St. Dominick is preserved the remains of St. Francis Xavier, which are enclosed in a sarcophagus of black marble, and a coffin enriched with silver and precious stones. Among places of interest on the Malabar coast are Mangalore, where the Portuguese once had a factory, Cananore, Mahé (there is also an island of the same name in the Seychelles Group), which

the unfortunate Mrs. Draper, better known as the "Eliza" to whom Sterne addressed his "Letters," and who lived at Mazagon in Bombay, where her husband held a high official appointment.

Our list of places of interest on the Malabar coast would be incomplete indeed were we to omit Calicut, of which scarcely anything now remains, though here the English established a factory in 1616. The name arouses historic associations of the highest interest, for at this point that bold seaman Vasco de Gama first landed on the 18th May, 1498, after a voyage of ten months and two days, during which he steered his barque and handful of gallant hearts—

"Through seas where sail was never spread before," and astonished the natives of Western India with the first sight of that mighty race of pale skins, who were to conquer and enjoy the land of promise, which both Hindoo and Mohammedan had shown their inability to govern.

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TRAVELLING ACROSS THE DESERT OF KHIVA.

Superstitions in Central Asia.

BY ARMINIUS VAMBERY.

IN no other country of Asia had Mohammedanism a more difficult task in overcoming the superstitious beliefs inherited from paganism, than in Turkestan, where the faith of Islam planted itself partly on the ancient creed of Shamanism and partly on the old religion of the Parsees, or fire-worshippers. If you enter the tent of the Tartar in the steppes, or the house of the more refined Usbek and Tajik in town, you will be everywhere surprised by this striking feature; and a hundred, nay, thousand times, you will wonder at the tenacity and staunchness of these time-sanctioned habits of man. Whenever the variegated and motley picture of my past adventures in Turkestan passes before my eyes, I find myself naturally lingering on recollections connected with this peculiarity of Central Asiatic life. If the tales of wonder, the folk-lore of our western Christian world, be a favourite study even to the enlightened reader, if we look smiling at many superstitions of civilised Europe, why should we not like to be acquainted with the similar usages of the distant East, where single rays of Western life have only quite recently penetrated, and where man is still exhibiting the very colours of social life which his forefathers for a thousand years have worn as an attribute of the infancy of mankind? It is true, several years have elapsed since I witnessed these strange products of fancy and religious speculation, but they left an indelible trace in my memory, so that I can relate them with the same precision as if they had been listened to only yesterday.

THE YADA TASHI.

It was in the sultry days of July, 1863, that the caravan from Bokhara kept me waiting in the small town of Kerki, on the left bank of the Oxus. A lengthened suspense belongs always to the disagreements of life, but it will weigh a thousand times heavier upon you if the fear of being detected accelerates your pace, if want of money and an empty sack compels you to get on, and if a killing hot climate, besides, is continually threatening you with diseases. No wonder, when hurrying away from the dismal and filthy cell of the convent, I felt happy on reaching the light tent of the Ersari Turkomans, who inhabited this part of Central Asia 200 years ago; a sufficiently long time to exchange the nomadic habits for those of settled life—to bury Pagan superstitions in Mohammedan lore. But still I found my Turkomans, as far as regards their interior life, almost unchanged, and many are the interesting observations I made here amongst them. One evening, whilst sitting in the company of a few soi-disant Turkoman *mollahs*, I noticed an animated conversation going on between an elderly *ishan* (priest) and a *bakhshi*, as the wandering poets are called, in which the inspired student of Mohammedan religious science in strong terms rebuked the troubadour for his turning the people from the right path of the creed by his chiromantic formulas and particularly by the use of the Yada Tashi. This was enough for me to approach the bard, and after an acquaintance of two days he produced, in order to satisfy my curiosity, from a small silk sack the square oblong black stone about the length of the middle finger as the instrument for which the *mollahs* continually reproached him,

but which he nevertheless asserted to be a great miracle-worker, with the aid of which he cured many people from diseases, healed the wounds of venomous snake-bites, discovered more than one thief, and succeeded more than once in bringing rain or sunshine to fertilise the melon-fields and to multiply the flocks of sheep. Of course I looked smiling at the man on hearing these extraordinary assertions, but what he said was only the influence of public opinion. Indeed, we can scarcely trace the antiquity of the superstition founded on the Yada Tashi; it exists amongst the Mongols on the Gobi Desert, in spite of the opposition of the influential Buddhist priests; it is practised among all the Mohammedan Tartars, whether nomadic or settled; and was in former times, as I learn from historical sources, employed also during battles, with the intention of bringing defeat in the ranks of their enemies. It is from the Memoirs of Baber that we learn how the Sheibani princes, whose Mohammedan zeal was never doubted, ordered their sorcerers to operate with the Yada Tashi during the battle against Thamasb Shah, the King of Persia; and the same was done during the reign of the next following dynasty in Bokhara whenever they were engaged in a serious strife. Now-a-days the Yada Tashi is but rarely wanting under the tent of a Turkoman or Kirghis chief; and if there is no *bakhshi* to handle it, an old matron will certainly be found, who proves the value of using this stone in many of the vicissitudes of life.

THE ROODA-PAL.

If sailors on their long voyages delight to banish loneliness by inventing sundry tales of witches and fairies, of albatrosses and water-nymphs, why should the reader be astonished to hear that men plying the oars on the muddy waves of the Oxus are not less powerful in imagination; that they too have their own Lares and Penates on different spots of that famous river of antiquity. Whilst crossing the Caspian Sea in a small bark, I experienced a foretaste of these poetical inclinations of the Central Asiatics. Our boatman was a pirate, whose hands were stained with blood, but who nevertheless, when touching the cords of his primitive instrument, recited with much skill the tales of the water-nymphs, who clinging to the prow of his boat or catching the striking oar in the darkness of night, prevent the sailor from reaching land. I heard on the Caspian, about witches sitting on the top of the sail, who hull the sailor by their wonderful songs, and suck the blood from him when he falls asleep. I heard other wondrous tales, reminding me of the kindred productions of the West, but nothing struck me more than the relation of the Rooda-Pal, said to inhabit a prominent rock on the right bank of the Oxus after passing Khoja-Ili. The Rooda-Pal is depicted as a creature whose upper part represents a fine-looking girl, gifted with all the marks of beauty of her sex. Imagination gives her blue eyes, golden curls, and, above all, a very sweet melodious voice, whilst the lower part of the body is said to consist of two heaps of bowels, whence she has taken the name, Rooda-Pal, or "bowels-feet" in Persian. She appears at moonlight at the top of the rock, beguiles the sailor with her songs, and whilst the latter stands listening to her melodies, she extends

her bowels-like feet and entangles the traveller in them, and draws him to her nest under the water, of course there to be devoured. This strange nymph, the sister of which will be easily recognised in the Lorely of the Rhine, may be the more interesting to the European reader, as he will find a new proof of the cognation of the tales of two so distant nations as the Germans and the Central Asiatics. But both—I mean the aborigines of Central Asia—belong to the same stock, namely, the Iranian, and the affinity that exists between them may be easily explained.

THE DJINNS.

or invisible spirits, who haunt the isolated quarters, the half-ruined houses, and sometimes even certain nooks of flourishing mansions. Whilst in Khiva, I happened to spend an evening in the well-built *madrassah* (college) Medemin Khan, which may be considered the most luxuriously endowed school in the Khanat, and inhabited not only by young men tormented by the thirst for science, but also by rich officials and private gentlemen of independent fortune. The different cells being almost continually overcrowded, I nearly failed to get a shelter for the night. "Every inch is occupied," said the chief tutor, "and it is only the cell occupied by the Djinn which is empty. I warn you of it; no man who ever ventured to spend a night there has left it alive the next morning." Of course I paid no attention to his advice; I quartered myself there, and when I presented myself the next morning, unhurt and unmolested, the astonished mollahs attributed my safety to the circumstance of being a foreigner, as the Djinn are supposed to have regard for the laws of hospitality. As gossip carried about in the town the news of my daring feat, I was questioned by everybody, even by the Khan himself, about the preservative I made use of; but my assurances of having heard nothing and of having seen nothing were scarcely listened to, as being utterly unworthy of belief. The Djinn live not only in the town, but also in the desert. To them is ascribed the plaintive sound in the reed when agitated by the breeze, the wild roaring of the tempest, and sundry phenomena of nature. They bring diseases on men and cattle, they assist marauding enemies in making themselves invisible to the objects of their attack, and are, what is the worst of all, a weapon in the hands of unbelievers and bad men.

A FIRE.

Whether the high esteem in which this element is held by the Central Asiatics be ascribed to the ancient religion of Zoroaster, which extended far beyond the Oxus and the Jaxartes, or to some other creed of bygone ages, it has always surprised me to find fire as a great factor in the superstitious ceremonies of the Turanian nomads, as well as the town-inhabiting aborigines of Central Asia. When lighting a fire it must be always done with the left and never with the right hand; to spit in the fire is regarded as a great sin, and food even, when hot is not allowed to be cooled by blowing, but the vessel must be either exposed to the air or kept agitated in the hands until it becomes tolerable. There are many diseases which are cured by fire. They take for various ailments different kinds of dried plants, roots, or woods, and light a fire in the presence of the patient, who by the heat he experiences very frequently finds his sufferings redoubled, but who still endures it in the hope of a final cure. When a young girl wishes to know from what direction her lover will come, she

lights a fire, pours into it camel or sheep fat, and from the vibrations of the flame she believes she can guess the geographical position of the path by which her sweetheart will approach. Pregnant women do the same when desirous of knowing the sex of their offspring. They may use any kind of fat, but must not forget that the thinly outshooting flame betokens a boy, whilst the thick one gives evident proof of a female child. Sometimes a fire is lighted before women in childbirth, over which old matrons leap several times, singing various songs or reciting exorcising formulas. This is also practised for sick children believed to be possessed by demons, who get seven strokes on the back, accompanied each time by the saying, "Köllerke kit! tchöllerke kit!" (Go to the seas! go to the deserts!)

THE GOOL, OR GOBLIN OF THE DESERT.

This plays, as may be easily imagined, a pre-eminent part in the life of the nomads, as well as in that of the traveller over the solitary deserts. When in Etrek, under the tent of the most advanced Turkoman encampment, my travelling companions used to awaken me very frequently from my sleep, asking me with trembling voices if I did not hear the lugubrious sounds echoing from the desert. Sometimes I answered negatively, having indeed heard nothing of the kind, at other times I was obliged to remain in expectation until the shrillness was again audible. I tried in vain to persuade my companions that this was nothing but the cry of a camel from a distance, which had probably missed his way or lost his grazing foal. All was useless. Nothing could allay their fears; they were long most fervently praying, while I again fell asleep. When the supposed cries of these gools are heard, the most courageous robber even will not be easily induced to quit his tent. Women stand with chattering teeth and folded hands, children cry, horses neigh, all lose their temper, and the aspect of the nomads in such a state is really bewildering. Of course the apparition of this demon is a thousand times more dreaded than his voice by the caravans on their way through the desert. Here his apparitions are not only nocturnal, but he becomes visible also in full daylight, nay at noon, when Phoebus is darting his hottest rays. The gools are said to be visible at that time, hovering in the air, and surrounding the spirits of those who have perished in the desert. If the wanderer is tortured at such a time by the pangs of thirst, the gools are said to betray the sufferers by showing with looking-glasses water-like spots in the distance. The more a man strives to reach them the more distant they will become, and more than one unfortunate traveller has lost his life in this way. At night the gools have the habit of crossing the deserts in large crowds, dancing diabolic dances in their way, deafening the travellers by their horrible cries. Sometimes they dart in the distance in the shape of blazing figures from the earth, blinding the eyes of those who look at them. But a thousand times more terrible to the lonely traveller, who has lost his way amidst the sandy hills of the desert, is this malignant spirit. If a man is exhausted by the fatigue of finding the right path the gool is sure to associate himself with the erring man. As a mute companion he wanders at his side, and leads him astray, so that soon the wretched man is sure to be devoured by monsters following in the track of the goblin. Numberless are the accounts of this dangerous spirit, and it would fill pages were I to relate all that I have heard and read on the subject.

A Boat Adventure in Behring's Sea.

THAT portion of the North Pacific lying between the American and Asiatic coasts, with Behring's Straits on its north, and the long straggling archipelago of the Aleutian Islands for its southern boundary, is usually known to geographers as Behring's Sea. Though generally a rather shallow sheet of water, there are some spots in it where the whale fishery is carried on with profit, the "right" whale, "fin-back," and "California grey," with several other species, frequenting Behring's Sea in considerable numbers.

Some years ago I was one of the crew of the whaling ship

belonging to the *Crusader* being busy from early morn to late twilight striking "leviathan." In the midst of this success, and about the second week after our arrival in Bristol Bay the boat to which I belonged as "tub-oarsman" harpooned a magnificent specimen of the "right" whale, and held fast to him. He was of the sort well known among whalers as "vicious"—a fierce old "nor'wester," who seemed not disposed to show us any play, but tore through the water at racehorse speed, running us away from the ship directly to windward.

The boat was under the command of Mr. Ransom, the



AN ARCTIC SCENE.

Crusader, engaged in this fishery, when an adventure befell me in common with several of my shipmates, which, as it illustrates some peculiarities in the life of the whalesman, may be worth recounting.

We had been up through and along the shores of Kotzebue Sound, where we had cruised several weeks without much success. We had even got into danger among some rotten in-shore icebergs, where we might have had sport in shooting polar bears, that in this place appeared to be in great plenty; but we were at the time too seriously beset to think of this sort of trifling, and only too glad when one morning a favouring breeze wafted us clear of the bergs, and into open water.

Leaving the "Polar Basin" and repassing Behring's Strait, we sought a better cruising ground, and found it in that part of Behring's Sea known to whalers as "Bristol Bay," lying to the north of the Aleutian Islands. For several successive days we had an uninterrupted run of fishing luck, every boat

second mate, a brave fellow, and as good a whalesman as ever lanced leviathan. For all that, as the whale went off, towing us ten knots an hour, and likely soon to take us out of sight of the ship, Mr. Ransom's discretion prompted him to cry out, "We'll have to cut loose, and let him go. It's almost night, and I'm afraid he will run us out of sight of the ship. With this light air, she can never work up to us."

"I wouldn't cut as long as we can see her to'gall'nt sails, Mr. Ransom," said Easton, the boat-steerer. "I think he must bring-to, soon, and if you can get one good lance at him, we'll be all right."

"Yes, but he won't give me the chance. He seems as strong as ever; and, so far as I can see, has no idea of bringing-to."

In the ardour of the chase during the afternoon, we had become separated from our comrades, having struck the whale when there was no other boat within supporting distance.

They had done their best in vain attempts to reinforce us, but were now so far astern as to be no longer distinguishable. We had not as yet been able to approach the monster near enough to lance him effectually, and we had no bombs with us, the ship having only one gun, and this was in charge of the chief mate, as commodore of the light flotilla.

Still onward rushed our tireless steed, his trumpet-blast ringing loud and clear, as ever and anon he brought his spiracles to the surface for breath; our light boat dancing in his wake, splitting the seas with her sharp prow, and sending a cloud of fine spray in our faces.

The second mate turned and threw another anxious glance at the distant mastheads of the *Crusader*, rapidly sinking on the western horizon; while the working of his features plainly

"Lay round, Easton. Give me up the mast and sail. Hold on! Your compass first, and let's set the bearing of the ship. Quick, my boy!"

The little boat-compass was pulled out from its chest under the stern, and quickly—but too late. The bank of mist had rolled toward us, and the topgallant sails of our floating home were no longer in sight. Before the compass could be opened and steadied for setting bearings, we were enveloped in the fog, and our visible horizon limited to a radius of fifty yards.

"Up sail as fast as you can," said Mr. Ransom. "Oars! Quick, boys, and give way with a will! We can do no more than pull square to leeward. If it had only held off till we could have got the ship's bearings! but the compass is of no use to us now."



IN THE MIDST OF "LEVIATHAN."

bespoke the conflict of feeling natural to a young and ambitious officer under the circumstances.

"I hate to cut from a whale," said he, "for I know I could muckle him if he'd show me the ghost of a chance. But there's but little more daylight, and we mustn't run the risk of losing the ship. You all see how it is, boys?" he added, interrogatively, as he flourished his boat-knife in the air, and—

"What's yonder? A fogbank shutting down," I interrupted, as I saw an ugly mist rising over the water. "You see it, sir?"

"Cut!" shouted Easton, as his eye followed the glance of mine. "Cut quick, Mr. Ransom!"

The officer no longer hesitated. A single stroke of his keen knife severed the line; and the whale, as if in triumphant joy at being released, struck the surface with a thundering flat blow of his ponderous flukes, and vanished from our sight beneath the disturbed water.

This is one of the dangers to which the whalerman is peculiarly liable in the higher latitudes of the North Pacific. We were at the time cruising to the northward of the Aleutian or Fox Islands, and had been quite successful. Fogs which shut down very suddenly, as in this instance, had proved our greatest drawback.

We knew that we were in danger. It is beyond the power of the most experienced cruiser in these seas to predict how long one of these fogs may continue. No other ship had been in sight of us during that day, and our only chance of safety lay in finding our own. For this we had no other guide than the direction of the wind, which was light and fickle. It might, at any moment, veer round into another quarter; or, what seemed still more probable, die away to a calm.

Only those who have been similarly situated can appreciate the peril we were in, or understand our feelings, as in silence we plied the oars.

For a full hour we toiled at them, when, as if to render our isolation more complete, darkness settled down over the sea, and the gloom that shut us in seemed actually tangible. Only one in such a situation can comprehend how bewildering, how completely subversive of all estimates and calculations, it is to be surrounded by a dense fog, even during the daylight.

"Heave up and rest, boys," said Mr. Ransom. "I'll get the lantern out, and strike a light, so that we may see the compass. We shall now have to depend upon that. It will be a flat calm in half an hour more. Keep all your ears open for a gun; and make sure of the direction of the sound."

The bag containing the lantern and materials for making a light being brought out, the little compass at our feet showed that the wind had proved a treacherous guide. We were making a course several points astray from that upon which we had started.

"This won't do," said our leader; "we must run by the compass now, near as we can. The ship ought to bear from us about west-nor-west, so far as I can judge. Pull ahead!"

In silence, and with anxious hearts, we resumed our oars; and after the lapse of half an hour Mr. Ransom judged that we had passed over two-thirds of the distance to the ship. But the great difficulty was to know how much we had deviated from a direct course.

As we rested on our oars for the second time, the boom of a gun was heard. It fell upon our ears with a dull, muffled sound, as if coming from behind a wall. It was not ahead of us either. Some thought it was astern, but the greater number agreed that it was nearly abeam to the northward.

We turned in that direction, again vigorously plied our oars, and made all speed toward the quarter whence the sound seemed to have come.

But steering with any degree of accuracy was impossible; and when, after the lapse of about fifteen minutes, we heard the gun again, the boom seemed abeam of us; and the boat's head was once more swung round.

As a matter of course, a few such traverses completely bewildered us, more especially when, instead of the sound seeming nearer to us, it appeared as if receding at each successive repetition.

"There, peak your oars," was the order from Mr. Ransom. "We've been flying round like a spun button, till I hardly know which is the head and stern of the boat; and yet we don't gain any on the gun. Judging by the last report, it can't be less than three miles off."

We had estimated our distance from the ship when cutting from the whale to be fully eight miles. With no true magnetic bearings, and nothing to guide the eye, a ship on the waste of waters is a small object to steer for. The reader needs not to be nautically educated to understand that a very slight deflection from the true course would, in running that distance, carry us entirely wide of the mark; while the deceptive character of a sound at sea, under such circumstances, must be understood by every one.

In despair of reaching the ship, we at length ceased our exertions, "peaked" the oars, and prepared to make ourselves as comfortable as possible for the night. Luckily, we all had our jackets with us, and at that season of the year the weather, even in the latitude of fifty-six degrees, is mild enough when the wind chances to be light. We had about four gallons of water in the boat, with the stock of hard bread which is always

carried in a tarpaulin bag; but as anxiety had blunted our appetites, we decided to make no attack on the provisions for that night, but husband them for a time of need, which we had good reason to anticipate with fear.

We stretched ourselves across the thwarts, and tried to sleep, setting one of our number as a look-out, if such he could be called. "Listener" would be perhaps the better term; for he might as well have essayed to look through a stone wall as the impervious mist that on all sides enveloped us.

Little sleep came to our eyelids throughout the night; we were up and down by fits and starts, the boat being left to drift wherever she might. Mr. Ransom announced to us, however, that if the fog still continued into the next day, it was his intention to make to the southward, trusting to the chance of landing on one of the Aleutian Islands, or falling in with some ship that might be upon the cruising-ground south of us.

Luckily, the summer nights are short in these latitudes. The darkness wore away at last, and daylight found us all astir, and impatient to be doing. It was only a question as to what we should do.

Breakfast was served out sparingly to those who cared to eat it; and while thus engaged a light air began to be felt, coming from the north.

It seemed a favourable omen. We set the sail to take advantage of it; and our boat, gathering headway, was soon cleaving the sea to southward.

"No use fagging ourselves at the oars," remarked Mr. Ransom, "we are as likely to be running away from a ship as toward one. If the breeze freshens from this quarter, as I think it soon will, the fog must lift."

His prediction was correct. Within an hour the mist became thinned, then rose up like a scroll, and rolled away before the breeze, that had freshened and was now blowing upon us raw and chill, as it came down from the colder latitudes.

With what a thrill of gratitude we saw the fog disappear; and then, rising erect, and standing with necks outstretched, we strained our eyes to sweep the horizon around us! Nothing in sight!

"Look sharp!" was the order again. There was no need to give it. Every man was looking sharp, as if for very life.

No other word was spoken; we gazed in each other's faces, and the barometers of our hopes fell rapidly down, down to the lowest gradation on the scale. We were alone on the expanse of ocean, and the wind was increasing, as we all knew too well, to a gale.

"A reef in the sail, Easton," commanded our officer. "Let us take turns at the steering-oar. We must run before it. The Fox Islands are ahead of us, at any rate."

Mr. Ransom tried to say this cheerfully, but the very effort showed how faint was this last forlorn hope, and how slight the prospect of our reaching land in safety.

With our sail reefed down to a mere rag, we rolled off before the fast-following sea; while an angry, murky sky lowered above us, and the north blew cold and merciless upon our backs.

The horizon now kept clear; but hour after hour went by, and no sail or other object broke the level line separating sea from sky.

Easton stood upon the "clumsy-cleet," steadying himself by the warp in his hand, thus commanding the largest possible range of vision.

"I'm afeerd," he soliloquised, loud enough to be heard, "that we must be to the southward of all the ships. We've run all o' fifty miles since morning, and should be well off the cruise-ground by this time. See! Yonder's something floating off the port bow," he suddenly exclaimed. "Luff a little, Mr. Ransom! Luff quick! You see it, sir? There it heaves up on a sea! It looks like a 'drug'!"

At this he sprang nimbly down, and bent his body over the bows. The boat's course was quickly altered, and in a minute after he and the bowman were jointly endeavouring to lift something into the boat, which, sure enough, was a "drug."

To the surprise of both, their efforts met with an unexpected resistance.

"There's a line fast to it—a sunken whale!" shouted Ransom, letting fly the sheet, so that the boat's head flew rapidly into the wind's eye. "Under-run the line, and bring it into the chocks. Roll up that sail, you Manoel! Quick! The wind is piping on fast and heavy, but if we can hold on to this line it may be our salvation."

In a few minutes we had gathered in the stray line, and were riding short, up and down—anchored, as it were, to the sunken whale.

We now "veered and hauled" to ease the strain; while another piece of line was bent, as low as possible, for a "pre-venter." Then every precaution was taken against its chafing.

"It's safer to ride here, head to the sea, than undertake to run on through the night," suggested the young officer. "It's going to be a blow, and we'll have it mountains high before morning. Examine the drug, Easton; see if there's any ship's mark on it."

"There is, sir," replied Easton, turning the piece of wood over, and showing some letters burnt deeply into one of its sides.

They were "*Pie IX., Rouen.*"

"*Pius the Ninth—French whaler,*" muttered the second mate. "I knew she was on this ground, somewhere."

On saying this, he pulled out a codfish line, which happened to have been left under the stern-sheets after being used two or three days before—for Bristol Bay affords a fishing-ground as inexhaustible as the banks of Newfoundland.

Throwing the lead overboard, he let the line run out to the bottom.

"Forty-seven fathoms," he said, looking at his marks. "A good depth for codfish. Not so deep but that the whale might be saved, if a ship had good hold on him, in moderate weather. Well, we must lie by it to-night, and trust to Providence for our safety."

We made our supper, if such it could be called, on hard-tack and water; while the gale piped on harder and harder, and our situation grew every hour more unsafe. The angry, chopping swell, raised by the wind blowing over a shallow sea, tossed our little craft about like an egg-shell, now and then coming in over the bows, so as to keep us bailing for dear life; while the icy blast, coming direct from the Polar Sea, and striking against our drenched bodies, chilled us to the very marrow.

But we hung on to our strange anchorage as to an ark of safety, while the sharpest of night came down and closed over us again, with no abatement of the storm, and no object in sight save the wild sea raging angrily around us.

In vain we gazed dimly through the spray at each successive

rise of the boat upon the crest of a swelling wave. The apathy of despair had settled down upon us as the darkness upon the deep.

All at once we were roused to fresh life by an exclamation from Easton.

"Our line's slack'd up," said he, "and we're drifting to leeward! The line's parted, or else we've drawn the iron!"

"God help us, if we have," answered the second mate. "But no; I don't think it," he continued. "Gather in the slack and see. The whale must be coming up. Hurrah! There he is, high and dry!"

We all echoed the shout as the immense mass loomed glittering against the gloom, springing suddenly up to nearly half its huge bulk above the surface of the water; while a terrific snapping was heard, as the confined gas made its escape through the lance-holes, and a perfume, not of Arabia Felix, came sweeping into our nostrils.

Luckily, we were far enough to leeward as the huge body bulged up. Had it risen directly under us, the boat would have been capsized, and all of us left struggling in the sea.

"Hurrah, boys!" again shouted the young officer, as the whale buoyed up before us. "This is a perfect God-send. We shall make good weather of it now. We shall have a floating anchor, and a large 'slick' to windward of it."

It will be readily understood that the rising of the whale to the surface was simply the effect of natural causes. The process of decomposition had been going on for two or three days, and the buoyant power of the pent-up gases would soon have been sufficient of itself to overcome the pressure of the water at that moderate depth. Added to this, the agitation of the mighty mass caused by our strain upon the line was sufficient to start it. Rising very slowly at first, but with gradually increasing velocity, it was tossed to the surface with great force, and shot into view like a volcanic island suddenly uplifted by some terrible latent power exerted from the bottom of the sea.

This change in the situation of affairs proved, beyond all doubt, the salvation of our lives, for the gale continued throughout the night with even greater fury than before. But we were now enabled to ride head to the wind, under the lee of the whale; while a large extent of surface on both sides and to windward of us was smoothed down into comparative calm by the oil that had escaped from the dead cetacean, forming what is well known among whalers by the name of a "slick." The waves no longer broke over this enchanted ground, nor ventured within its limits; and, in spite of the war of elements still raging around, we felt as the Israelites in the Red Sea—in perfect security.

A thank-offering was sent up from all our hearts, a silent one, but not the less sincere. We gave thanks to the God of mercies, whose outstretched arm had thus so strangely protected us.

The chilling blast swept over us; the odour of the decaying flesh was almost overpowering to the senses; the hoarse screams of ravenous albatrosses, themselves sitting sheltered in the "slick," rang in our ears; but we cared not for these, since the yet more ravenous sea had been stilled by the Omnipotent Hand, and by such unexpected means that we felt confident of safety.

Daylight came again, and along with it a joyful cry. It was from Manoel, our keen-eyed Portuguese midship-oarsman, whose watch it was,

"Sail ho!" shouted he; "to wind'ard."

We followed the direction of his extended arm, and beheld a vessel lying to under goose-winged maintopsail and storm-staysails. She was not more than two miles off; but it was still a question whether those on board of her could see us. The more doubtful, because there were bergs drifting about, and all her attention would be given to them. There were whales, too, a large school of them, ploughing the sea like porpoises, seeming to enjoy the storm that was causing us only dread.

We had no fear about the strange vessel becoming diverted from us, through giving attention to them. At that moment he would have been a rash, reckless whaler, who would lower a boat after leviathan, even with the prospect of a hundred barrels of oil. The crew of the ship in sight had no thought of harpoons then; they were too busy with their storm-trysail.

"Step the mast," were the words that came from Mr. Ransom; "she may see that. She can't help noticing this 'slick,' and may keep off her course for the chance to follow it down. We must hold on where we are. It would be no use trying to leave our safe moorings and to pull towards them; we could make no way to windward."

The stranger kept on till nearly abreast of us, when her head fell off, as we thought, more than is usual for a ship lying to. We stood with suspended breath, watching her every movement. Was it only a yaw?

"No," cried Easton, "she is keeping off to examine the 'slick'!"

Joy! We now saw the mizzen-staysail collapse, and come down with a run.

She might be wearing round for the other tack. But no; the helm met her again, and, obedient to it, she turned with her head directly toward us.

A cheer rose spontaneously, sent up from six sturdy sets of lungs, for we felt that if we could get alongside of her in smooth water we were saved.

Nearer and nearer she approached, rolling majestically in the trough of the sea; and now we could see men in the rigging. Surely we must be seen! The body of the whale and our mast rising near it were conspicuous objects. She was luffed to in such a position as to drift directly down upon us, and the masterly skill and judgment shown in doing this placed the matter beyond dispute. Our doubts were gradually changed into certainty.

"We are seen!" at length shouted Ransom. "We shall be saved if it be within power of that brave seaman to get us on board his vessel. Up goes the tricolour to his gaff. It must be the *Pius the Ninth*, for I know of no other Frenchman this season on the ground."

The nautical reader will readily appreciate the difficulty of approaching a ship and getting on board in such weather. But the whole operation was most admirably managed by the French captain. His ship sagged directly down upon the whale, and a line was dexterously thrown at us. We caught this, and were ready to haul upon it before slipping the other one we had attached to the carcass. But the operation of hauling under the ship's lee was a delicate one; and before we were close enough to think of climbing her side she had forged ahead, so as to run almost beyond the narrow limits of the "slick."

The crew of the Frenchman had now clustered along the lee rail, in the waist, and were swarming in the main-chains; bronzed, bearded faces, lighted up with kindly sympathy, looked down upon us, and strong arms were ready to seize us at the first opportunity. At one moment they would be nearly twenty feet above us, at the next—so heavy was the rolling of the ship—their hands almost touched us. Carefully we watched for a favourable chance.

"Gather in, now!" was the word.

The ship rolled scuppers-to, and our movement had been well timed.

"Now!" was again repeated; and my companions were all laid ho'd of at the same moment. I alone had lost the chance, by falling over the thwart.

Once more the French faces were looking down from above. A dozen ropes, with bowlines at their ends, were flung at me. Seizing one and slipping it over my head and under my arms, I gave the signal by a wave of my hand, and was jerked upon the rail. Next moment the ship brought her main-channel down upon the boat, that, yielding like a chip, rolled over and filled. With the next heave of the huge vessel, the warp snapped like a thread, and she was tossed off, a shattered wreck, just as I, with bruised body but grateful heart, after being lifted over the bulwarks, stood safe on the Frenchman's deck.

Six weeks later, as we lay in the outer anchorage at Honolulu, we saw another ship just heaving in sight round Diamond Head, whose well-known rig told her to be the *Crusader*.

It was dark before the rattle of her chain announced that she had chosen her berth, and was anchored only a little distance from us.

Hastily we manned one of the Frenchman's boats, and pulled for her.

"Boat ahoy!" was hailed from the ship; followed by the challenge—"Who are you?"

"Cast-away *Crusaders*!" answered our second mate, in his natural voice.

Our tender-hearted old captain leaped upon the rail, crying out—

"Mi 'Ransom, is it you?"

"Ay, ay, sir. 'All right!' was the answer.

"Are your crew safe?"

"All here in the boat, sir."

"God be praised!" exclaimed the good old man, in a choking voice, while a fervent "Amen" was returned by all of us.

He had cruised all over the ground where we had been lost, day after day, hoping against hope; he had found and secured the whale from which we had cut loose, and which had afterwards died from the wounds we had given it; he had spoken every vessel seen, in the hope of hearing from us; and had at length given us up for lost, supposing we could not have outlived the gale, which had been the heaviest experienced that season.

It was the finest sight in the world to behold the brave old fellow shedding tears, as he shook hands with us all; and I am sure that neither he nor any of us who were in the boat will ever forget this episode of our lives, or cease confessing our gratitude to Heaven for preserving us by means apparently so miraculous.



CHARGE OF THE BLACK RHINOCEROS.

Life in a South African Colony.—I.

MORE than ten weeks at sea having passed away and the utter idleness of a passenger's life having grown rather more than irksome, myself and fellow-travellers were much pleased when we first sighted the fine bush-clad Bluff, and the beautiful land of Natal. All were soon gathered on deck, gazing eagerly on the land of their adoption, as the sun rose and the bright light gradually broke over Bluff, hill, and plain, and illuminated the long line of breakers which denoted the harbour bar—that greatest of all existing drawbacks to the colony at Port Natal.

Signals were soon hoisted at the Bluff signal-station, announcing that the bar was impassable, and therefore no communication could be held with the shore otherwise than by signal. Making up our minds for another day at sea, we lounged about the decks, admired the great beauties of Natal as seen from the roadstead, and such of us as had the hunting instinct at all developed within us already began to talk of African game, in the knowing manner in which most men discuss subjects of which they are profoundly ignorant. During the day guns, rifles, and revolvers were brought up on deck, and their various beauties and advantages pointed out and explained.

One passenger had brought with him what he called an "elephant gun," carrying a bullet which we unanimously compared to a kitchen-clock weight. Cumbersome long Enfield rifles with sword-bayonets were in great abundance, as well as handy little breech-loading rifled carbines; the excellence of this little weapon has since been thoroughly tested. Many of us had merely brought stout double-barrelled

fowling-pieces of large bore, and most excellent weapons for South African shooting, generally, we found them prove.

Early the next morning a cargo boat came sailing out from the port to our ship, the heavy sea upon the bar having to a great extent subsided during the night, and in little more than an hour we landed upon the quay of Port Natal. Business at the "Point," as the port is called, had already commenced, several wagons having arrived laden with sugar and hides, and while we were inspecting the African wagons, with their long lines of bullocks, twelve or fourteen in number, harnessed, or rather yoked in pairs, and drinking coffee or Bass's beer at the refreshment rooms, the train from Durban, distant about one mile, came puffing into the railway station, bringing a number of business men to the port, who very evidently recognised us as fresh arrivals.

Among other peculiarities of attire, the extraordinary sheath-knives, with which some among us were decorated, certainly do not form part of a colonist's ordinary town costume. By the way, a common butcher's knife in a leathern sheath, worn on a waist-belt, makes a capital hack and hunting knife, light and handy, easily kept sharp, and inexpensive to replace if lost or broken.

Making our way through the bawling, yelling, and singing groups of Kafirs and coolies (large numbers of coolies have been imported from India as labourers) we make for the railway platform, and travel up to the town of Durban by the train. The whole town of Durban is built upon a flat of deep white sand, and is the hottest place I have ever lived in during my stay in South Africa, a period extending over several years.

The sand is also blown along the streets in a most disagreeable manner during windy weather. Having appeared before the resident magistrates, we obtained permits to carry our firearms, going through the usual form of stating that we required them for our own use and protection. Each gun and pistol is stamped by a Government official, with a number and letter corresponding with the number and letter of the permit, and a duty of ten shillings on each gun-barrel has to be paid by the owner. The duty on a revolver is, I think, five shillings. Gunpowder and percussion caps are only to be obtained of those specially licensed by Government to sell ammunition, and upon the production by the buyer of a magistrate's order. The reason, of course, for all these somewhat troublesome precautions is to guard against the natives obtaining firearms and ammunition.

During our first afternoon in Durban we witnessed the most tremendous thunderstorm that those of us who had not been ashore in the tropics had ever beheld. About four o'clock p.m., we observed heavy masses of black clouds gathering and hanging over the Berea and town of Durban, the horizon rapidly darkened, and the lightning flashed out for some time almost continuously, while peal followed peal of thunder in a manner almost deafening. The darkened sky illuminated for an instant by the brilliant forked lightning darting earthwards, with the almost simultaneous roar of the thunder, produced an effect really startling. A fellow-passenger remarked that "it looked like the end of the world."

During the evening we had some conversation with a thorough old South African colonist, who told us that he well remembered a large elephant being killed on the Berea, within a mile of where we sat. A number of Kafirs had hunted and *been hunted by* it for several hours, when it was finally shot by some Dutchmen. Elephants had long since, he told us, left the vicinity of the colony, though within his recollection they were to be met with frequently in the Bluff bush. "Shooting ivory" had become a business of itself, and was not generally considered a lucrative enterprise, the proper equipment for a shooting and trading trip into the elephant country being expensive, the journey long, the travelling rough, and the climate not healthy during a great portion of the year. In some parts of the interior the "Tsetse fly" abounded, the bite of this little insect, hardly larger than a common house-fly, being actually fatal to oxen and horses. A good deal of ivory was bartered for with the natives, who, though they possessed but few guns, evidently contrived to kill elephants. In fact, he said, to hear some of the South African "niggers" talking at night over their fires, of the deeds of valour they had performed in the hunting field, the listener would be led to imagine that such a band of heroes had never before existed. But still the fact remained; their weapons were not apparently very serviceable, and yet they procured, and were ready to barter, ivory with the trader for his goods.

Our time in Durban passed away pleasantly enough, every day bringing with it something fresh to be seen or done.

For some time we took great interest in hearing the cases tried in the Magistrates' Court, the offenders for the most part being coolies or Kafirs. In many cases the coloured people employed English lawyers to conduct their defence. Then there was almost continually a horse to be looked at, as, although there were plenty of horses for sale, it took some time for us all to suit ourselves, out of the extraordinary collection

of animals offered. The Saturday sales by auction afforded a good deal of amusement. These sales were generally attended by a good many of the planters and farmers, as well as by the "Durbanites." A most miscellaneous collection of articles was to be found on sale; furniture, maize, rice, flour, clothing, karosses (rugs made from skins of buck, silver jackal, tiger cat, &c.), ostrich feathers, books, bacon, pictures, and other things too numerous to mention. Later in the day, the horses, oxen, and wagons were brought to the hammer. The horses, as a rule, were ridden up and down before the spectators, and then the saddles were removed to show the state of their backs; a saddle-galled back often rendering a horse unsaleable. I secured a capital journey horse at a moderate price, who turned out very well, free, hardy, and docile, his age rising eight years, a good age for work.

Towards evening we frequently betook ourselves to the Berea bush, where the *spoor* or footprints of the little blue and red bush buck were to be seen in the red sand.

"Still-hunting" for buck is not, according to my taste, at all an exciting kind of sport. The hunter, after making his way into the thick bush, having often to crawl upon his hands and knees until he finds a spot where several runs or passes meet and cross each other, and where the spoor of buck is abundant and looks recent, squats down, concealing himself as best he may behind some thick bush or trunk of a tree, waiting as quietly as possible for the chance of a shot, either at a blue or red buck, or at that handsomest of all the coast bucks, the "bush buck" or *inkonka*. While waiting and watching in this manner a number of puzzling sounds are heard in the bush, which at another time would pass unnoticed, caused by various little birds and small ground vermin, and even by insects, some of them emitting the most singular notes and cries.

A most provoking bird, about the size of an English magpie, makes a noise among the leaves and dry twigs so precisely resembling the sound of the movements of a buck in covert as to deceive almost any ear. This bird is of a light brown and dirty white colour, and is called *ifokwa* by the Kafirs.

For "still-hunting," clothing of a grey, brown, or some dingy colour should be worn—white or any bright colour should be especially avoided. The white puggaree, if worn, should be removed from the hat before entering the bush. Any spot in the bush where a little stream or pool of water is to be found is an excellent place to lie in wait for buck, especially towards sunset. After a hot day the hunter will often find the bush intensely hot.

One of the most enjoyable days during our stay in Durban was passed in fishing and shooting, at Sea Cow Lake. Sea Cow Lake is a large lagoon on the north of the river Umgeni (which river divides Durban county from Victoria county), and about two miles distant from the sea. Sea Cow Lake, though only distant about five miles from the town of Durban, still contains four or five "sea cows" or hippopotami, which although very shy and wary, are occasionally to be seen floating on the lake, the tips of their ears and noses just showing above the surface.

Alligators are very abundant here, as are also coarse fish, "African barbel" (the *Silurus* of the naturalists), eels, and a fish somewhat resembling the English perch, though without the beauty of appearance or delicacy of flavour of the English fish. During favourable weather great numbers of fish are to

be caught in this lagoon with the rod and line, worms being the bait used. We were lucky enough to secure far more fish than we could carry to town with us. Although we had our "barbel" carried by an Indian cook, we afterwards came to the conclusion that they were neither a particularly savoury nor a particularly wholesome fish. We also shot some beautiful specimens of aquatic birds, including a couple of snowy white egrets and a black and white kingfisher, the plumage of this last bird having a gloss upon it of a beauty which it is impossible to describe.

Other days were passed upon the Bluff, wandering about among the thick bush, shooting various birds of brilliant plumage, fishing from the rocks, with but very indifferent success, and gathering and eating oysters; these little oysters are really excellent, rather smaller than the smallest English oysters, and are found so firmly attached to the rocks as to require an iron chisel and hammer to remove them.

Snaring crawfish was another of our amusements, which is pursued after the following method: a number of mussels are detached from the rocks and pounded up into a mass with a hammer or large stone, and this mass is dropped into one of the basins or pools among the rocks. The snare consists of a noose made of thin brass or copper wire (similar to the snare used by poachers in England for rabbits), and is attached to a light stick about three or four feet long, and as the crawfish, attracted by the bait, of which they soon become aware, leave the holes and tunnels in the rock in which they conceal themselves, and make their way towards the mussels, the snare is adroitly and very cautiously—as these crustaceans are quick in their movements while in their own element, and wary to an extent hardly to be believed by those who have only seen them out of water—slipped over them from behind until it has reached to about the middle of the body; a touch of the wire causes the crawfish to draw himself together, thus in a great measure securing his own capture, and with a jerk the noose is tightened and he is brought ashore. This sport, which, of course, can only be pursued at low water, is really rather amusing. It is curious to watch the cautious manner in which the crawfish emerge from their hiding-places, the long feelers sometimes appearing and disappearing many times before the owner ventures to make his appearance in the open pool, and should the snare be felt before it has been slipped far enough up the body to secure the prize, a thick cloud of sand kicked up in the clear water is all that will be seen, under cover of which the intended victim will regain his hiding-place. These crawfish are perfectly wholesome, and their flesh is very similar to that of the English lobster. They are not armed with claws.

After a stay of about a month in the town of Durban, my friend T—and myself agreed upon taking a trip into Zululand with a trader whose acquaintance we had made, and who was about starting on a regular trading trip.

We soon came to terms, and after purchasing a few blankets and beads, which we intended bartering for cattle, under the advice and direction of our trader friend, we set to work providing ourselves with such trifling personal effects as we should require for our journey, not forgetting blankets and surcingle, and head-collars, and "reims" for our horses. "Reims" are strips of hide which are used in place of halters; buffalo, eland, giraffe, and ox hide being used, the two first named being considered by far the best. Our stores

consisted of a bag of flour, another of rice, a little coffee, tea, sugar, spirits, and tobacco.

We also provided ourselves, acting under the advice of our guide, with a small quantity of quinine, as the rainy season was hardly over, and there was some probability of our trading enterprise taking us into the more feverish districts.

The wagon would evidently be comfortable enough as a lodging-place, not being over full, and being chiefly laden with blankets, which would make a good foundation for our sleeping arrangements. Our "span" of oxen consisted of twelve only, but the owner intended adding two to their number as soon as he should succeed in trading a couple of young oxen in Zululand, breaking the fresh cattle into the yoke as we travelled. Our armoury consisted of three double-barrelled large-bore fowling-pieces and a single-barrelled-rifle; we also had a couple of small revolvers, these last weapons certainly of little use on a hunting trip.

Our wagon loaded and dispatched in charge of the Kafir driver and "forelooper" (the leader of the span, who walks before, leading the front oxen by the "reims" attached to their horns), we saddled up and rode on to Pinetown, distant about fifteen miles from Durban, having planned to pass the night at one of the hotels, and await the arrival of our wagon the next morning.

Pinetown is a straggling town through which the Government road passes, lying at a considerable height above the level of the sea. The neighbourhood of Pinetown is generally considered very healthy, and Pinetown is sometimes called the "Cheltenham of Natal."

From here to Pieter-Maritzburg is generally considered a day's journey on horseback; however, wishing to see as much of the country as possible, which I am bound to say is in this part peculiarly uninteresting, we rode easy stages, and arrived in the capital of the colony, with our wagon, after four days of very quiet travelling.

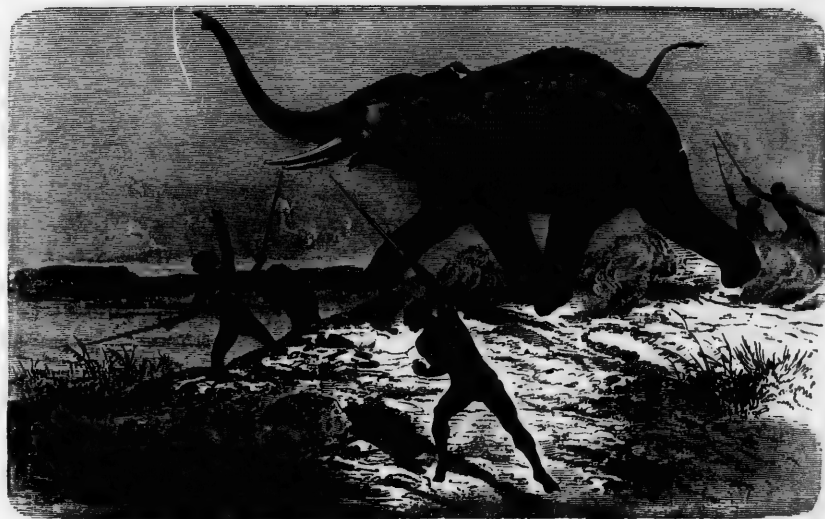
Pieter-Maritzburg is a nice clean town during dry weather, but during and after much rain the mud is simply abominable, a greater nuisance than even the deep sand of Durban. The whole town is supplied with water by means of *sluits* (open watercourses), which run through the streets between the footway and dwelling-houses or stores. A rather pretty public park adjoins the town, and the Australian blue gum and English willow flourish in Pieter-Maritzburg. The leading streets, which run parallel to each other, are wide, and the houses, for the most part, well built. During our short stay in the town we added some "up country" bacon, and a sack of oats for the horses, to our stores.

Leaving Pieter-Maritzburg three days after our arrival, we started *en route* for Greytown, our trader friend having some business to transact there, and we being nothing loth to visit a fresh colonial township. Greytown is the chief town of Unwoti county, and is in the midst of the horse, sheep, and cattle breeding district. The climate in this neighbourhood is considerably cooler than that of the coast. The district is an open *veldt* country, varied by hills, valleys, and *krantzes* (a *krantz* is a precipitous cliff). On the plains about Greytown we first commenced burning our powder, shooting a few partridges and quail. Here we purchased a couple of dogs, one a rather more than half bred and scarcely half broken pointer, and the other a large and powerful-looking sort of lurcher. Greytown contains but few houses and stores, and is

a small and scattered-looking settlement, the chief object of interest being a row of very fine Australian blue gum-trees, which have been planted on the outskirts. The blue gum-tree, though growing to a great height, is not, unless grouped with other trees, a particularly handsome object; in growth it is something like the English poplar, the leaves are of a bluish green tint, and the trunk at certain seasons has a very ragged appearance, as the tree sheds its bark annually; this bark is said to be a strong tonic and febrifuge.

On the borders of the Tugela thorn country we were hospitably entertained at the house of a Dutch farmer. The house was situated in the midst of a large grove of trees, chiefly orange and lemon. Here we met with a fellow-countryman, who was filling the office of tutor to the Dutchman's numerous

Dutch host that a sea cow (hippopotamus) had been seen for some time past in that part of the Tugela, within a mile or two of Summahash's kraal, and offered to accompany us on the following day to the spot. Soon after our arrival at the kraal we had an interview with the chief, Summahash, and went through the ceremony of drinking the native beer with him; he taking, according to the custom of the Zulu tribe, the first draught, from the black clay pot, thereby showing that he bore us no malice, and that the liquor which he offered to us was wholesome. Summahash is one of the most powerful of the Natal Kafir chiefs, and would be able to bring a great number of men into the field. In person he is a tall and powerfully-built man, but like most of the middle-aged chiefs, too corpulent. His temper is, I suppose, at times violent; one of his



COLLECTING IVORY.

family. This gentleman showed us a large collection of very beautiful birds which he had shot among the neighbouring thorn-trees. Not being a skilful taxidermist, he had adopted the plan of carefully removing the entrails and filling the vacuum with some drying and antiseptic chemical preparation. The brains were removed through the beak, and the specimens were dried in a current of air. Whether the experiment answered according to his expectations (he intended sending his collection to England) I am unable to say, but I certainly did not place much faith in it at the time.

Having sent the wagon and Kafirs on with directions to outspan at the nearest wagon drift across the river Tugela and await our arrival, we proceeded to the *kraal* of Summahash, where we intended seeking shelter for the night.

Our trader friend here met with a Kafir who had previously been in his service, and who manifested great delight at again meeting his old master. This fellow had been much in the service of white men, and confirmed the statement of our

wives informing us that a terrible scar across her breast was caused by the *inkos* (chief) striking her with a brand taken from the fire.

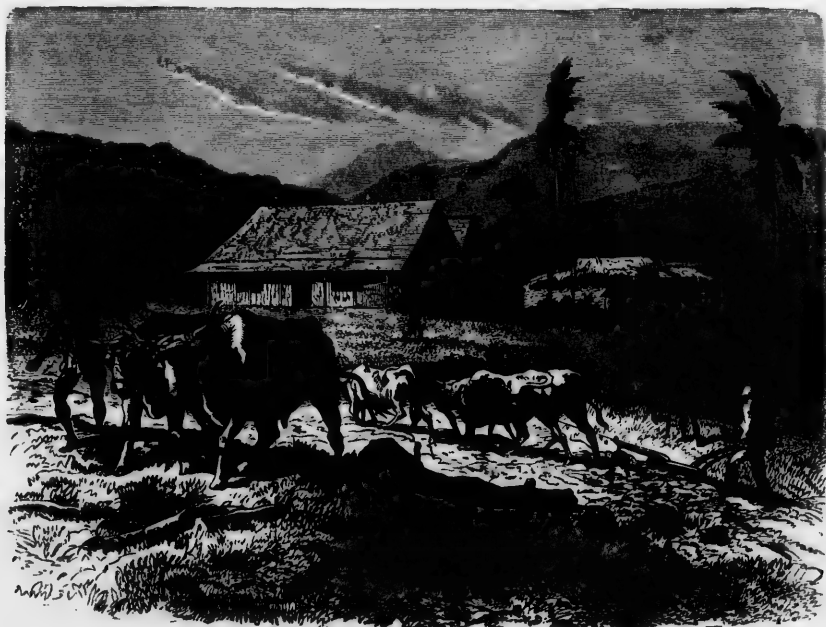
Having agreed to pass the night at this kraal, a hut was swept out and put in order for our accommodation, and old "October" (such was the name by which our new Kafir was generally called by his master) having informed us that there was a regular roosting-place for guinea-fowl within a short distance, we shouldered our guns and started off under his guidance.

Approaching some clumps of tall trees in a deep valley, as the sun was fast sinking, we were soon assured of the presence of our game by repeated shrill cries, much resembling the words "Go back! go back!" Walking quietly under the trees, we continued for some time loading and firing, knocking down the guinea-fowl as they flew in a bewildered manner from tree to tree. These birds resembled the domesticated guinea-fowl of England, but bore a horny crest upon their heads,

which I do not remember to have seen in the English poultry.

Gathering up our game, very soon after sunset, as we have but little twilight in South Africa, we made the best of our way back to the kraal, where "October," after plucking some of the game and splitting them down the back, broiled them upon the embers, and several *intomtis* (girls) bringing us supplies of milk, both fresh and clotted, and native beer (*chualia*), we made a most satisfactory meal, after which, spreading our blankets upon the smooth, polished earthen floor of the hut, we lighted our pipes, and conversation naturally

know—I and a mixed breed after-rider, a fellow part white, part Kafir, and part Hottentot, whom I often took with me on my trips, contrived to get a couple of bullets into a black rhinoceros, which we came suddenly upon while riding through a bush path. Our game did not hesitate a moment, but came down upon us at a furious pace; my niggers—all my goods carriers were with me—did not seem to know where to run, and charging among them, he leapt over the nearest, who had presence of mind sufficient to throw himself flat upon the ground, and came blundering along, apparently undecided as to which he should attack first, when my horse, generally



FARM IN THE TUGELA THORNS.

turned upon hunting, and as to which was the most dangerous of large game.

"Well," said our trader, knocking the ashes from his pipe into the circular hollow in the middle of our hut floor, which served the purpose of a fireplace, "buffaloes are dangerous, at times very dangerous, and most big game may be made to fight, except perhaps the poor old fat eland, but for a thorough going *skellum** commend me to a *bichan*† (black rhinoceros); when you wish to hunt him, it is more than likely that he will hunt you. He takes a good deal of killing too. I remember once when I was down among the Amatonga tribe—the Amatonga land is the other side of Zululand, you

steady and reliable, gave a loud snort, and leaping into the air, went off through the rough thorny bush. Jan, my after-rider, galloped off down the bush path, but I well knew that he would keep with us and be ready in time of need. If I had had the advantage of open ground I felt sure that my horse could have easily distanced the rhinoceros, but we were among tangle and timber and upon rough broken ground, and worse than all, my horse was frightened, and a horse is never so useless as when he is frightened.

"Well, after a very short time—what with the ducking and dodging to avoid the trunks of trees and overhanging boughs, and my efforts to guide my horse with safety to himself and rider, which were becoming momentarily more difficult, and to see as much as possible of the game, who followed grunting and groaning in my tracks, hunting me much as a foxhound hunts a fox—I was beginning to feel uneasy, and anxious to

* *Skellum*, a Dutch term of abuse, much used by the white settlers and Kafirs of the colony. The English terms "villain" or "ruffian" are the nearest interpretation.

† The black rhinoceros is called *bichan* by the natives.

bring matters to a crisis. The blood was flowing, I could see, from the two bullet-holes; but as the wounds were not near a vital part, I knew they would be of but little consequence to the rhinoceros. Just behind the shoulder is generally to be considered the best mark when shooting big game, and a bullet in the neck often seems quite to paralyse an animal. I can't explain why; but am quite sure that it is so. But it was quite impossible to get a shot with any hope of inflicting a serious wound. Every now and then, after being lost to sight for a time, he would come charging out upon one or other of us with his nose to the ground, making the hard dry earth ring, and kicking up pieces of hardened soil, and crashing through the thick thorny tangle. Seeing that my light-coloured steed only made me a conspicuous object for a charge, and that riding with anything like safety was impossible with a terrified horse in a heavy bush country, I watched my opportunity, slipped from his back and handing him over to one of my Kafirs, hurriedly directed him to get away to the safest spot he could find. Although he afterwards indignantly denied the charge, my own impression is that he fastened the horse up somewhere in the bush and then clambered up into a tree. I hastened to reload the empty barrel of my large-bore gun, and clapping a spare bullet and a percussion-cap or two in my mouth, began to steal cautiously through the bush. While creeping along, almost bent double, I felt a light touch upon the arm, and found that one of my Kafirs had come up with me, who immediately seized my arm to stop me, and pointed to a piece of thick covert on my left, whispering almost under his breath, 'Nanqua! nanqua bichan!' ('There! there is the rhinoceros!') I had no sooner made out the outline of the back, when he went thundering away, apparently in mad pursuit of something, affording me a rapid shot at his shoulder. This made him alter his course, and brought him down upon me; but, leaping on one side, I emptied the other barrel, planting the hard bullet of lead and tin, driven by a tremendous charge of powder, just behind the shoulder. This last shot

brought him to his knees, though he rose again and tried to charge once more. Jan now again arrived upon the scene, and handed me his double-barrel, both barrels of which I discharged at the region of the heart. Even while lying at the point of death, there appeared to be a vicious twinkle, and a look indicative of anything rather than surrender in the eye of the black rhinoceros.

"After a good deal of shouting we collected all hands, and lying down under a tree quite exhausted, I confess that I was oblivious of everything for some time, my only real wish being for utter quiet and rest. Jan's horse had broken away, and had to be spooried for a long distance before he was recovered."

After other similar stories, we began to feel the effects of a long day spent in the open air; and after a last look at our horses, who, closely knee-haltered, were cropping the grass among the stunted mimosa, all were soon in the land of dreams. As the horizon began to redden the following morning, we paid another visit to the guinea-fowl haunt, and succeeded in bagging a few more head; although we found the game far more wary than on the previous evening. Finding a small rivulet, we refreshed ourselves with a bath. Certainly, the greatest of all luxuries in a hot climate is a bath early in the morning, while the water is really cold. Upon our return to the kraal we found October busy cooking our breakfast, and a troop of *intombis* waiting our arrival, with sundry clay-pots filled with clotted milk called *amarsi*. Having paid for as much as we required by presenting them with a number of small black and ruby-coloured beads, both favourite colours with the Zulu tribes, and also handing over some brass-wire for the supplies of the previous night and an implement of iron and wood, facetiously called a knife, for the rent of our hut, we breakfasted; and saddling our horses, amidst vociferous cries of "Hamba gushla! hamba injallo!" ("Go on happily! go on continually!") from men, women, and children, we bade farewell to the kraal of Summahash.

An Autumn Tour in Andalusia.—VII.

BY ULICK RALPH BURKE.

BULL-FIGHTS.

We promised in our last chapter to say a few words about the *corrida de toros* which was such an important item in the *menú* of the great *fiestas* at Valencia. We do not of course intend to give a detailed account of the horrors which are usually considered to be the only attraction of a bull-fight. A "feast of bulls" is not by any means all "blood and entrails;" and we prefer dwelling upon those parts which interest and excite the spectator, and which keep out of mind, so to speak, the accompanying cruelty—just as the essential charms of pheasant-shooting or fox-hunting draw off our attention in England from the torture we inflict upon the pheasant or the fox.

The outside of a bull-ring is well depicted in the accompanying engraving, when the *picadors*, completely dressed and equipped, are making their entry into the building amid the

applause of the assembled multitude. The dress of the foot combatants (*lidiadores*), who are variously known as *chulos*, *banderilleros*, and *espadas*, or *matadors*, is too well known to need any description; and we will proceed at once to say that we took our seats fashionably *early*, and employed ourselves, according to custom, for nearly an hour in seeing the vast building gradually fill itself with gaily-dressed and excited spectators. The Spanish people are not under any circumstances nearly as grave as they are supposed to be; but if you were to judge of them only by what you saw at a bull-fight, you would set them down as the most mercurial people in Europe. There is a good deal of excitement naturally generated, even before the appearance of the first bull, when 17,000 people get together, especially if the thermometer is standing at 90° Fahrenheit, or thereabouts.

PLAZA DE TOROS.

The form of the arena must be too well known to need any description, although the only building that I have seen out of Spain that reminded me of one, both inside and out, is the Albert Hall, at South Kensington. The Spanish *plaza de toros* is, however, without a roof; consequently, the seats on the west of the building are in the full sun from 3 p.m. to 5 p.m., which is the usual time for a bull-fight. The seats on this side are cheaper than the others, and every occupant is furnished with a brilliant-coloured fan, at the modest cost of about one halfpenny. Until the trumpet sounds to "clear for action," the middle of the arena is full of men selling these fans, oranges, and water, for which the people shout as they want them with lungs of brass. I never heard such shouts out of a bull-ring—so good-humoured, so excited, and so stunning! The oranges are thrown up to the purchasers who may be seated on the higher benches, and are caught with a style certainly that would do credit to our best cricketers.

PROCESSION.

As soon as the trumpet has sounded, two cavaliers, gorgeously dressed, and mounted upon magnificent horses, issue from the gates leading to the stables, bow to the president, and ride solemnly round the arena. In a few minutes all is clear, the gates again open, and a procession moves slowly out. First the *matadors*, then the *banderilleros* and inferior foot combatants, and last of all the *picadors*, with their broad-brimmed hats and blunt lances, and mounted upon their wretched-looking and ill-fated horses. They advance slowly to the "authority," and make a low obeisance. (One cannot help thinking of "*Ave Caesar imperator, morituri te saluant.*") They distribute themselves about the arena, the gorgeous cavaliers on their magnificent horses disappear, the trumpet sounds, there is a moment of breathless expectation, the door of the *torril* opens, and out rushes the bull.

THE BULL-FIGHT.

If two bull-fights were ever alike, their popularity would soon diminish; in the variety and unexpectedness of the incidents lies one of their greatest charms. The bull, however, generally charges the men and horses with great fury at first, dashes into a horse or two, and chases the *lidiadores* about the arena. After a few minutes of this, the trumpet again sounds, the horses disappear from the scene, and the *banderillas*, gaily-ornamented darts about three feet long and barbed at one end, are brought out: a favourite *banderillero* is greeted with the applause of the multitude. Holding the darts at the shaft-end, and pointing the barbs towards the bull, he awaits his charge; and just at the moment the animal lowers his head to toss him, and, as the novice imagines him already transfixed by the terrible horns, he darts both the *banderillas* into its neck, and slips aside. The pair should be planted so that they hang down one on each side of the animal's neck. The trumpet now sounds for the third and last time, the combatants retire, and the *matador* steps into the arena, and advances alone to meet the bull. His dress does not in any way distinguish him from the other *torreadors*, but he stands forth on his personal merits a *hero* before an admiring multitude. He holds in his left hand a small piece of scarlet cloth on a short stick, and in his right a long, straight, and sharp-pointed Toledo sword. The attention, which has previously been divided among the other *torreadors*, is now concentrated upon

the *matador*. As far as he is concerned, bulls may be roughly divided into two classes—those which rush impetuously upon him, and those which keep their ground, refuse to charge, and watch their opportunity. The former are killed with greater ease and brilliancy; the latter call forth all the powers of a great *espada*. In any case he has studied the disposition of his bull many minutes before he confronts him, as he has taken a part in the previous proceedings along with the inferior *lidiadores*.

We were most fortunate at Valencia in the variety of our bulls; but I will not weary our readers with an account of their various characteristics, nor even relate in what manner each met his end. Everybody has heard or read how the catastrophe of the great tauric tragedy is brought about, but only those who have seen it can know what it really is. To these happy few let me say that *Lagartijo* excelled himself, and it will be enough.

PLEASURES OF THE SCENE.

I suppose I am bound to say a few words of apology for presuming to enjoy such a degrading amusement. I confess I enjoy a bull-fight much in the same way as I enjoy—and I hope my readers do also—a *pâté de foie gras*. We are all perfectly aware that the poor goose which contributed its swollen liver to that delicate preparation finished its miserable existence nailed to a plank before a slow fire; but without being in the least cruel, we forget the sufferings of the goose in the flavour of the *pâté*.

The bulls and horses in the arena are no more connected in my mind with the bulls and horses of every-day life than is the tortured goose with *pâté de foie gras*. There is, however, something very exciting about a *corrida*, apart from the actual combat; the enormous concourse of people, the climate, the fresh air, the blue sky overhead, and the gay dresses of the multitude, gleaming many-coloured in the rays of a southern sun, and, above all, the bewildering, exciting roar which during the whole time expresses the feelings of the spectators with the nicest accuracy. In the largest theatre in London the most universal and vociferous applause is due to the efforts of but a few hundred people; and I doubt whether it would be possible for anyone who had not heard it, to conceive the result of about 17,000 spectators all shouting together as the excitement waxes and wanes. The result can only be compared to the tones of a gigantic organ, now sinking, now swelling in its roll, and as varied in its expression as Paganini's violin. The classical scholar feels something of the old Roman spirit as he looks into and around the arena; and the most careless spectator feels that it is no trivial show he is about to see, when he is told that a priest is always in attendance with the consecrated elements, ready to administer the last rites of religion to a dying *torreador*. But apart from all these exciting accompaniments, there is a fascination about the bull-fight itself that cannot be reproduced upon paper. The quiet coolness and daring pluck of the men, their continued feats of strength and activity, that hardly seem feats, so naturally are they done; and, above all, the extraordinary judgment and science, so to speak, displayed in their every movement, cannot fail to rivet the admiring attention of the spectator.

Smallweed appeared to enjoy himself immensely, and stayed to the death of the last bull; but he told us afterwards that he considered a bull-fight a very disgusting and barbarous exhibition.

SIGHTS OF VALENCIA.

We had strolled about the town on the morning of the *fiesta*, but had not seen much beyond the streets and the outside of some interesting buildings, the *Louja* or silk-hall, the University, and the Archbishop's Library, and the charming Botanical Gardens, which need but a little skill and care to make them an earthly paradise. Perhaps the most curious feature of these gardens, and indeed of the entire *huerta* (Lat., *hortus*), or neighbourhood of Valencia, was the innumerable channels and conduits for the purposes of irrigation. Sun and water make Valentian vegetation what it is, but the water has to be applied artificially. What a pity it is that as we have so much water in this country, we cannot convey a little sun on to our damp fields!

We went out the next morning at eight o'clock. Our first

CATHEDRAL.

The cathedral, as Ford well says, is one of the least remarkable in Spain. It contains, however, a few good pictures, but like most of the Valencian churches, the interior is so dark that it is impossible to distinguish them, much less to judge of their beauty. The ornamentation of ecclesiastical edifices with valuable pictures was no doubt prompted by a very laudable spirit, but apart from the vexed question of their fitness or unfitness for a place of worship, there is no doubt that in nine cases out of ten their beauties are obscured, if not altogether hidden, even from those who would approach them with the most reverential feelings. Were the ecclesiastical paintings of Spain to be transferred to national series and their places supplied by ornamentation or *reshes* more in character with the sacred edifices, the æsthetic world would certainly be



TORREADORS OUTSIDE THE ARENA.

point was the market, which we found in full activity. Such ample supplies of fruit and vegetables can only be found in a city surrounded with leagues of luxuriant *huerta*. Tomatoes, potatoes, pulse, beans, pimentoes, cauliflowers, vegetable marrows of every shape and colour, grapes, pears and apples, peaches, and small black figs, &c. The market-women and the servant girls buying them were all neatly clad, for the most part in print gowns with shawls on their shoulders and black mantillas at the back of the head; the hair carefully and often tastefully arranged and fastened with large pins set with imitation stones or pearls. We went to the Plateria, but found the shops poor, and the articles displayed coarse and ill-wrought. We visited the churches of St. Martin and St. John and the cathedral, and ascended the tower "del Miguelete," 150 feet high. The panorama from the tower is most beautiful—the city and plain of Valencia, the Mediterranean, and the encircling mountains, the fertile *huerta*, and the glorious sky of deepest blue above.

much the richer, and I do not think Religion would be any the poorer.

MUSEO.

There is, however, a *Museo* at Valencia, in which a few examples of the local school may be seen to great advantage. Vicente Juanes, whom Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell considers the "peculiar painter of the Divine Son," Ribera, Ribalta, Espinosa, and Orrente, are the most celebrated painters of the Valencian School, of whom perhaps Ribera is best known in this country under the name of *Spagnoletto*.

Between the *fiesta* and the shortness of our stay, we saw Valencia but very imperfectly. Indeed, it was quite an after-thought our going there at all, so we had allowed no time for it in the original plan of our tour, to which, with this Valencian exception, we had kept very faithfully ever since we had crossed the frontier at Irun.

TRADE AND MANUFACTURES.

Valencia is a busy as well as an interesting place.

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There are about three thousand five hundred women and girls employed in the tobacco manufactories, and over five hundred men in silk-spinning, while one thousand two hundred looms for velvets and those rich Valencian serges which are occasionally seen in this country as curtains or table-covers, are in constant work. Add to this the manufacture of fans, of which no less than 15,000 dozen are said to be produced in the course of a year, and the trade in esparto grass, both raw and manufactured, and the vast export trade in oranges, raisins, and fruit of all kinds, and it will easily be seen that Valencia is a busy and thriving town.

EL GRAO.

The port *El Grao*, about two miles from the town, is perhaps the finest in Spain, with a minimum depth of twenty feet of water. There is a fine *muelle* or mole; but the harbour is still somewhat exposed to south-westerly gales. We drove down to *El Grao* in a *tartana* or Valencian cab, a springless covered cart, a cross between an English country carrier's cart and an Irish "inside car." The driver perches himself upon the right shaft as in the *calesa*, and the passengers sit sideways as in an omnibus. The road from Valencia to *El Grao* is charming, being shaded for a great part of the way by an avenue of trees, and refreshed by a rivulet or running stream on each side of the road, from which it is sprinkled from time to time with water by men stationed along the road for that purpose.

AZULEJOS.

We cannot leave Valencia without saying a word about the *azulejos* or glazed tiles, for which the neighbourhood has so long been celebrated. Throughout Spain, from the floor and walls of the humblest cottage to the newly-restored courts of the Moorish palaces of Granada and Seville, these *azulejos* are to be met with. The antiquity of this manufacture is as great as that of Valencia itself; but by one of those extraordinary and most interesting enigmas in the history of so many manufactures of the higher class, the art of giving to the glaze the opalescent or mother-of-pearl-like appearance so characteristic of the old tessellated work, has been lost. Every one who has seen the old and the new tiles placed side by side in restorations, notably in the Alhambra and the Alcazar at Seville, must have been struck by the wonderful inferiority of the new manufacture to the old, even in durability, owing to the absence of the *nacre* glaze.

EXCURSIONS FROM VALENCIA.

The thing that distressed us most in leaving Valencia was that we had not been able to visit the numerous places of interest in the neighbourhood, and it is but right to chronicle our mistakes and our regrets as well as our successes and our pleasure, for the benefit of those who may come after us. The neighbourhood of Valencia is indeed one of the most interesting in Spain. The Lake of Albufera, Burgasot, and La Cartuja de Portaceli are all places of favourite resort of the citizens; and a little further off San Felipe de Jativa (the Roman *Sætabis*) and Murviedro (the ancient *Saguntum*) are of the highest interest to the tourist or the antiquarian. Jativa is said to abound with antiquities of every description, both Roman and Spanish, and is the birthplace of Rodrigo Borgia (Alexander VI.), and Ribera (el Spagnoletto). At Murviedro, the Roman theatre and the ruins of the castle and the great temple of Diana are the chief attractions.

WOMEN OF VALENCIA.

Before we take our leave we must say a word for the fair ladies of Valencia, of whom M. Doré has given a very typical specimen in the accompanying engraving. The richly-ornamented pin (*aulla de rodete*), which may be seen in the hair, is very characteristic, and is worn by almost all *Valencianas*, old or young, beautiful or ugly. As regards the latter, I record it on hearsay evidence, or rather by a process of induction; for I never saw an ugly woman in Valencia, and I am bound to say that, disappointed as we were on the whole with the beauty of Spanish women, the *Valencianas* were certainly as a class the most beautiful women of any in Europe, as far as our limited experience goes, and give the lie direct to the proverb, *En Valencia la carne es yerba, la yerba agua, el hombre muger, y la muger NADA* (In Valencia flesh is grass, grass water, man woman, and woman NOTHING!).

VALENCIA TO MADRID.

The railway journey from Valencia to Madrid takes about sixteen hours; taking up the passengers from Alicante at Chinchilla, and those from Andalusia at Alcazar de San Juan, whence we join the Cadiz "express" to Madrid. We started in the afternoon, and for miles around beautiful Valencia the line passes through groves of oranges and pomegranates, vineyards, rice fields, plantations of sugar-cane, enclosed within hedges of aloes and cactus and woods of the never-failing olive; a wonderfully fertile plain, thanks to the careful irrigation of the hard-working inhabitants. The approach to the mountains near Jativa is very fine, but night soon closed in upon the view, and our carriage being very full, we had a comfortable journey to Alcazar. Smallweed had picked up an English acquaintance at Valencia, and had stayed behind for a day's wild-fowl shooting on the Lake of Albufera, which is a famous place for such sport. At Alcazar we changed into an empty carriage, and laying ourselves down at full length upon the cushions, got ourselves locked in by a friendly official, and went off to sleep—to awake just six hours afterwards in sight of our dreary old friend Madrid.

MADRID TO AVILA.

As I refrained from saying anything about Madrid on our way to Andalusia, when we stopped there over a week, there would be no excuse for me going over old ground on our return, when we only remained in the capital thirty-six hours to *descansar*, and took the afternoon express train, the day after our arrival from the south, for a place which is little visited and less known; but where a fortunate word from a discerning friend induced us to stay a day on our way home—Avila. We gave up two nights in bed for this visit, and thought ourselves well repaid. After all, you can sleep anywhere, especially at home, and Avila is not to be seen every day. In fact, it is pre-eminently one of those places of which it is said that there is only one in the world.

AVILA.

We left Madrid by the train at 3.30, the dreary brown plateau is corn-covered no doubt in spring; indeed, it is not fair to describe a southern country as we see it in its autumn garb. Presently the railway fights its way through granite rocks, and then passes through a wooded region which must be very picturesque, and at 51 kilometres from the capital is the station of El Escorial, near which we obtained a glimpse of the huge pile—palace, monastery, and mausoleum—so dear

to Philip II., who lived, died, and is buried in its gloomy precincts. We reached Avila station, 114 kilos from Madrid, about 9 p.m.

We were not at all certain what sort of entertainment we should find at this out-of-the-way town. Judge of our surprise, then, when we were greeted in our mother-tongue by a fine, stalwart-looking Englishman, and shown up to a comfortable bedroom by his English wife and an English maidservant! It seems that our landlord, who gloried in the national name of John Smith, had been employed to superintend the construction of the line of rail from Valladolid to Madrid, and having become a perfect Spanish scholar and got a liking for the country, he had invested his savings in house property at Avila, including the Fonda del Casino. After a capital and perfectly Spanish dinner, we retired to rest, and awoke the next morning ready for the fatigues of the day, or rather for the next few days, for LONDON was to be our next halt. The cathedral was just opposite the windows in the hotel, and claimed our first attention. This building is as old as the eleventh century, although naturally it has been added to at various times since that date. It is almost as much a fortress as a church, and the apse especially has a look of great strength. There are some tombs of the thirteenth century and some pictures of the early part of the sixteenth, while the sil'ria and a good deal of the carved work is Renaissance. On the whole, the interior of the cathedral is not only very beautiful but very interesting, and would require a profounder knowledge of architectural peculiarities and periods than I possessed in order to be fully enjoyed. Indeed, at no time and at no place have I felt so ignorant of the mysteries of architectural and archaeological learning as at Avila, and where could I have more regretted my shortcomings. How I sighed for the company of Mr. L—, a friendly F.S.A. As it was, we wandered about Avila, understanding only half of what we saw, distressed at our ignorance, but pleased, almost intoxicated, at the discovery of so many new objects of beauty and interest. Not only the cathedral, but the houses of the grandes in the town, of which there appear to be two or three in every street, are strongly fortified, and strengthened with massive towers, stone balconies to the windows, machicolated angle turrets, and heavily-wrought iron gratings. The arms are invariably carved in some conspicuous places, and in the courtyard are rudely-carved stone beasts, primitive in design and execution, and whose meaning, as we afterwards heard, has been a puzzle to greater archaeologists than myself. The number of these ancient arms sculptured in the walls of every street, the stone beasts, and, above all, the arches, pillars, and innumerable curious and antique devices to be met with throughout the town, render a stroll through Avila one of the most bewildering feasts of antiquities that it is possible to imagine. After looking through the cathedral, and taking a stroll in its immediate neighbourhood, we returned to an excellent breakfast.

We started immediately after our midday breakfast, taking first of all the parish church of San Vincente, close by our fonda: simple, yet grand in its proportions. There is a crypt in which they show a hole where dwells the serpent who guards the body of the saint (there are a good many saints bearing the name of Vincent). The church is said to have been built in 1313 by a Jew, whose disbelief in this serpent was punished by a dangerous bite, and the wound only cured

by his vow of devoting his wealth to the building. If *la leyenda* be not *belle* the church is. There is a charming arcade on the south side. The square tower is domed inside at the intersection of the nave. Thence we walked to the Monastery of San Tomas—convent or monastery? There are three sets of cloisters, each of two storeys, saloons, patios, kitchens, so as to include the arrangements of a palace besides those of the religious community. The high altar and coro are on the level of the upper cloister in the large and handsome chapel of which they form a part; and in the body of the chapel is the beautiful white marble tomb of Don Juan, only son of Ferdinand and Isabella. The recumbent figure is very lovely; long straight hair, cut square on the forehead, long at the ears, the small young hand bare, robes over the armour. This exquisite monument has been lately barbarously defaced by the "Reds." From their carved seats in the altocoro, *Los Reyes Catolicos* used to hear mass, and look down on the resting-place of their son.

There is another Italian monument to Juan de Avila and Juan Velasquez, attendants and friends of the prince. On the doors and windows are "bosses," as the peculiar ornamentation; and on the walls, *silleria*, &c., are the "*flechas*" and the "*yugos*," the well-known symbols of Ferdinand and Isabella. The whole place is full of interest and deserved a longer visit, but I may say the same of all Avila and its churches. The sun was bright and warm; we walked all round the half-circle of the town to see San Segundo, and we got into the Archaic Church, and found the saint kneeling before a stool, on which was a psalter. There was also an arch of very wide span, from whose granite pillars projected two receptacles for alms and holy water, carved from the columns. Avila has many churches intended as offerings to God, not meeting-houses for men; but the day is short, and so we went to no others, but walked round the north side of the wall-bound city, and so finished a hard day's sight-seeing—hard work, but of great interest; and the view of the brown plain stretching away to the granite sierra, in spite of the stern autumn garb, had a beauty of its own quite in harmony with the old world city, its warriors, its saints, its pilgrims, great nobles, wealthy ecclesiastics, dust and rust as extinct in race as they are also in person.

HOME.

And now we had to take leave of Avila and Spain together. We should have taken leave of our readers as far as Andalusia was concerned at the end of our last chapter, or rather on the frontier of La Mancha, somewhere about *Santa Elena*; but we were asked to say a few words about Valencia and Avila. We have said them; and we must hasten home. At nine o'clock on this clear, cold October night we found an empty compartment in the express, exchanged a few civil words with our French engine-driver, and we were off. The line to Bordeaux was pretty familiar to me, and at each important station we stopped at, a thousand pleasant recollections served to wile away the long hours of the night. I did not want to waste my last hours in Spain in sleep. But my readers would care little for my recollections. Suffice it to say that our journey was accomplished as comfortably as only those who have done it can tell, and as successfully and as speedily as anyone who chooses to consult his Continental Bradshaw may see. If he care to consult that well-known publication, he will also learn



ARRIVAL OF THE FICADORS

that precisely forty-six hours after leaving Avila Station, the expeditious traveller may once more hear the familiar sound of "Keb, sir?" in the regions of Pimlico or Charing Cross.

Having made so much haste to reach London, I can presume no further upon my traveller's rights, and have only to bid adieu to my readers.

Notes of a Naturalist in the North-Western Provinces of India.—II.

BY CHARLES HORNE, F.Z.S., (LATE) B.C.S.

I WILL add yet one instance of the confidence lapwings place in man at their time of incubation. Five or six nests—if carefully-selected small pieces of stone can be called nests—were built on the ballast of the East-Indian Railway—near Etawal, not one foot from the rails, over which the trains were daily running, and on visiting the spot I saw the old bird move away and look on whilst an unscrupulous ornithologist took their eggs, under protest from his companions. They generally, however, lay in bleak places on moors and waste land, and draw off any person coming near by shamming lameness and being wounded, and then when they have accomplished their object, fly off.

And now, in the twilight, I hear a rush overhead. It is a flight of teal (*Querquedula creca*) leaving their feeding-place in the open marsh, close to a village, where they have been all night, and returning for the day to the safe broad river or some large lake. At what a pace they fly! and how regularly! In spite of their care, they do not all escape, for many get netted by native sportsmen on dark nights, and are kept during the hot weather in darkened houses, where they are fattened for the market.

When in camp, I used sometimes to go out to shoot them just after dark, when there was a little moonlight. Seated or standing on the sloping bank of a stream, I watched them come by ones and twos. They fell, or rather darted down, into the water like a rocket, and I fired after they were afloat. The darkness made this kind of sport very exciting.

But here are two geese following each other. They are the ruddy sheldrake, or "Brahminy duck" (*Castorea rutila*), and are called by the natives "Chukwa chukwee." The ancients held them to be very wise, because they said that if one mingled milk and water in a bowl, this bird could drink the milk and leave the water. They are generally seen feeding or flying in pairs in daylight; but at night the natives say one keeps on this side of the river and one on that. One calls out "Chuckwa," and the other answers, "Chuckwee;" and so they keep a good look-out. I can certainly aver that at night they are constantly calling and answering, wherever they may be.

But it is getting lighter, for the twilight is short; and now moving slowly and stately, in long V-shaped lines, come the grey geese (*Anser cinereus*), making their loud discordant call so well known to every observer, whilst they fly at a great height.

But to look inside the room. What noise is that? Snap, snap! "Geckho, geckho!" It is the house lizard, the common geckho, doing a little entomology on his own account. There you are, upon the ceiling. Pray be careful. Ah! there you go. In its zeal it has jumped forward, and fallen to the ground—flop! However, it seems to matter little to the queer-looking reptile, which runs up the wall again as active as before.

The brightening daylight brings the koel, or Indian cuckoo, with his loud note, and he is followed by the mohawk, or crow-pheasant (*Centropus rufipennis*), with his steady, oft-repeated "Koo, koo, koo." This is a handsome bird, and to the tyro shooting in the jungle looks almost game. It has a long tail, and the colour that strikes one is a bright rufous bay and black. It is a foul feeder, and is ready for anything, from a dead frog to a bird hung up as a scarecrow. Its regular food consists of insects, lizards, scorpions, &c., and it runs with great facility. Its nest is a huge mass of coarse grass, &c., often two feet in diameter, and its eggs are white, with rough shells much blotched with dirt. This often appears as if it had been scratched by the bird's claws, and I have seldom seen an egg without some such marks.

And here now is the dove, whose tail has been plucked off entire by a crow, as he pounced upon her nest to carry off her egg. This nest was inside the verandah by my window. I heard the commotion, and saw the crow with all the tail-feathers in his mouth, which he then let drop. Sparrows and mynas are about in numbers, all awake now. Still the crow-pheasant struts past with a noble air, as much as to say, "See here the early bird that gets the first worm."

I observed the myns with three or four of his fellows to fly into a beautiful tree (*Erythrina stricta*), commonly called the "dāk" tree, now without a leaf upon it, although covered with splendid scarlet bloom, and abounding in honey.

Here they pecked away and laughed and chatted, and ate honey, until, with a sudden rush, down came some thirty or forty "tiliās" (*Pastor roseus*), a species of starling, to take their share. These are the most cheery, fussy birds I ever saw. They squabble and chatter, and peck the blossoms, so that the tree is alive with them, and showers of flowers fall. A roller comes to look for a beetle, and passes us, when out rush from the verandah the blue pigeons (*Columbia intermedia*), which I will not let build there, because of the dirt they make, and go off to feed in the grain-field, and the green parrots follow them, shrieking loudly. The black crow, too, is here, and our dear little friend the hoopoe (*Upupa nigripennis*), the "Koot, koot, baravi," or "Knock, knock, carpenter," with his long bill and pretty crest. He does not fly into the trees, but digs in the ground for insects; and he seems to be a meek good-tempered bird, for I one day saw one—after immense pains, dig out a worm, being closely watched by a king-crow (*Dicrurus macrocerus*) from a neighbouring bough—let the watcher carry off his prize with a swoop, whilst he went to dig out another. This bird is a general favourite, and many are the fables and legends about him amongst the natives, which I have not time to do more than glance at. How that he was gifted

with a golden crown, for shielding one of the Hindu gods from the sun when he was on a journey. How a shepherd discovered the crown to be real gold, and how the species would have all been killed for their crowns, had not the gods heard their prayers, and changed them into beautiful feather crests, &c. It lives about houses, and conceals its nest so artfully, that I have seldom found one until the young were hatched, when by its assiduity in feeding them it betrayed the situation.

But here is a bird surely out of his place—a kingfisher (*Halcyon fuscus*). His pond must have been dried up, or he must be seeking food on dry land, as many of them do. Brown chestnut is the chief colour, but there is white also to be seen, and his bill is coral-red. He makes his nest in the canal-banks, and it is a difficult matter to dig it out, as the gallery at the end of which it is placed often runs five or six feet horizontally. The eggs are round and white, as are those of all of his class. But now to look down the sloping lawn. Look at the party of peafowl here, all wild (*Pavo cristatus*). A noble peacock, whose tail sweeps the ground for fully six feet, leads, and some five or six peahens accompany him. See, he turns! and immediately begins to spread his fine tail for the benefit of his party, and then, as the natives call it, to dance. See how he stands on the tips of his toes, with his tail fully spread some twelve feet in diameter, and rustles with his wing-feathers like a turkey-cock. Ah, that is fine! My man wants to try to steal quietly behind him and catch him; for he tells me these birds are quite stupid whilst dancing, and that it may be done—which I much question. However, he has almost frightened my nice little hare (*Lepus ruficaudatus*), who was nibbling the grass so quietly beside him, and away runs Puss into the long grass, where sneaks the jackal. There are many of these hares here, and I have often found little leverets in my flower-clumps, sheltering in bushy patches of sweet-smelling flowers. Sometimes I have counted thirteen or fourteen on the walks of the kitchen-garden at one time. They certainly did some harm, but nothing in comparison to the peafowl, which I also tolerated. I have seen rows of peas carefully eaten down the line just after sowing, one by one, by the birds. The jackal (*Canis aureus*) makes havoc amongst the young game, but otherwise does no harm. In fact, he is useful as a scavenger. But at the edge of the long grass may be seen a still greater enemy to the poultry-yard, if he can get admittance—viz., the brindled wild cat, with her thick tail (*Felis chaus*). I caught one of these in a trap, and he stood, with his feet pulled up against a wall, above three feet; and he is more than a match for any ordinary dog.

But where are the partridges? Only now waking up, and calling their cheerful notes before the window from the midst of a thick bush. It is the grey partridge (a species of *Ortygornis*), and needs no particular description. My man had a tame one, a male bird, and he caught several wild males with it. He used to let it run on the lawn. It challenged, when another would come out from the long grass to fight. When they were in the midst of it, he would come up quietly and throw a net over them, for they are the most pugnacious of birds.

But now they are gone. Their eggs are most commonly laid under hayricks or clumps of grass.

And there flies a crow, with an unbroken dove's egg in his beak, taking it to some quiet spot to eat at his leisure, the poor mother flying after him. The crow sits down, makes a small hole, and empties the egg in a surprising manner, never losing a

drop of its contents. Listen now to that queer creaking sound overhead. It is caused by the black ibis or "goördanklêe"—the native name well expressing the sound these birds emit. They have built a nest on the very top of a tall tree near the kitchen, and make this strange cry chiefly when on the wing. They feed in the stubble fields and marshes, eating snails, molluscs, and the like; and they themselves are esteemed by some to be good eating.

The sun is now well up, so we will take a turn in the garden before it gets too hot. There swoops down the kite, who is to be seen near every house, and feeds chiefly on the offal and kitchen sweepings, for which I have often seen him contending with the pariah dogs. At times he may be seen even in Calcutta snatching food from the open baskets, carried there upon men's heads; and I once remember his carrying off the turban from the head of one of my servants, when he (the kite) had been enraged by a supposed attack upon his nest. The claws became entangled in the fine muslin of which the turban was composed, and the weight of the affair soon brought the bird to the ground, when he was captured. They are very common everywhere, and no one molests them. But, bring my gun, sharp! There is an old tree-cat I have long wanted to catch (*Paradoxus musanga*), up in a custard-apple tree, eating my fruit. There, he is disposed off, to the gardeners' great delight; and on looking at him, as he lies dead, I find that he is a little stouter than a weasel, brown, with some black on the tail. He has, too, a good set of teeth. As he is in general a night-feeder, he does great mischief. In the Hills I caught one in a spring-trap, but he left only half his lower jaw, with the teeth complete, behind him. Another was taken by the leg and secured. They used to destroy many more apples than they ate. But what is all this buzzing? A swarm of bees coming in column straight to my large peepul-tree (*Ficus religiosa*). See, they have hung themselves up in a huge cluster on the under side of a large bough, and I fear I shall find it difficult to dislodge them. When disturbed they sting very badly, and this species (*Apis dorsata*), a larger one than our own honey bee, will not brook domestication. The bee kept by the natives in many parts is either *Apis Indica* or *Apis nigrocincta*, both much smaller.

But we must now go in. Look at Fanny snuffing at and following a large centipede, soon to be transferred to a bottle of spirits. I never heard of a dog being hurt by one; although I have seen the arm of a man much swollen which had been bitten or pricked by one—which, I cannot say. And here comes the servant, saying that he just now saw a sparrow carrying off a scorpion from the verandah. Rest assured he killed it first, or found it dead, and so can come to no harm. Many animals kill scorpions, and amongst others, rats. They all seem to understand it. I tried them one time, putting a young rat and a lively scorpion under a bell glass. The scorpion stood on the defensive; but the rat closed in, and bit the insect through the claw or poison gland, and then, getting on it, pulled it to pieces. Just now the sparrows (*Passer Indicus*) which do not appreciably differ from the English, fly in and out of the house, through the open doors, with the most perfect freedom, and as they have young, their visits are more frequent than ever in search of spiders, the most dainty morsels which they can give to their young; and they may be seen hovering about the ceiling beams, catching them with great glee. In this they resemble their English brethren.

We have doubtless different species of scorpions, but I have never studied them. Some are very small and white. These I have taken for young bees of the larger species; whilst in the Hills I have seen them quite black, but still not exceeding two to three inches in length. These generally rest and hide themselves under loose bark, or under stones, and it is this species I observed the yellow or brown bear (*Ursus isabellinus*) eating so eagerly as he turned over the large blocks of stone on the bare hill sides near Gungootra in the Himalaya; yet the natives tell you that these black scorpions are far more deadly in their sting than those of lighter colour. However, as most of these animals darken in colour as they become of mature age, there may be reason in the opinion of the Hillmen on this point. My personal attendant, Khewaj, used to stoop down and catch them up without fear, always holding them by the tail-claw between his finger and thumb. They of course pinched him with their nippers, but this he did not mind, as he never gave them a chance to sting him.

Men in Benares used to go about with them in small round baskets, and take them out and play with them in their hands. Whether the creatures had been first disabled from stinging, I cannot say, but I rather think not. I only heard of one case of death caused by stings of scorpions, and in that case the victim was a very young child. I have often seen persons who have been stung by them. The arm or leg swelled up very much, and smarted intensely, sometimes for three or four days; but the irritation is greatly allayed by rubbing cocoa-nut oil on the parts, and this is all that is generally done by the natives. But I sit down for a moment to note the large black ants in the verandah (*Formica compressa*), which swarm here. They are said to wage war on the white ants (*Termites*), but I find both coexist. Whenever the former has a chance to snap up a white ant straying, he does so, and eats it forthwith; but I have never seen them break down a gallery or otherwise attack a nest. Near my table is the entrance to a colony of a smaller species of black ant (the larger live mostly under roots of trees, &c.); and now four monsters with very large heads and powerful nippers have taken up their station close by, and attack all comers and goers. The moment they meet them they give them a bite, and at the same time curving round their body add a sting. If the ant seems lively after this they leave him for a few moments, apparently for the poison to operate, and then return to eat him. Thus they killed in a quarter of an hour between twenty and thirty ants in the space of a foot or so square, and these were all workers. A warrior came out, and it was long ere he succumbed, and then not until he had received many stings. Another warrior came, and rushed at the larger ant, taking hold of him by the fore leg, upon which the big bully turned his head and bit off that of his adversary, which still clung to the limb on which it had in life fastened. I then transferred him, with the head attached, to my spirit-bottle. Another in my collection remains with both head and thorax attached; whilst I have several in which—dropped into the bottle both fighting and holding on to each other—they have remained attached in death. And this has led to the tailors' joke of a good knot to end his work. The ants abound where the men generally sit working in the verandah, so they leave a little end of thread out, pick up an ant, make him seize the end with his nippers, and then, as he will not let go, they give a pull, when off comes the head, and remains attached as a capital knot! In many houses with large peepul-

trees near them these ants swarm, and are a great plague; but they are, in my opinion, nothing in comparison with the minute red ant (*Myrmica vastator*), which is now walking off with my sugar, grain by grain. Their numbers are incredible. When I first came I tried to kill a few; I put down syrup, which attracted immense numbers, and then with boiling water or a gun-powder train I destroyed them by myriads; but to no purpose. The day I landed in India I went to Cork's, the hairdresser of Calcutta, and he put some pomatum on my hair. I slept at an hotel, and awoke in the morning, my head itching fearfully. Every time I scratched it, it grew worse, and it was not till I got a light and saw the long upward and downward stream of these tiny tormentors, that I discovered the cause. They were eating the pomatum! A plunge in the bath soon dispersed them, and I profited by the warning. I once rescued a very rare beetle from them as they were carrying it off up a wall, and it is wonderful what they can carry. They may be seen lugging up a wall portions of huge crickets, fully an inch long. Some hundreds of them are engaged in carrying one of these bulky masses.

But there is another species very common about houses—also a true *Formica*. I saw just now a stream of these crossing. Presently a caterpillar, weighing six and a half grains, came crawling along. At once a dozen went to attack him. Again and again they charged him on every side. The caterpillar crawled on about four feet, giving every now and then a good wriggle to clear himself and shake off his tiny foes. At last he gave in, and was carried off in triumph. The weight of these twelve ants was just twelve thirty-thirds of a grain, but of course the venom of their stings helped to cripple the caterpillar. Their strength is wonderful.

But now it is well daylight, and the yellow wasps (*Polistes hebraus*) are beginning to fly about inside the verandah, and select places for their pretty little hanging nests, on which I have not now time to enlarge, although I must give just an instance of the power of retentive vitality—of their makers— which I noted a day or two since. At 6 p.m. I caught a wasp (*Polistes hebraus*) at the edge of my scissor-net, when the iron frames meeting, off came his head. The body remained lively till half-past ten p.m., and the wings vibrated when the abdomen was touched. The sting also was protruded. Next morning it was stiff. Not so, however, that of a moth which met with a similar fate; for the body in this case retained its nervous irritability from 9 a.m. one day to 12 noon the next. It was a species of the *Bombycidae*.

These yellow wasps have an unpleasant manner of dropping from their nests on to you, when they invariably sting and fly off, leaving a painful smarting and irritation, which lasts for some time. They now abound, and plague one by falling into one's tea or milk-jug, and the fine hornet (*Vespa Indica*) occasionally pounces upon one in a very clever way and carries him off. And now the hot weather is coming, the white ant will be in full work, and many new sights and sounds will soon greet the morning watcher.

Here we are in May, the dreaded hot weather, and I will again record a little of what is passing around me for an hour or two. Many old friends will of course appear, but nearly all shall be new actors on nature's busy stage. It is half-past four a.m. as I enter my study, and I hear the crickets chirruping merrily. In spite, however, of their cheerful noise I always kill them

when I can, for they eat and stain books, leather, paper, in fact everything. The ordinary species (*Acheta domestica*) is the same as the English house-cricket, and has similar habits. It has an enemy in a species of *Galeoides*, a gigantic spider with large, long, hairy legs, and a double set of powerful nippers. These nippers meet one another perpendicularly, and the two pairs being placed side by side, are very formidable; for when the spider seizes, say a fly, with both pairs at once, he moves each pair of closed fangs in an opposite direction, and thus tears his prey in pieces; sucking, meanwhile, the juices which flows from the lacerations. I kept some of these in a box with gauze over it for some months, and fed them with insects. They liked wasps very much; but one of the finest of them died from the effects of the sting of a *Polister* in a soft part of his body. He finished his meal; but afterwards pined away. They came to know me quite well, and would come when I tapped on the box to take their food: and this reminds me of

He is a charming little fellow, with his thin long beak and wire-like tail. It is the bee-eater, or sun-bird of most residents, (*Merops viridis*). His colour is rather green than blue, and he flashes in the sunlight as he flies after an insect, and quickly returns to his perch to eat it. High or low, it is all alike to him; for I have seen him on a tall grass-stalk, or on a telegraph-wire in mid-air. In fact, one would think that he imagined that these wires were meant for him, so thoroughly has he appropriated the situation. One often sees lines of them, as also of swallows and other little birds on the wires; whilst the posts are occupied by small hawks, kites, and rollers. I observed the bee-eater's nest the other day. I had seen one sitting upon a little bough of a shrub near a raised earthen walk; suddenly it dived down into the ground and disappeared. I reached the spot, but found only what I took to be a rat-hole under the path. So I sat quietly to watch, and presently came my little bird backwards out of the little hole. I then dug out



MY DOMESTICS.

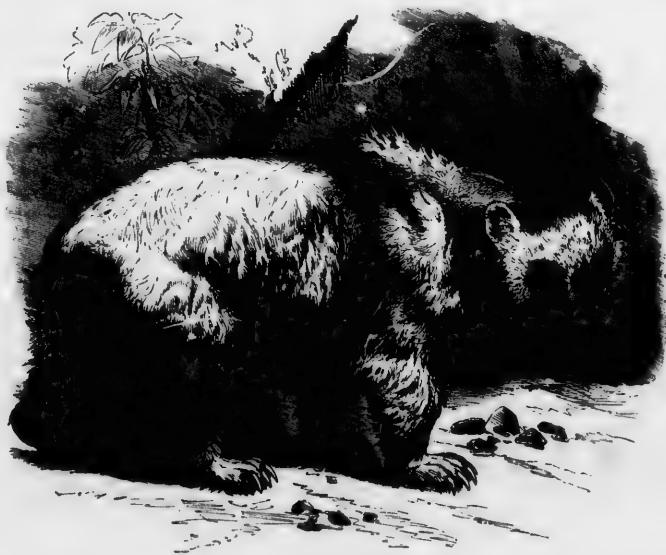
three little actively-jumping hunting spiders I petted and tamed years ago. My writing table was near a closed glass door, and these spiders on the window-panes, which I never allowed to be cleaned, lest my spiders should be disturbed. I used to catch a fly and tap on the pane, when from some corner or other there always came out one or other, and sometimes all three of these spiders, who would fearlessly take the fly from my fingers. I lost my pets when I changed my house. But to return. I open my writing book to find a fine fish insect (*Lepisma saccharina*), a flat little silvery creature, very active and not unknown in England, and there called a sugar-louse; but more common in India, where it gets into boxes and destroys coats and dresses, in addition to old books, its general food being paper. Across the window in the dusk outside, passes the flying-fox from feeding on the fruit in the garden, and as I write suddenly uprises the sun (for our twilight here is very short), and with the light comes the mango bird (*Oriolus kundoo*), a beautiful black and yellow fellow; an oriole, which most know, has a clear sweet note, and his coming tells of the ripening of the mangoes, whence his familiar Indian name.

But look at that lively blue-green bird on the creeper frame.

and followed up the hole carefully, and found that it ran for four feet parallel to the surface of the walk about six inches below it. At the end of this was a space a little more hollowed out, and here I found five beautiful little, nearly circular eggs. How this excavator digs out these nests, I cannot imagine. After this discovery, I found others, but none quite so far in. The passage is so narrow that the bird cannot turn in it, and when the young birds come to require food the labour of feeding them must be very great. This bird, as its name indicates, is a great destroyer of bees. I think it kills them as I have seen another small bird (*Drymopsis incarnata*) do—viz., by shaking and knocking them rapidly against a reed or its perch. They, however, catch all other species of insects with some exceptions. The last I shall notice is the king-crow (*Dicrurus macrocerus*), or drongo shrike, a bold, wicked, cheerful fellow, who although small—very much smaller than a starling—flies to the attack of almost every other bird, apparently for the mere fun of doing so. I have seen them fly at large birds, such as kites, alight on their backs as they flew, and bring them to the ground. I have several times witnessed this feat performed on crows—so that they merit their common English name.

They generally go together in pairs, and are most sociable; chatter to one another, and, like the bee-eaters, make great use of the telegraph-wires as posts of observation, from which to hawk after almost every insect that flies; although I never saw them pursue a dragon-fly. They almost always bring back their food to the perch to eat it. Their colour is black, and they have short beaks and long tails. Their nests are up in high trees, and they guard them most jealously, never allowing a kite or a crow to come near them. In fact, they make such outcries on any occasion of a visit from either of these birds, that it has led me to find their nests which had otherwise been hidden. Just now two of them are sitting on the

to molest them, on account of the superstitious reverence in which they are held. Our English soldiers had no such scruples, and when the troops first came, they made short work with them, to the great relief of the bazaars. I saw one of them once eating marigold blossoms, which seems a queer taste. But in the same tree I see the grey hornbill; he is a large bird, of a grey colour, with a long tail, short wings, and a large long beak. Being a destructive fruit eater, I shoot him; for unless I do so, I shall have little chance of any figs or oranges. These latter he attacks as they hang on the tree, cutting a hole in them and extracting the interior so cleverly that at first we cannot perceive anything wrong in the orange,



THE BROWN BEAR.

top of my screen which hangs over the verandah to break the glare.

Hark to that liquid melodious note from the tree! It is the call of the "kō-ki-la," a very handsome pigeon; pale green and yellow, scarcely to be distinguished amongst the fresh green leaves. This bird is often brought up from the nest and kept in cages. It becomes very tame, and is a genuine favourite. The nest, consisting of a few sticks only, is placed high in a tree, in a fork generally, and the egg resembles that of our domestic pigeon. But now for a turn in the garden before the sun gets too hot. What a commotion in the peepul-tree! All are trying to catch a monkey, belonging to a species found wild in some parts (*Inuus rhesus*), but which must here have escaped from his master. He is caught at last at the cost of some bites. These monkeys, which I hold to be very repulsive animals, live on the leaves and fruits of trees, and when tolerated as they are near Benares, where they are worshipped and fed, become a great nuisance. They breed freely, and multiply very fast. They plunder the grain-shops and gardens, and no one dares

whereas nothing whatever but the peel is really left. This at least is the case with regard to the loose-skinned mandarin oranges. The small figs he bites off, and then, throwing up his beak, swallows them whole. We may see him again at nesting-time.

But now the gardeners are all collected, throwing sticks and stones into a tamarind-tree, in which I can see nothing. So I shoot the hornbill, and take my gun to see what it is. "How long he is!" cries one. "How thick!" says another. "How cleverly he goes about!" says a third. Meanwhile, I still see nothing. After a time I observe a large snake entwined in the very top of a small tamarind-tree. He is between four and five feet long, gliding about, and actually crossing to another tree growing close by. I soon, however, bring him down, and sending in my gun (seldom used by me here) I pursue my stroll. Looking up, I see swifts, bank martins, and swallows, flying about as they do in England. On the path I notice the work of a very different kind of animal. A number of neat little funnel-shaped holes are seen, from which

little jets of sand are continually being thrown upwards. These are the pitfalls of the ant-lion, a small insect, who, buried up to his eyes at the very bottom, sends up these little dust-showers to bring down the slippery sides of his hole any incautious ant or other insect, which then falls a rapid and certain prey to his rapacious jaws. In a few days this creature will undergo his change, and emerge a most beautiful lace-fly, with gauzy wings and green eyes, as feeble an insect as in its larval state it was fierce, and which would become the prey of the first bird, were it not for an offensive smell it emits, and thus repels most of its would-be assailants.

And now—passing the tank where the water-lilies are preparing to blow, and looking at the fish rising to catch the insects which often fall in, and the beetles so swiftly diving down—let us go to the trellised vinery, where the grapes are now ripening, whilst the gardener is tying up the bunches in muslin bags to protect them from the birds, ants, and squirrels. But be careful, for there are several nests of the small honey-bee (*Apis floralis*). I see three combs all covered with clustered bees. They appear very harmless, and do not fly at me at all, not even when I go quite close. They merely quiver all through and seem alarmed. And now, with a rush, up starts the beautiful dove (*Turtur humilis*), leaving her pure white egg lying on a few sticks close to my face. She well knows that I will not hurt her or her eggs; although it will be well if the latter escape the sharp eye of the crow. But away down by the hedge, where grows the long reedy grass, and where flutter the little sedge birds and reed warblers, with their quick little snappy beaks, and where they creep, and run, and pass in and out, *Drymopsis inornata* being the most common. They are very restless, and keep the grass in a quiver. But look over the hedge into the field, and see the two stone-plovers (*Edicnemus crepitans*). See how they quietly sink down into a sitting posture quite close to me, trusting no doubt to the similarity of their colour to that of the ploughed field now in stubble, or else they will run a little way and then stand still. But whatever they do, their fine large eyes would betray them; and from the odd way in which they behave, they are here called *poglee*, which means *foolish*. I would fain walk on and notice more, but it is too hot; although I do wear a pith hat nearly as large as an ordinary parasol. So I must go in. Passing through the verandah I see the mason wasps or “mud-daubers” busily at work in a corner (*Pelopaeus Madras patanus*). This insect is something like an ichneumon, of a steel-blue colour, and it builds masses of cells in all kinds of odd corners, employing mud as material. This mud it kneads by the water-side and carries under its chin. The cells are circular, and it is really curious to see how proud the builder is of its work, patting it, looking at it approvingly, and at last flying off for more material. But I must close this, and we shall be in the midst of the rains ere I write again.

It is now July, and after having endured scorching winds and prayed for a cooling shower, we have now seen the rain pouring almost without intercession for three days and nights. A gleam of sunshine has followed, and the steam rises from the hot earth, which it takes at least two or three good showers to cool sensibly. Every blade of grass is springing up, the driest sticks are budding, birds are singing and pairing; for the season of incubation for most of them has arrived, and insects are swarming into life. No need now to seek for objects

of natural history about which to write. There goes the whistling teal circling round and at last alighting on the tamarind-tree. Last year she laid her eggs in some deserted nest on another tree, and hatched her young ducklings there. Often did I see her head and sharp eyes above the nest on the top of the ivy-clad bough, and wondered how she proposed to get her young ones down to the water. But I never had an opportunity of observing how she did it. Now she has chosen the midst of a small thick tamarind-tree. Maybe she has built the untidy nest herself, but it looks to me like that of a magpie or small heron. In it I found four eggs, of which I secured three, leaving one for a nest egg. After three weeks I again examined it, and found two partridge eggs (*Ortygornis ponticeriana*) in it. This was to me equally strange; for in either case the young would have to be carried to the ground, being ready to swim or run directly they are out of the egg. I have, however, often seen these partridges perching in the trees. But now for a little walk. What are all these holes in the path, nearly as large as one's little finger? I dig one out, and at a considerable depth I find the maker, a large black cricket (*Brachytrypes dachatus*), some two inches long; most noisy in the evening. It is said to feed on the roots of plants, and, excepting in the rains, it keeps very quiet and snug underground. There are other holes, too, much smaller, made by the mole cricket (*Gryllotalpa*), which very much resembles the English species. So, too, the mantis (*Thespis brevipennis*), sitting in the small plant, looking almost like a part of it. He is ready to catch any insect which comes within his reach. I long petted several of these insects, and their voracity was wonderful. The Japanese keep them or an allied species in little paper cages, make them fight (for they are very pugnacious), and bet upon them as they do on their cocks and everything besides. And this reminds me of a curious scene of which I was a witness in 1844 at Midnapur. I had brought in three of these insects—called *prêtres* in France, because of the manner in which they hold up their front legs as if in supplication—and put them under a large glass wall-shade on the table. Here they remained all day unheeded by me. Next morning I called Mr. W. Taylor, with whom I was staying, to see the “field of battle,” for such it had become. He made a sketch of it. In front lay one insect dead, its head sawn off and lying beside it; while the second, without a head, had hold of the third by the neck by his pincers! And this headless insect lived for many hours after.

Thus they had fairly fought it out between themselves. This retention of vitality after an insect has lost its head is very curious. I have before noticed the case of a *Polistes* (species of wasp), and I may here note another case, equally remarkable, in which a moth, one of the *Noctuidæ*, was the subject. “Sept. 3, nine a.m. Once, whilst dressing at Benares I put my hand, by some mischance, on a small thick-bodied moth. His head parted from his body. The wings fluttered, so I took up the said body and put it on the window-frame and left it. At seven a.m., Sept. 4, my man brought me the headless trunk with wings still fluttering when touched, and the abdomen giving signs of life by expanding and contracting, and it was not till noon of the same day that the insect had lost all power of motion.” But to return to my walk. Here is our old friend the grey hornbill (*Meniceros biornis*). He has picked a nice ripe fig, and is carrying it in his mouth to feed its companion. He alights on the beautiful horseradiash tree (*Elyperanthera*

moringa), so called, because when young its roots are scraped and used as a relish. It exactly resembles in flavour the English plant. From this he flies to the sissoo (*Dalbergia sissoo*) on the lawn, and clinging by his sharp claws to the bark near a hole in the trunk, taps with his beak. Well, presently from out the hole appear the points of a beak, which open and receive the fig and then disappear. Again and again this happens, so I take a ladder and look into the hole. There, sure enough, is the female hornbill, sitting upon her eggs at the bottom of it, some eighteen inches down. The entrance has been plastered up with her own ordure, flattened with the sides of her bill as with a trowel. And she will not leave her prison till the young ones are hatched, when it is said the opening is enlarged by the male bird. Having now watched the whole process I can relate it from my own knowledge. This incarceration will be for nearly a month, as the last of the four eggs could not be laid in the nest before fifteen days from the date of entry.

But now to the large pond. This was quite dry a few days ago, but now all is life. Large fishes may be caught, and magnificent frogs, yellow as gold, sit around croaking loud enough to deafen one. I remember well in 1856, when at Bareilly, riding into the station with Sir George Anson, the Commander-in-chief, the morning after the first shower of the season, his calling out, "Look, look! The canary birds!" And truly no Norwich canaries could be brighter in colour than the hundreds of rain-frogs which sat in and around a large tank which had been dry the day before. These frogs were larger than any English frog. How they got there, and whence they emerged, is a great mystery to me. They *must* have been hidden torpid in the mud, with the fishes similarly buried, although I could never find them by digging for them, and I had that very season removed between two and three feet of clay from the bottom of the tank, the frogs in which had elicited the exclamation of the Commander-in-chief. Strange are the superstitious beliefs about these frogs. One is, that if you can catch one of them which has captured a bird, and open its head, there will be found in the centre a "snake stone," which will cure any snake-bite by withdrawing the poison from the wound, and I well remember my head house-servant (sirdar-bearer) and another man spending several hours in a vain attempt to catch such a frog which they had seen merely trying to secure a bird, but after all they lost him in a deep muddy pool, to their great disgust. "Snake stone" has, I believe, been proved to be merely animal charcoal—and the specimens I have examined quite bear out this idea—and in reality it possesses no virtue. On two occasions, both noted in my "Jottings on Snakes" in the *Zoologist*, I have shown how frogs were captured after they had seized birds, but in neither case were their heads opened. But not to digress farther. See that joyous merry throng of birds in the palm-tree. They are weaver birds (*Ploceus baya*), making their beautifully woven nests, all chattering and working each at his own abode. Of these latter there cannot be less than seventy, all swinging about in the wind. The way in which they procure their material is worth a word. They fly to a tall blade of grass, and clinging to its edge with their feet, they bite a notch, about one-eighth of an inch deep. They then fasten on, say one and half feet higher up, and bite a similar notch. Next, taking hold of the grass below the upper notch with their beaks, they fly off, thus tearing an even ribbon of at least a quarter of an inch wide and eighteen inches long. This they weave in,

always being very careful to draw in the grass the right way on account of the glass-like notches at the edge of the grass, which are set on at an acute angle. And now the cicada sings cheerily from the tree, and is answered by the cricket's stridulation almost under one's feet, and the noble dragon-fly darts pass, unpursued by the king-crow (*Dicrurus*), who pursues and catches almost every other insect, except, perhaps, the fine large black bee (*Megachile fasciculata*), who buzzes along with the large oblong piece of rose-leaf in his mouth, which he has so neatly cut out. See, he has entered the hollow bamboo in the roof under the tiles of the verandah, where he is making his nest. This consists of a long series of cells, one upon another, like so many thimbles fitted the one into the other, and about as large. In these they store bee-bread and lay one egg in each cell.

But ere we go in, look up again into the large peepul-tree. There hang the flying foxes (*Pteropus Edwardii*), the great fruit-eating bat, of which I wrote before, with their heads downwards, and their little ones clinging around them. The natives say that these animals have no anal passage, but that all excretions are voided by the mouth, and, seeing how they often throw out balls of skins of fruit, the mistake is not unnatural, taken in conjunction with their peculiar mode of hanging all day, till evening tempts them forth to feed on the garden and wild fruits.

The little insectivorous bats hang up by dozens in my stables, but these do no harm.

On sitting down, I hear a buzzing under my chair and turning it over, I find another bee busily building a mud cell quite regardless of my presence, underneath it. This insect (*Megachile lanata*) abounds everywhere. But enough for to-day.

We are still in the midst of the rainy season, but no rain has actually fallen for some days, and the weather is very sultry and oppressive (thermometer 86°), as the month of August generally is at Manipur; but Nature still provides the observer with plenty of objects of interest. One of the curious facts is how, when your lamp is lighted, there often comes in quite a flight of moths attracted by the light; whilst for twenty or thirty days there may, perhaps, be only one or two so allured. I never could account for this, but all naturalists have observed it. Again, one species will come in numbers one evening of the year and never again. The appearance of butterflies too, is equally capricious, and often on a dull day, when I have thought it almost vain to take a net, I have secured my best specimens. It is very early, and I hear only the steady hum of the mosquitoes, and the cicadas in the trees, together with the intermittent croaking of the frogs from the distant pool.

But what is that curious little creature which comes into the room with a rapid run, and passes round the wainscot, leaving such a strong rank odour of musk behind it. It is a musk rat (*Sorex carulescens*), a species of shrew, with a pointed tail and snout, the latter of exceeding delicacy, and in size between an ordinary mouse and rat. Sometimes he gives a sharp little squeak when alarmed. Even the terriers do not like to catch him, he smells so much of musk, and everything he touches is invariably scented, so that it is easy to imagine he is an unwelcome guest. When once packing my books for the Hills, before nailing the cover a musk-rat entered and hid himself in a little space in a corner of the box, and was so fastened in when the lid was secured in the morning.

Adventures in Lazestan.—I.

BY FREDERICK A. LYONS.

ANNO DOMINI 1864 is one of those dates of woe which will live on the borders of the Euxine. The Caucasus—the giant mountain-range which has its feet in the deep and its head in the clouds—was shaken that year by the Titanic struggle which sealed the fate of the country. For fifty years the Caucasus had stood the onslaught of the Muscovite masses, but at last resistance ceased, and political servitude became the lot of the children of its soil. The shock re-echoed far and wide, casting terror and dismay in the midst of the surrounding nations. The fugitives from the Crimea, from the steppes of the Kuban, from the heights of the Elburz, spread the alarm, as their fate was looked upon as the warning of an impending catastrophe. "Caucasia is fallen," said the bewildered Abazahs, Lazes, and Turks. "It is all over with us now."

At that time I was with the troops stationed at Batum, a harbour situated on the eastern coast of the Black Sea, in the proximity of the Caucasus. There we witnessed the turmoil which accompanied the war, crushing and bruising thousands and thousands of victims.

The first emigration occurred in 1857, soon after the Treaty of Paris: this migrating host followed so closely the retreat of the Allies, that it might have been mistaken as forming part of their rear-guard. And to some extent it was so, as the Tartars who decided then on leaving the Crimea were those who had dreamt of the revival of the Mohammedan rule, and the expulsion of the Russians from their land. Seeing, however, that their dreams had not been realised, they thought it would be better to emigrate to Turkey, where they would be sure to meet with a state of things more congenial to their tastes. Lazestan saw very little of these Krim-Tartar emigrants, as the vessels which conveyed them southward struck across in the direction of the Bosphorus, without deviating at all from their course. This emigration was effected in good order, due precautions having

been taken for the comfort and welfare of the emigrants. The ships that took them over were spacious and neat crafts, fit for the transport of human beings, and well provided with all that was necessary. The emigrants themselves constituted a very respectable body of agriculturists and workmen, who carried with them some capital, the fruits of their labour.

The manners and habits of these emigrants bore visibly the stamp of culture and refinement, blessings for which they were indebted to the civilising action of European rule. The number of Tartars who left the Crimea at that period may be reckoned at something like twenty-five thousand, all of them active and intelligent people. Their migration into Turkey was a boon for the country, as an element of order and prosperity was thereby introduced among the subjects of the Porte, who have never stood very high as an industrial population.



NOGAY CHILDREN.



YOUNG TARTAR OF LAZESTAN.

The Tartar emigrants were received with open arms by their Mussulman brethren of Stamboul, who made use of them in order to fill up some empty corners of the Ottoman territory. The plains of the Dobruja, near the mouth of the Danube, received a large stock of these emigrants, who, in a few years, succeeded in giving fertility to that region, and have covered it with their villages and towns. A great number of these Tartars, however, are scattered about the metropolis and the principal ports of Turkey, where they are attached to different branches of industry. Through their activity and smartness they have succeeded in establishing the axiom, that a Tartar will thrive and become rich where a Turk starves. Since 1857 no Tartars have starved; on the contrary, they have grown rich and prosperous. Though the Tartar emigrants form a separate caste and keep to themselves, yet their thorough amalgamation with the Turks is inevitable, as the consanguinity

of the two races, and the identity of their idioms will naturally cement the fusion.

In 1860 another current of emigration set out from Russia

to the southern shores of the Black Sea and the Bosphorus. This time the emigrants broke down *en masse* like an avalanche, hurling southward in a reckless and disorderly way. This exodus was brought about through the design of Russia to clear the territory comprised between the Kuban and the Don of a horde of savages and marauders, from whom no good could be expected. The Nogay Tartars are the remnant of a once powerful race, who, after the extinction of the empire of Genghis, held sway over vast provinces, both of Europe and Asia. Astrakhan was at one time their capital.

The last relics of this race had established themselves on the steppe of Moloshnia-Voda, near the Azof, and in the proximity of the Kuban. From there they used to play into the hands of the Circassian tribes, giving thus considerable annoyance to the Russians, who had them in their rear while carrying on operations in the mountains. As it is by no means a good thing to have an ill-disposed population in the rear of one's base of operations, so the Russian generals thought it advisable to get rid of the nuisance by compelling the Nogays either to submit or to emigrate elsewhere. The Nogays, on receiving this ultimatum oscillated awhile between submission and expulsion, and the former alternative would unquestionably have been accepted by them, had it not been for the fanaticism of their *khodjas*, or priests, who did their utmost to drive their flocks to perdition.

These *khodjas* had entered into negotiations with their co-religionists in Turkey, who held before their eyes the most splendid rewards in the present and future life if they refused submission and came over to the territory of the Padishah. Tempted by such a bait, the *khodjas* set in action their spiritual influence with a view of overcoming the repugnance shown by the mass of the people to emigration. Exhortations having proved of little avail, they thought of having recourse to one of those tricks with which priestcraft has so often succeeded in beguiling the masses.

One of the most venerable *khodjas* awoke one morning with an air of mystical serenity, and astounded the Nogays by relating a dream, a most fair dream, which had occurred to him during the night. The *Khodja* had seen a swarm of storks, that rose high in the sky and migrated to the south. The storks alighted on a desert place, and were on the point of dying of starvation, when a man with a green turban made his appearance in the midst of them, and with a sign of his hand converted the whole of the desert into a green and fruitful plain. The interpretation given to this dream was such as to impress on the minds of the Nogays that it was in compliance with a

divine order that they were to abandon their native land and migrate to Turkey. The man with the green turban was said to be a saint of Islam, who was ready to help the faithful, and provide them with everything they might require.

The dream and its commentaries produced the effect it was meant to bring about; the Nogays broke off from that day their negotiations with the Russians, declaring that rather than submit to their authority, they preferred emigrating. They abandoned at once their villages and fields, sold at what price they could get their cattle and horses, and embarked in sailing crafts which the Russians and the Turks put at their disposal. The tableau offered by these emigrants was at the same time pitiful and revolting, for seldom could be met with such specimens of humanity as these miserable and filthy Nogays. Their Mongol features gave them the appearance of so many bony, square-headed bull-dogs, the narrow orbits being sunk within their sockets. On the whole, their looks were so ominous that no one could mistake them for anything else but for a gang of starved banditti. As for their clothing, the best way to define it is to say that they were in tatters, and so filthy that it was impossible for anyone unaccustomed to Nogay society to remain a moment in their vicinity.

The ships which conveyed the Nogay emigrants to Constantinople, or to other points on the Turkish coast, offered a scene of human misery really heartrending. In order to form an idea of what this misery was, one must represent to oneself a heap of women, children, and men lying half dead on deck. The looks of the women were pale and emaciated; while their fathers, husbands, or brothers seemed to be stupefied under the double effect of their own sufferings and the miseries of those feeble creatures who were struggling with privations of all sorts. The hardships which these outcasts had to put up with while contending and negotiating with the enemy were enough to try the patience and endurance of anyone; but what they suffered on their voyage could scarcely be believed possible for human beings to endure. Of course great numbers succumbed under the weight, and died either on the road or soon after setting foot on what they considered to be their promised land.

On their arrival this destitute people threw themselves on the charity of the inhabitants, in the same way as a swarm of hungry locusts would have thrown itself on the crops of the peasant. Many of these, pushed by necessity or by the thirst for lucre, put their daughters and sons to auction and gave them to the highest bidder. Evidently for many it was a very great relief to rid themselves of several mouths which wanted



A WOMAN OF LAZESTAN.

feeding; for many others, however, the sale was necessary in order to procure for themselves a little capital which might help them to build their houses and till their new fields. The ever-generous Turks rushed from all sides to the slave market, with the object of getting a good stock of domestics for their households. The emigration of these Nogays was an opportunity, they thought, which no wise man ought to let escape, as henceforward the supply of slaves would become a matter not to be depended upon. It is true that the Nogays, being a notoriously ugly race, the customers who bartered for them could not be accused of being actuated by that lust for which the Turks have acquired notoriety. Those, therefore, who hastened to invest money on a Nogay girl or lad did it with a view of procuring for their households a cheap sort of menial, whom they could employ as it might suit best.

A couple of children, like those represented on page 212, were sold on landing at Constantinople, Sinope, Trebizond, or at any other of the sea-ports of the Black Sea for a mere trifle, averaging between five and fifteen pounds. Though slavery is an institution universally condemned, yet it must be said that in this particular instance the bargains made between Nogays and Turks were equally advantageous to the buyer, to the seller, and to the sold. Evidently, if the Turk was benefited by getting useful helpmates for his household, so also did the Nogays, who managed to free themselves from an incumbrance, profit by the transaction. As for the children, it was better for them to be clad and fed in a Turkish house than to be abandoned in the streets, victims of nakedness and starvation.

As soon as a vessel arrived, the khans and mosques of the locality were filled with crowds of refugees of both sexes, many of whom were in such a state that they had hardly strength enough to drag their weary frames to the spot destined for their reception. The Turkish Government did not fail to give a helping hand to these unfortunate victims of their own aberration and infatuation; but help, however eagerly offered, invariably fails to meet exigencies, and to obviate the harm which has once been done.

The charitable task of affording relief to the poor Nogays was confided to a special commission, which rushed to every spot where help was required. Of course the members of this commission had also their share in the purchase of boys and girls; but, as I have said, this kind of slave-trade constituted one of the principal means of relief, and in that the members of the commission showed themselves as praiseworthy as anyone else.

The number of Nogays who emigrated to Turkey in 1860 is reckoned at 32,000. Of these the greater part was sent to Asia Minor, where they made settlements between Smyrna and Koniah. That this emigration was a boon for Turkey is more than doubtful; for while the Treasury and the country people had to make heavy sacrifices in order to assist the emigrants, these in their turn have done very little to benefit the districts on which they settled. On the contrary, their depredatory proclivities have contributed to render them the scourge of the neighbourhood in which they reside.

The catastrophe of 1864 took everyone by surprise. The struggle between the Circassians and the Russians was, in the belief of the masses, a sort of chronic complaint which defied equally the fatal blow of death and the healing hand of the surgeon. But the crisis was nevertheless at hand, as neither the valour of the mountaineers nor the encouragement of their

foreign abettors could check any longer the onslaught of the Russian hosts. In fact, the Russians, by dint of perseverance and well-devised operations, had succeeded in ascending the northern declivities of the Caucasian range. Once masters of the crests, the Russians in their descent hurled their masses upon the Circassians, driving them to the sea pell-mell, men, women, and children.

The success of the Russian arms having left to the Circassians the alternatives of submission or emigration, they gave their option for the latter course, and decided on crossing over to Turkey. It must be said that those who gave their option for emigration did not constitute the majority of the Circassians. Those who took to emigration as their last resource were the men who had compromised themselves too much to hope for mercy from the conqueror. These people were something like 150,000, old and young, men and women; while those who have remained in the country, submitting themselves to Russian rule, exceed twice that number. This statement will serve to rectify the notion which people have that the whole of Circassia has become a wilderness, where nothing else is to be found but the bones of its slaughtered inhabitants.

Coming now to the emigration of 1864, the appalling disasters which attended it were the inevitable results of a long protracted strife, and of the determination of Russia to put an end once for all to useless bloodshed. Driven on the beach, the Circassians had to capitulate, the sea was on one side and the Russian bayonets on the other. The conqueror was not in a temper to allow them much respite, and thus fighting men, as well as women and children, had to throng promiscuously the little boats and skiffs which were to take them across to the southern shore of the Black Sea. The sufferings which the thousands and thousands of destitutes had to endure during that terrible period are beyond the power of comprehension.

An iron belt encompassed the fugitives from behind, allowing them neither breath nor respite, while destitution and starvation were producing havoc and slaughter in the midst of them. The only hope in such a forlorn position was the sea, but in vain did they gaze on the horizon, and every hour their hope for relief was growing fainter and fainter. The first boats that went to their rescue were assailed, as may be conceived, by thousands of wretched beings, who clung to them as being their last plank of salvation. The boats, however, could each hardly hold more than twenty or thirty people, who escaped the fate of their companions by treading on them and crushing out their last fainting efforts.

But once across, new privations and new hardships were in store for the wretched emigrants, many of whom breathed their last just at the moment they put their feet on what they considered as being a promised land. As neither shelter, food, nor garments could at a moment's notice be supplied to the swarms of destitutes which every fresh arrival left on the beach, every place along the coast was transformed into a hospital or a burial ground. It can be said, without fear of exaggerating, that of those who succeeded in attaining the Turkish coast, a full third left their corpses on the beach, where either the waves washed them off or the birds and beasts of prey devoured them.

But what will scarcely be believed possible, is the fact that in the midst of these horrid scenes, the Turks should have fallen with eagerness on the destitute Circassians in order to pick

up all the niceties their lust could detect. Deaf to commiseration and pity, the wily Turk strolled coolly amongst the prostrated and half-dead beauties, eagerly seeking to pick up some rare jewel. A crowd of slave-dealers hastened from Constantinople to Trebizond, Sinope, Batum, &c., with cash in hand, ready to pounce on any slave they might get hold of. Many of these slave-dealers were people dispatched to the spot by the Pashas of Constantinople, who informed them of the place where the Circassians were to land. With the sagacity of skilful jobbers they had foreseen that it was necessary, in order to make good purchases, to fall on the refugees before they could recover from their panic and destitution. They foresaw that under such circumstances many would not hesitate to sell their wives or daughters in exchange for a few piastres.

Splendid bargains were thus made at that epoch, and a brisk business was carried on all along the eastern coast of the Black Sea without scruple or remorse. These bargains seem to have been so good that the slave-dealers realised their ideal of business, viz., that of filling the Constantinople harems with inmates and their own pockets with money. Pashas and slave-dealers were aware that henceforth the supply of slaves would diminish considerably, as drought would follow the harvest. This accounts for their slave to make hay whilst the sun was shining. The rest of the Circassian emigrants, those, I mean, who preferred not to be sold, were dispatched to different parts of the Turkish empire in Anatolia, as well as in Roumelia.

At Batum I and my party were visited by one or two batches of Circassian refugees, but no business was transacted between us; and that for the simple reason that we had no money to spend on such luxuries as Circassian slaves. But even if we could have done so, I think that few amongst us would have been tempted to part with their money for the sake of creatures who appeared to us anything but prepossessing. *De gustibus et coloribus*, says the old Latin proverb, *non est disputandum*; and thus we may as well drop the subject and avoid entering into the discussion of the attractions possessed by the fugitives from the Caucasus.

But if the beauties of Circassia were incapable of exciting us, the turmoil arising from the sudden collapse of the Circassian tribes awoke us from the lethargy of garrison life. The agitation produced in the Turkish provinces bordering the Black Sea and the frontier line, was so terrible that the inhabitants got it into their heads that the fall of Circassia was a foreboding of the approaching end of the world. This physical cataclysm was to be brought about, according to their belief, through the instrumentality of the wicked Muscovites, who were destined to fulfil the Creator's will and command. In the midst of this panic some comical incidents were to be expected, and the Pasha of Batum was the hero of a farce which had no other ground to stand upon but his inflamed brain.

It seems that this faithful servant of the Sultan had for some time entertained the suspicion that the Russians were meditating a *coup de main* on Batum, a place which, according to him, Russia wanted to get hold of at any cost. Batum, as may be seen on reference to a map, is the only good port of Georgia, to which it ought to serve the purpose of a natural outlet. Turkey, however, has managed somehow to keep it, thus obliging Russia to carry on her trade by Poti, an unsafe bay, difficult to approach, whose only advantage is that it lies

somewhat nearer Tiflis, the capital of the Russian Transcaucasia. Batum, on the contrary, is a well-protected harbour of great depth, where large steamers can lie close to the beach, and find all sorts of facilities for discharging or taking in their cargo. At present, it is true, little use is made of this fine harbour; the shipping returns showing not more than twenty or thirty arrivals and departures a year.

This total neglect of the only available harbour which exists along a coast of two hundred and fifty miles' extent—viz., from Trebizond to Sokhum—is the result of the want of communication between Batum and the neighbouring provinces. The Turks are too idle to think of opening a commercial route from this point up to Artvin, Ardahan, Kars, and the Persian frontier; while the Russians do not care to make Batum an outlet for the trade of their Georgian provinces. If Batum was theirs, then matters would assume quite a different aspect, as they would not be long in connecting Tiflis with this harbour by the means of a practical thoroughfare.

The fact of the Russians having their eyes on Batum has the effect of rendering the Turks jealous, and of keeping them on the alert lest their neighbours should pounce upon a slice of territory which otherwise is totally worthless to them. The pasha of the place was, however, a well-informed individual, and as such he was fully aware of the delicacy of his position and of the importance of his territory. This will be enough to explain the constant anxiety in which the poor man lived. Like a faithful dog, his ears were always pricked, while his eyes watched closely the people on the other side of the frontier.

The Circassian catastrophe had naturally the effect of rendering more suspicious and distrustful this vigilant guardian of the frontier, who ended at last by suspecting even common bats and crows of treasonable intelligence with the Russians. While our pasha was in this state of mind, an innocent member of a family of merchants came one day from Georgia and stopped at one of the houses of Batum. This arrival of a Greek merchant from the Russian territory frightened the pasha out of his wits, as he became convinced that the man was a spy, and that his bales of silk contained the ammunition of an invading army.

Under the impulse of an excited mind, the pasha gives me the order to get hold of the merchant and lock him up inside a barn, which on the occasion was converted into a State prison. This first operation was soon followed up by the seizure of Kirie Marcopulos' property, his trunks, papers, bales, and so forth. During the cross-examination to which the unfortunate merchant was submitted, the pasha thought he could detect incontestable proofs of high treason, which would justify him in dealing in a high-handed way with the individual. Fearing, however, to take upon himself too heavy an amount of responsibility, he decided on sending the supposed spy to Constantinople under escort, so as to leave the matter to the decision of his superiors.

Marcopulos was thus removed from his prison and put on board a steamer bound for Trebizond and Constantinople. But no sooner did M. Steyer, the French consul of the place, hear of the treatment to which the merchant had been submitted, than a protest was handed over to the pasha with the intimation that the prisoner must be at once released. In his ultimatum the consul did not fail to threaten the pasha with breaking off diplomatic relations in case satisfaction were not immediately given.

The threats of the consul produced their effect, as the bewildered pasha recanted his hasty policy and promised to satisfy the consul's request. Without loss of time the pasha commissioned me, therefore, to overtake the prisoner at Trebizond, and carry him back to Batum, where he was to be

delivered into the hands of the consul. The *Medjidieh* frigate was at once ordered to leave for Trebizond, and her captain received the injunction to conform himself to my instructions. Two hours had scarcely elapsed after the issuing of the orders than we lifted the anchor and set out on our errand.

A Ride Round the Valley of Mexico.—IV.

THE ACALOTES.

THE water-ways that traverse these immense marshes have been called "canals," from want of a better word, for canal is not a correct synonym of *acalote*. The latter differs essentially from our idea of the former. They are simply extended stretches of open water, bordered on each side by a floating morass—the *cinta*. Of course they are without tow-path, or any other practicable roads along their edge. Where they pass out of the lakes and through higher ground, as from Tomatlan to the capital, they bear more resemblance to the ordinary kind of canal. They do not always trend in a straight line, but frequently bend about and go zig-zagging. Not unfrequently, too, they get blocked up by *bandoleros*, or moving masses of the *cinta*, detached by storms, and sometimes by the shaking of an earthquake. These, drifted about by the wind, or carried along with the waters, cannot get into the *acalotes*, and cause a temporary stoppage of the traffic, the boatmen being compelled either to cut their way through them—a difficult and tedious task—or else to make a long détour through some reach that remains open. A curious danger is to be apprehended from these *bandoleros*—almost as great as may occur in an encounter with the real robbers who bear that title. It often occurs that a solitary Indian fisher or fowler, paddling his little craft along some remote water, may get surrounded by the drifting masses, and hemmed in beyond the possibility of escape. The *bandoleros* will not bear his weight, nor can his boat be taken either through or over them; and as there may be nine feet of water underneath, his situation is a hopeless one. Swimming through the thick sedge is out of the question, and his only chance of escape from a visible and lingering death is in having his cries heard by some one, like himself, wandering through the wilderness of the *tulario*.

In some places where the *acalotes* run along the lake's edge they have a bordering of trees, and the scenery is less monotonous. Some of these water-reaches present very attractive landscapes, from the blending of a beautiful green foliage with water of crystal clearness, for Lakes Chalco and Xochimilco are both limpid. Isolated *cerros* appear over the tops of the trees, and in the distant background, when the eye turns in that direction, may be seen the splendid snow-covered cone of Popocatepec, or the equally white, though irregular, profile of Ixticihuatl.

A SNOW-FED STREAM.

Leaving the town of Chalco, we continued our ride around the lake, now going northward.

About a mile from the town we crossed the river Tlal-

manalco, a permanent stream that draws most part of its supply from the two *nevadas* just mentioned. Up near the mountains the river Tlamanalco affords good water-power, which is made available for the ironworks of San Rafael and the extensive factory of Miraflores, the latter employed in the fabrication of *frezadas*, *serapes*, and other "dry-goods" articles of Mexican wear. There are also the grist-mills of Moral. Shortly after crossing the river we came upon another of the roads leading out of the valley, that which runs through the town of Ameca and up through the pass between the two great snow-mountains. It was the road by which Cortez first entered the valley, coming from the Puebla plain. It is still occasionally travelled, though not to any great extent, as the Great National Road. Around the northern flank of Ixticihuatl is the main route taken by travellers going eastward. The pass between the two mountains is nearly 11,000 feet above sea-level, with an indifferent road, at times rendered more difficult by the obstruction of snow. About a mile beyond the Tlamanalco River we struck the Great National Road running from Vera Cruz to the capital; it is at this point deflected from its due east-and-west course, so as to skirt the southern edge of Lake Chalco. A group of isolated *cerros* cause the deflection, the most conspicuous of them being the *Cerro del Pino*.

It was at this point the American army met its first obstruction after entering the valley. The road was defended by a line of strong works, the *cerro* forming part of them. General Scott, taking counsel from a skilful artillery officer, Colonel Duncan, decided not to attempt these fortifications, but to take the route around the southern side of Chalco, which a reconnaissance had shown to be practicable. Hence his after-operations in the valley were confined to its southern and south-western section, and the city was eventually entered from the west, instead of along the direct route from the east.

Riding along the National Road, we for a time turned our faces towards the capital—this to get round the before-mentioned mountains before striking northward for Tezcoco.

A FISHING VILLAGE.

We soon entered Ayotla, a place of some repute in times past, though now put a poor mud-built village, as are nearly all those inhabited by the descendants of the Aztecs.

Ayotla is one of the ports of Lake Chalco, and the place which sends its chief supply of fish to the markets of the capital. It is only from the fresh-water lakes of Chalco and Xochimilco that fish can be procured; in the four northern lakes there are none, the waters of some of them being too

highly impregnated with saline substances for fish to live in them, while the others at times become quite dried up.

There are six or seven species inhabiting Lakes Chalco and Xochimilco, all of small size. The largest is known as *amilote*, a pleasant-tasting fish in much request upon Mexican tables, especially during Lent days. Another smaller kind is the *xalmichi*, or "sand-fish;" while a species of still smaller dimensions, about seven inches in length, bears the sesquipedalian Aztec appellation of *xacapitzahua*.

There are two or three kinds of small fry bearing a resemblance to our minnows and sticklebacks. One of these

water, commence running and darting about as swiftly as the old ones. The *mexilapique* is also cooked, done up into *tamales*, and eaten by the poorer classes of the population; in fact, the Indians of the Mexican Valley eat of every living thing there produced—insects, frogs and other reptiles, even repulsive tadpoles and the loathsome newt not excepted. This omnivorous and not very nice habit is easily accounted for; it comes from the conditions in which their Aztec ancestors lived when they dwelt upon the islets of these lakes, almost in a constant state of siege by outside enemies. Then they had to avail themselves of everything that could be converted into



A WATER-REACH.

is the *cuillapellat*, supposed to possess medicinal virtues, and on this account often given by the Indians to their children. One of the most noted of these diminutive species is the *xohuite* of the Aztecs, in its Spanish orthography, *juitl*. These little fish look remotely like whitebait, and are equally good to eat. The Mexicans cook them in a peculiar fashion, wrapped in husks of Indian corn, and in this way they are offered for sale under the name *tamales*, from their resemblance to another production of the Mexican *cuisine* bearing the name. The true *tamale*, a sort of maize dumpling mixed with meat, is also encased in corn-husks.

A curious little minnow found in the lakes, as also in the *acequias* or drains near the city, is the *mexilapique*. It is little over an inch in length, and when squeezed between the fingers voids a sort of capsule, containing about thirty or forty young miniature models of itself. These, as soon as set free in the

food; and what was at first only a shift, at length became a habit, to which their descendants still cling.

A PARADISE FOR WATER-FOWL.

From the abundance of small fry in its lakes and *acequias*, the Valley of Mexico is a paradise for fish-feeding birds; and here the king-fisher finds a congenial home. His beautiful azure plumage is often seen as he darts from point to point, or sits upon a dead branch contemplating a fresh spring upon his prey.

The lake system of this singular basin, with its vast surface of rank aquatic vegetation, is attractive to many other birds as well. Almost every species of water and wading fowl belonging to the North American continent find their way hither. Several kinds make it their permanent home, breeding among the sedges of Lakes Chalco and Xochimilco.

while others are migratory, visiting the valley only at certain seasons.

A large business is done in the duck-shooting line; and from these, with other birds, an immense amount of provender is procured. It has been computed that not less than a million of them are annually consumed in the city of Mexico and the other towns of the valley. In shooting and otherwise capturing them—of which we intend giving some account hereafter—employment is found for a considerable number of people dwelling around the lakes.

VALUABLE VEGETABLE PRODUCTIONS.

The sedges of Chalco and Xochimilco also contribute to the industry of the valley. The white pulpy root of the bulrush is eaten by the Indians, while its culms are employed for thatching their humble domiciles; it is also plaited into *petates*. The *petate* is a thin mat of rectangular form, about the size of an ordinary blanket, which figures conspicuously in every Mexican cottage. Two or three of them may be seen spread upon the earthen floor, with usually one of the family seated or squatting upon them. At night they are converted into sleeping-places, either still lying along the floor, or upon a raised platform equally hard, of mud and stone, sometimes a staging of sticks. Rolled in his *serape*, this is all of bed the Mexican proletarian ever reclines on, and, indeed, in this mild climate there is not much need for better.

In the *tierra caliente*, where the palm-tree grows, the *petate* is woven from its leaves. On some of the high plateaux, as that of the Mexican Valley, the bulrush offers a substitute, though it does not make quite so elegant an article as that of palm-leaf.

Another species of aquatic plant—a kind of *Juncus*—called *atetelton*, is also eaten by the Indians; as also a species of polygonum (*P. hydropiper*) bearing the name *achili*. It is so called from its caustic taste, resembling the cultivated species of chili (*Capsicum*). A large amount of forage is obtained from

these lakes, several kinds of aquatic grasses growing on the *cinta* being excellent fodder both for horses and cattle.

A SCANTINESS OF TIMBER.

The arborescent vegetation of the valley is not either very grand or luxuriant. There are forests of heavy timber—mostly pine—on the slopes of the surrounding *serras*, but down in the valley itself trees are scarce and few in species. This is supposed not to have been the case in the old Aztec times, when many portions of the plain now exposed were shadowed over with thick-standing trees. Two or three grand cypress-groves, still in existence, would seem to confirm the supposition.

The Peruvian pepper-tree (*Schinus molle*) is one of the kinds most met with, and poplars are planted along the sides of some of the roads (*calzadas*), while the *mezquite*, with several other species of leguminous trees, abounds upon the lava-strewn tracts, clothing also the sides of the *cervos*. Here and there an arborescent yucca may be seen standing by the roadside, its thick branches of bayonet-like leaves giving a peculiar aspect to the vegetation, and robbing it of the resemblance to a scene in the temperate zone.

The plants, however, that most contribute to this are the great *maguay* and the different kinds of *Cactus*, and *Echinocactus*, seen everywhere, the former in fields, cultivated, the latter growing wild. Certain kinds of them, too, receive attention from the tiller of the soil, as the columnar cactus, which is planted in rows around cottage gardens, and forms a fence as good as it is singular and pretty.

As shortly after passing Ayotla, we left the National Road and turned our faces northward, we might have fancied there was no vegetation at all within the Valley of Mexico, for before us extended the great salt lake, surrounded by a vast level plain, having all the appearance of a desert. The Sahara itself could scarce show a landscape more sterile in soil or forbidding in aspect than that presented to the view of the traveller standing upon the shores of Tezcoco.

Rio de Janeiro and the Organ Mountains.—II.

BY THOMAS W. HINCHLIFF, M.A., F.R.G.S.

UP TO PETROPOLIS.

THE mean temperature of Rio has been recorded for a period of thirty years as 80° in the hot month of December, and 73½° in July, which is the coldest month. Though this does not seem excessive for a few days at a time, yet for a continuance it must be admitted to be rather trying for Europeans. It is tempered about noon by the sweet sea-breeze, without which the heat would often be intolerable; and a period of unusual heat is generally followed by a thunderstorm, to restore coolness to the air, and fresh fragrance to the flowers. But a stranger soon finds himself longing to be across the bay and up among the mountains, which seem almost to beckon to him with their strange finger-like peaks. It is easily done.

Having sent forward our baggage with a couple of negroes

and a clumsy cart, we had our usual luncheon of prawn salad and bottled porter, and then hired another black gentleman in white shirt and trousers, who for the consideration of three or four "dumps," or pence, led us through the intricate streets and crowds of coffee-carts down to the quay, whence a small steamer starts every day at two o'clock. Here, to our great satisfaction, we found that we were to be in charge of an Englishman, who has long managed this line of traffic, and, amidst all the clatter of negroes, and confusion of all sorts of passengers and baggage, seems to be able to settle everything to the satisfaction of everybody. No visitor to Rio is likely to forget George Land, who, in spite of a life of exposure to heat and rain, has preserved the jovial face, the sturdy health, and the cheerful activity of the best sons of Britain. All sorts of

people wanting any communication or business between Rio and Petropolis knew that if he undertook to do it, it would infallibly be done. The price of each ticket is ten milreis, or one guinea, including the steamer, railway, and coach up the serra; but anything in the way of heavy baggage makes a formidable addition to the bill.

We started punctually, with the most motley collection of fellow-travellers that could well be imagined, in a small steamer with a roofed deck, so that everybody could sit in the shade if they liked; while there was nothing to prevent anyone from carrying up a stool and sitting on the roof, to enjoy the unimpeded view of the scenery, if he were not afraid of the blazing sun. Reversing the usual order of things, the best and most fashionable part of the vessel was towards the bows, where we could get the whole benefit of the breeze, while abaft the engines the smell of oil, combined with the tropical heat, would have been fearful. It was abandoned to negro rustics returning from selling their fruit and poultry at Rio, and among them was a mule tied by the head close to an immense heap of loose oranges piled upon the deck and reaching to his heels. The speed was very fair; and as we passed the end of Governador Island, itself eight miles long, and saw islands of all sorts and sizes stretching away to our right, we began to get some notion of the extent of the Bay of Rio. Some of these islands we passed within a very short distance, and found them to be exquisite retreats, crowned with palms, and covered with vegetation down to the very edge of the sea, which rippled in the cool shade of dark overhanging branches. Other islands were merely composed of bare blocks of granite, piled together to the height of only a few feet above the sea, and looking very like groups of detached boulders deposited in a glacial period.

At length the details of the mainland at the foot of the mountains became somewhat more distinct, hill and forest stepping out of a garment of purple haze, and showing the lustre of their individual colours. After a course of fifteen or sixteen miles in an hour and a half, we landed upon a wooden pier connected with the Mauá railway, and felt that we were on the threshold of an enchanted land, as the train carried us through masses of ferns new to us, among golden blossoms, wondrous creepers, and the pure white flowers of a highly-perfumed species of lily. The railway is carried for about ten or eleven miles over a flat country, winding occasionally among the isolated woody hills that rise out of low and sometimes swampy ground, which suggests excessive heat and abundant malaria, the natural concomitants of such luxuriant vegetation. Half an hour of this travelling took us to the terminus at Raiz da Serra, or foot of the range, where we soon found how quickly and systematically all the arrangements of the company in general, and George Land in particular, were carried out. There were eight or ten carriages, with four mules each, ready near the end of the platform, and as each of our tickets had a number corresponding with that of one of these vehicles, no time was lost. The heavy baggage was left to come up slowly after us, and in a couple of minutes the coaches filed out of the yard, and began to rattle up a kind of tropical Simplon.

This road has been made in zigzag fashion through the forests which cover the side of the mountain, and in the course of about ten miles it attains its highest point, which is close upon 3,000 feet above the sea. The original cost of it was enormous, and the perpetual expense of keeping it in repair is

very great, for it is washed by terrific rains, which, falling on the mountains, find the road a convenient watercourse for their escape. Fortunately, the supply of granite all along the line is boundless, and a large number of labourers succeed in keeping it well macadamised, though hardly so completely as before the Pedro II. Railway took away a great portion of the traffic. It is but one step from the railway-station and the hissing engine to the beauties of a road now carried under the shade of the forest monarchs, and now emerging upon some sudden view of the Bay of Rio, the Sugarloaf, and the mountains behind the city, already blue in the distance. Each new bend gives some fresh feature in the ever-extending prospect; and the only regret felt is that the coaches, bent upon business-like punctuality, will not allow a moment's halt, but keep up a fast trot till they reach a place called Botetiquim, consisting of a few huts and ranchos for mules, about half-way up the mountain. It is a badly-chosen spot, out in the full glare of the sun; but one of the huts supplies refreshments, and while the mules are being hastily changed the passengers, half-grilled, jump out of their prisons, and clamour for wine, coffee, caña, or brandy and water, as the case may be. But the fresh teams are ready, and in such a hurry that woe-betide a thirsty dawdler. As you get into the fourth or fifth carriage you will see several of them already trotting up the zigzag overhead, while the rest are coming up from below, where, as the sailors say, you might pitch a biscuit on them. We must wait for an opportunity of walking down the road leisurely, to examine all the delightful objects by the wayside; for while you may always walk up-hill ahead of a Swiss diligence, it is a very different thing with the plucky little mules of Brazil, who never stop to walk; and to alight for a minute of flower-picking would probably involve your being left behind.

There is plenty of time, however, to admire the magnificence of the trees, and the astonishing creepers and trailers that cling to their sides and hang from their topmost branches; and after having frequently travelled over this road at very different seasons of the year, I can safely say that at all times I have seen some or other of them in full and brilliant bloom. We can also see that many parts of the low roadside banks are covered with dense masses of *Adiantum cuneatum*, the maiden-hair fern of English hothouses; while over these stand huge *Blechnums*, *Lomarias*, and *Lycopodiums* of various species, in the intervals between the yellow *Cassias* and gorgeous *Melastomas*, whose branches, in May and June, hang down almost to the roof of the coach, and drop great purple blossoms on the head of the passer-by. There is one particular corner of the road which I never can forget. The tall trunk of a magnificent *Jiquitibá* tree—properly called, I believe, *Couratari Estrellensis*—supported its dark-green head and orchid-clad branches far above its immediate neighbours and the tree-ferns about their feet. By its side, and partly concealing the trunk, was a block of granite some thirty or forty feet high, enjoying the cool shade, and covered with the moss of ages, among which hung down long fringes of the *Nephrolepis exaltata*, with its bright green fronds about six feet in length. The top of the rock was graced with crimson cactus, and a little stream at its feet watered a bed of the most beautiful *Begonias* I have ever seen. Their elephant-eared leaves, of shining dark green above and blood-red below, were crowned by large bunches of pink and white flowers at a height of six or eight feet from the ground, and shone out to perfection against the dark moss of the rock.

The road is carried over the lowest depression of the range, and some time before reaching the highest bends, the sun is hidden from us by the neighbouring mountain; though as we reach the level, and the mules seem to fly round the last corner, we have a farewell view over the now shaded forest stretching some 3,000 feet below us, far away across the Bay of Rio, to the city and to the Atlantic, all still shining in the evening glow. A fresh breeze sweeps through the cutting at the top of the pass, the road declines a little, the gallant little mules seem to make a kind of race in for the last mile and a half, and exactly at six o'clock we find them pulled up at the door of M'Dowall's Hotel in Petropolis. Having given due

before the building of the new palace in the middle of the town, and, as usual in Brazilian country-houses, it had the advantage of all the rooms being upon one floor. We had a set of rooms opening upon a wide marble balcony and verandah, whence a flight of stone steps leads down into the garden. The months of May and June correspond with the northern November and December, but our mountain garden was even then a very brilliant affair. Let me endeavour here, among the London chimneys, to recall some of its beauties. Some large trees of the double *Althas* were covered with their carnation-like blooms, and near them were a couple of *Gardenias*, here about eight feet high, perfuming the air with their



AFRICAN BELLES IN BRAZIL.

notice of our coming, we were welcomed by the landlord and his factotum, both Englishmen who have married German wives, after the usual manner of English bachelors settling in this part of the world. There are plenty of Germans in the place, and in German women Englishmen find clean, steady, industrious, and active companions, while it would be difficult indeed to find these qualities in the natives of the country. Dinner at the hotel is always ready within a few minutes of the arrival of the coaches: the mountain air adds greatly to a Rio appetite, and we were none of us in a humour to keep the feast waiting. Then we moved our chairs into the verandah to enjoy the evening cigar by the brilliant starlight, while the bullfrogs amused us with their frantic rattle in the distance, and the fireflies flashed merrily among the trees of the garden which we intended to investigate in the morning.

The house had been a country residence of the Emperor

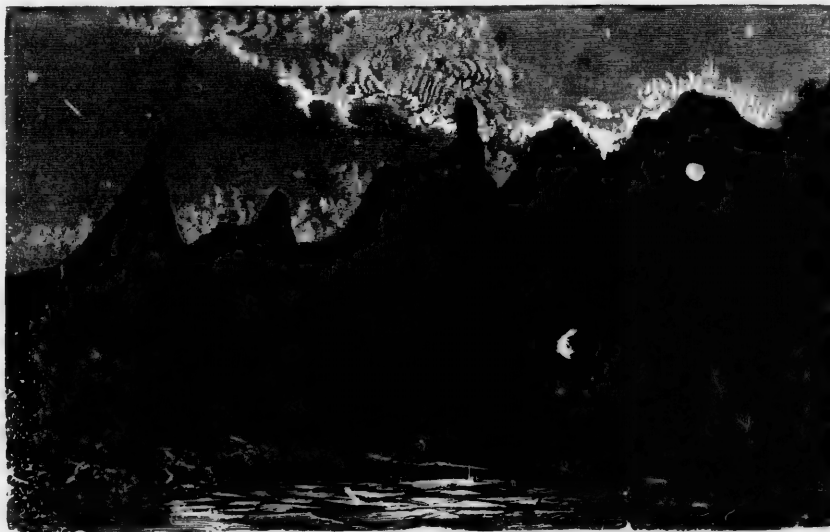
abundant blossoms. The *Metrosideros*, with its flower-stems like crimson bottle-brushes, *Poinsettias* of a still more brilliant red, and *Camellias*, all growing to a height of about fifteen feet, were surrounded by various species of *Mimosa* mixed with white roses, yellow Chinese lilies, Neapolitan violets, and other cultivated flowers, all under the care of a very ugly black gardener, who served as a foil to the beauties by which he was surrounded. Several kinds of humming-birds enjoyed themselves all day among the flowers, and we used to take special delight in watching a dark green one, with a golden tinge, whose particular pasture-ground was an immense red salvia, close to the balcony. They were very tame, and a few were even caught in our rooms and liberated after a severe fright. Beyond the flower-garden, black Matteo loved to tend his vegetables, and beyond these again came a small grove of figs, bananas, and orange-trees, out of which a path had been

cut winding up the natural hillside among the woods. Here we at once found ourselves in the midst of the purple-flowered *Melastomas* and yellow *Cassias* in full splendour up to their topmost branches. Ferns, too, were in very great abundance, among the most conspicuous being two species of *Gleichenia*, whose fronds, branching out like the horns of a stag, hung down the banks for a distance of twenty or thirty feet. The garden wall was a mine in itself, almost covered with ferns, including several *Blechnums* and *Polypodiums*, beautiful plants of silver fern, and the curious *Anemidictyon Phyllitidis*, with its twin-spiked fertile fronds, of which we ultimately found five distinct species.

From this eminence a tolerable idea may be had of the position and appearance of Petropolis. It is a small scattered

front of the Emperor's palace, and have a very graceful form when in the prime of life, but the old ones become very ragged and ugly.

Petropolis has been a successful result of colonisation. Little more than forty years ago it was described as "the miserable little village of Corrego Secco." The Emperor Pedro I. bought up the land and planted German emigrants upon it; his son has followed his example, and made it his own residence for part of the year. Most of the foreign ministers spend as much as possible of their time there, and during the hot season all the pretty houses and gardens in the place are eagerly taken up by the grilled residents of Rio de Janeiro. All this, of course, finds occupation for the quiet colonists and others who bring in fruit and vegetables, eggs,



THE ORGAN MOUNTAINS.

town, straggling out in all directions according to the lines of valleys separating the hills among which it is built. Two nearly parallel streets are thus separated by a steep hill crowned with palms, bamboos, and fine hard wood trees, while here and there the lower part has been cleared and planted with the coarse grass which is the usual fodder of the country. This variety of vegetation, aided by the beautiful colours of many of the flowering trees, has a very charming effect, brought in as it is amongst the groups of white houses, and looking, so to speak, right into their windows. Bright little streams come down most of the valleys, and unite to form the river Piabanha, which ultimately carries all the water of Petropolis to the Parahiba, after imparting health and freshness to the place by being carried in broad currents between double roads in most of the principal thoroughfares. On both sides of these streams are planted rows of *Araucaria* and *Catalpa*-like trees, which give such shade and shelter that they are commonly called umbrellas. The *Araucarias* are particularly fine in

poultry, maize, and grass from their homes in the surrounding valleys. German is the most useful language after Portuguese, and will generally call forth a smiling answer to anyone who stops to ask about the country. Besides the English hotel, there is the large Braganza Hotel, and several smaller places for poorer travellers. Very good carriages may be hired; and though there is only one good road far out from home, yet there are plenty of very pretty short drives in the neighbourhood.

Here, then, we settled down to enjoy ourselves for a couple of months; and it was evident, from the number of separate hills and valleys, that the variety of excursions would be almost inexhaustible. The first was a drive of about five miles along the high road to a place where, leaving the carriage to be stared at by a family of darkeys living in a hut by the wayside, we walked down a steep and winding path to see the *Cascatas*, or waterfall of the Piabanha, which here plunges down partly as a fall, and partly as a rapid, through the luxuriant forest on both sides of its banks. It was high

festival for the fern-hunters, and in the first quarter of an hour's delight we filled our *vasculums* almost to bursting-point. Almost the first thing I saw was the branching *Adiantum trapeziforme*, whose exquisite fronds I had never seen except in the hot-house at Kew Gardens. A little lower down were *Lygodiums*, or climbing ferns, several lovely species of *Pteris*, some of which we have not yet been able to name, the curious *Diplazium plantagineum*, with its viviparous fronds, and noble specimens of tree-ferns. Presently we came to the trunk of a huge tree lately fallen across the path, which gave us a good idea of the varied vegetation that contrives to establish itself on the bark of a monarch of the forest. A botanist at Rio once remarked to me that it would take a fortnight to completely botanise such a tree, and I could easily believe it when I saw what a collection of ferns, orchids, mosses, air-plants, arums, and all sorts of epiphytes it had brought down in its crashing fall from heaven. Gay orchids and red and yellow *Bromelias*, which had lived for years in pride and fancied security among its topmost boughs, now lay dragged on the moist earth; and, though lately only accessible to the boldest of monkeys, were trodden under foot by Brazilian cockneys. For in truth this place has been in some degree cocknified by the Emperor, who has supplied a table and benches near the water-side for the convenience of his holiday-making subjects, and they show their appreciation of his kindness by cutting their names on them in a manner worthy of the most sacrilegious Englishman. Close by is a cool spring of water, ornamented with clumps of the handsomest *Lycopodium* I have ever seen; and near this, in a thicker part of the woods, my companion found our first specimen of the *Asplenium mucronatum*. This wonderfully lovely and delicate fern seems always to grow upon the stems of trees, whence it hangs down like ribbons of green lace in bunches of fronds about two or three feet long, and scarcely more than half an inch wide, so light and tender that they almost float in the air as you hold them out by the root. By dint of a little scrambling among the overhanging branches, we got along the side of the river-bank to near the base of the cascade, where we had a close view of the bursting shoots of foam flashing in the sunshine, while we were still in the deep cool shade. Then we sat down and sorted our treasures, as we could only find room for the best of them; and several more visits had to be paid before we could at all flatter ourselves that we had exhausted the Cascatinas. Even then it would have been an idle boast.

Whatever other companions a man may have in Petropolis, before all things it is necessary to carry a strong umbrella. Such rich vegetation requires a great deal of water, and no one can say how soon he may find himself overtaken by a tremendous downfall. Moreover, in the middle of the day during spring and summer the sun is to many people a much worse enemy than the rain, and the faithful umbrella is a protector against both. If there is no need of it in either capacity, it is as good as a stick to walk with; and, if it is a really strong one, it is admirably adapted for digging up plants, and sometimes defending its proprietor from dogs, which are by far the greatest drawback to pedestrians in this otherwise agreeable place. They are an abominable plague. No matter how poor a family may be in these secluded valleys, they are sure to have two or three filthy curs, which rush at any stranger coming at all near the house. Quietly following a narrow path, bent only on enjoying the scenery and botanising by the way, he is

suddenly made aware of the proximity of a house hidden in the woods by their barking rush, instantly followed by their presence in front to dispute his progress. The best thing is, as elsewhere, to pick up a stone if you can find one, which is by no means always the case; but sometimes they are not frightened even by this, and one of my companions would have had a hard fight of it one day if the savage brute that attacked him had not been dragged off by the woman of the house. Another day I came to a place where some women had been washing clothes, which were spread out to dry in front of the house. They had locked up the house and departed, leaving the linen in charge of a horrible black dog, who told me so plainly that he was big enough to stop me, that I preferred retreat to fighting him with an umbrella. A smaller specimen, following at the heels of an old negro, let me pass him quietly one day on the Minas Road, and then without a sound of warning turned round and bit me on the leg. I naturally felt rather uncomfortable about this for awhile, but I soon succeeded in persuading myself that the beast was not mad, and that this was only his way of taking notice of a stranger. So I continued my walk till the evening, when I was told that I ought to have gone back at once and bathed the limb with some wonderful remedy. We heard of an American officer who was so annoyed, that he carried a small revolver in his pocket, and shot a dog whenever he had a chance of doing it unobserved.

THE CONSUL'S VALLEY.

A friend informed us that one of the most interesting things to be done was to pay a visit to M. Waehnelde, the German consul, who lived in a small house away from all the rest of the world, high up among the forest, where a kind of ravine separates two lofty hills. Taking the wrong way at first, we came to a beautiful stream running among rocks, amongst which we scrambled up the stream for some distance, till their steepness stopped us at a spot well worth seeing; for there, among other masses of fern and forest tree hanging over the banks, were fuchsias, fifty or sixty feet high, still in bloom, though late in the season. The true path led us past a retired corner, where an extremely stout and benevolent old gentleman devoted much of his care to growing grapes and strawberries for the benefit of himself and his friends. Immediately behind his garden we came at once upon a new series of ferns, including, among others, *Doryopteris pedata*, with its ivy-leaved fronds; the arrow-headed *Doryopteris sagittifolia*, *Platyloma geraniifolia*, *Asplenium premorsum*; and, choicest of all, *Gymnogramma tomentosa*. These all grew among rocks, where the forest had been for the most part cleared to make way for grass and mandioca, leaving only a few old trees entirely overgrown with curious parasitical plants, which climb up the trunk, seizing it in the arms which it throws out horizontally; these arms increase in number, and are pressed continually tighter till they exhaust the life of the unhappy object of their affections, crushing it to death like a boa-constrictor. For this reason, this parasite is appropriately called the *matador*, or executioner. A little higher up, after passing some magnificent clumps of *Begonias*, the path is carried up the hill in zig-zags, till at a height of about 500 or 600 feet above the town, it takes a turn round a corner into the mountain garden of the consul. Here, shut in by hill and forest on all sides but one, where he has a splendid view towards the south and west, he lives very much the life of a recluse among a collection of insects,

skins, stuffed birds, and curiosities picked up in many parts of South America; drawers full of prints, and walls covered with a most strange variety of pictures and engravings, which, in spite of the excessive dampness of the situation, were pretty well preserved. We found him full of information on many subjects, and his library contained books in most of the European languages. He has been of great use to his fellow Germans, the Imperial colonists; and the Emperor himself has climbed up to his aerial perch to consult with him. On the last evening we spent at Petropolis, I went up this hill to take a farewell view. The setting sun was hidden by intervening hills from the lower ground and even from the base of the trees immediately below me, but their broad dark crowns were still enveloped in a golden glory, which formed a wonderful contrast with range upon range of hills already buried in the blue shadows.

THE FALLS OF ITAMARITY.

One of our most favourite walks was the longer excursion to the Falls of Itamarity, which was long enough and beautiful enough to make us give it a whole day, and carry a lunch-bag, in addition to vasculums for plants, and the butterfly-net. The way to be followed is the Old Minas Road, now superseded by the magnificent road of the União e Industria Company for all but quite local purposes. It gives an interesting illustration of how soon a road, though made of paving-stones like those in the Strand, will fall to pieces from neglect in a country where tremendous rains are working to destroy it, and a tropical vegetation is anxiously waiting to possess itself of every inch that is not covered with solid stone. The old work still appears in patches, but most of it has been washed into the ditch by the side and buried in an impenetrable tangle of trees and plants. For about a mile it rises gradually, passing by a few lonely houses, at one of which some disagreeable dogs were only kept in order by a group of negro laundresses, laughing as only negroes can, till presently we reached the highest point, and saw before us the Itamarity group of mountains, of which the highest summits only are visible from Petropolis. And now we knew the reason of the old Indian name, Itamarity, or the "rock which shines." Half-way up the chief summit is a vast surface of bare precipitous granite, which is kept moist by trickling water from above, and, always shining, is peculiarly brilliant against the western sun. This mountain appeared to be about 6,000 feet high, but a little beyond it on the left was one which seemed to be still higher; however, as it was blue with distance, it was difficult to make a good estimate. As we went down-hill with these wild mountains in front and rich forests beneath us on the left, we found an increasing supply of magnificent butterflies, and here my companion succeeded in securing his first specimen of the curiously lovely insect which is called by the Portuguese words for the number 88. It is blue and black on the upper side and red below, with the exact representation of the number in question on each lower wing; and as it flashes in the sun, turning first one side to the spectator and then the other, the brilliant transformation appears almost miraculous.

I knew that when I saw the place ten years before there was a bridge across the river which comes down from the falls to meet the Piabanha, near Padre Correa, and I remembered that a huge old *Araucaria* marked the spot. There was the ancient tree still spreading out its ungainly limbs, but in vain

we sought for a bridge to cross the broad but shallow stream. We went back to the nearest cottage, and found a very capital little Portuguese boy neatly dressed, but with nothing to protect his feet against thorns and jiggers, both of which are formidable. He took us down again to the water-side, and showed us how, with the aid of a few good jumps, we could make use of rude stepping-stones in default of the bridge which had been carried away in a flood some years ago, and which, in a country where everybody uses mules and none but lunatics are supposed to walk, no parochial or other authorities had attempted to replace. As usual, near the water we found a great increase of butterflies, some of them immensely large and beautiful; but no one who has not tried it in such a country can have any idea of the difficulty of catching the larger species. Instead of fluttering in a timid fashion from flower to flower, they are amazingly wide-awake, and move with such strength and swiftness that it is no easy matter to keep up with the chase. I was right as to my remembrance of the old *Araucaria*; and, after stopping to seize a rather sleepy butterfly on its trunk, we turned up to the right, following a very narrow path close by the side of the rapid stream. Here, in moist shady places, the double-spiked *Anemidictyon* attained a height of three and four feet, and a magnificent *Lygodium* in full fructification had knotted itself into a confused mass like blackberries in an English hedgerow. Some time before, in a hotter season of the year, I had seen an *Iguana* of very large size bolt across this path close in front of me, but none of his descendants favoured us with an appearance in these degenerate days. The path ascends very gradually for about half an hour close by the river tumbling over its rocky bed, but generally concealed from view by masses of wood. Somewhat higher up we found a great quantity of *Asplenium subcordatum*, its branching fronds being three or four feet high, and the smooth black rachis as thick as a pencil. At last, after winding past the base of an enormous overhanging rock, we found ourselves suddenly face to face with the double waterfall. The utter seclusion of this spot, the stillness of all except the rushing water as it emerges from its bed in the dark forest to plunge over the sunny rocks, and the charming groups of trees and ferns, palms and bamboos, above and around, all have a fascination which makes it difficult to turn away. Between the upper and lower falls there is a large pool in the rocky basin, from one side of which the lower and principal fall takes a leap of about sixty or eighty feet; and an unfortunate German, who trusted himself to the tempting bath, was carried over, and killed among the rocks below.

We made an unsuccessful attempt to find an old path communicating directly between the head of the falls and Petropolis, instead of the circuitous route which we had taken; but we were at all events repaid by the discovery of a valley, in which unusually abundant moisture had produced such luxuriant vegetation that we named it the Valley of Giants. Here alone we found the magnificent *Didymochlena trunculata*, with its fountains of dark massive fronds, from six to eight feet in height; and here were some marvellous *Acrostichums*, of which it was hard to believe at first that the barren fronds belonged to ferns at all. Their *pinnae* were large, dark, and shining, like the leaves of a Portugal laurel, and one species presented the strange phenomenon of having the stalk jointed like a geranium, and showing abundant juice when broken.

The fertile fronds of this family of ferns were rather scarce, and their discovery was always hailed with great satisfaction. Very near the same spot my companion found a single specimen of the splendid *Acrostichum petinatum*, and we returned loaded with a variety of new treasures for our collection. I believe I may truly say that during the few months that we spent among these Brazilian hills, we never took a fresh line without finding something that we had not seen in all our previous expeditions. The interest and excitement were therefore always intense as we plunged into a new part of the dark forests, pushing and forcing our way through the jungle, pulling our lives up by the aid of rope-planks, ladders, and struggling with all the difficulties of insecure footing on a steep hillside, composed of loose rocks, dead trees, and old roots, all overgrown with such dense vegetation that it was impossible to see where to put our feet. We used to keep up communications by an occasional shout or whistle, and when hands and vasculums could contain no more, we pushed our way out again to some open place where, though hot, dirty, and grievously dishevelled, we found our reward and delight in comparing and gloating over our respective discoveries. To give some idea of the joys awaiting a fern-hunter among the Organ Mountains, it is enough to say that we collected and dried 200 species, out of which I doubt much if I had ever seen a dozen growing in any hot-house in Europe. These do not include many which we had not time or room for; and even when we left, there was an endless variety of ground still unexplored by our party.

THE OLD MINAS ROAD.

One day we determined, in spite of all native prejudices to the contrary, to walk by the Old Minas Road to Correa, the point where it unites with the "União e Indústria" line. With this view we took the same route as that for Itamaritú till we came to the river, which we now forded with the confidence of experience. Then, instead of turning to the right by the great *Araucaria*, we kept straight on by some old ranchos, now deserted in consequence of diminished traffic on the old road. Similar buildings are still maintained at Correa, but are for the most part in a dilapidated state. These establishments consist of long covered sheds, open at the sides, as stables for mules, and for various kinds of labour, while those intended for human beings are favoured with walls built of mud and wattles, but in hot weather the inhabitants often prefer slinging their hammocks under a projecting roof. In one of them are generally to be found the stores of a drinking place; and, though there is no external sign to attract attention, goodly rows of bottles of wine and spirits, and beer

of the country are there in abundance; and not unfrequently Bass or Allsop may be discovered lurking in the coolest corners to be found.

The last signs of the old paving-stones had disappeared from what soon became a more rough mule-track, carried up and down the sides of irregular hills, and round and round among woody dells between them, sometimes plunging us in shade, but generally giving us a good view of the river below and the wooded hills on the other side of it, through which came now and then a glimpse of the great new macadamised road, where coaches whirl at the rate of twelve miles an hour, offering a strange contrast to the broken-down track we were

following. Our road was, however, very much the most picturesque of the two, but as the heat of the day increased, and the ups and downs multiplied, without any prospect of coming to an end, we began to think we must have gone beyond our point; and we were very glad at last to come to a stout old gentleman, smoking a cigar on the bank, with his mule by his side, and watching the operations of a nearly naked and rather terrible-looking negro, who was wielding an enormous axe, and chopping timber for his master. The latter told us that we were going right, and we were soon consoled for the heat of an exposed hillside by finding ourselves among groups of magnificent aloes in full bloom. They are not the somewhat grey-leaved American aloe, commonly seen in southern Europe and in English green-houses, but a much larger species, with bright apple-green leaves, perfectly straight throughout. By the side of the road, and partly overhanging it, three of the grandest of them were as close together as their huge size

would permit: the leaves of these giants were twelve feet long, from the midst of which rose three flower-stems about forty feet in height, their branches of blossom giving them the appearance of singularly elegant candelabra. It was somewhat sad to reflect upon the doom of these beautiful objects: they have scarcely had time to open their flowers when the plant begins to die from the ground; most of them fall, and speedily rot away, but here and there may be seen dry grey stems, standing like small scaffold-poles, to testify to their former size.

Hot and thirsty, we pushed on over the shoulders of successive hills, till, after a more than three hours hot walk, we met our friends, who had driven down by the new road, and were waiting for us under the shade of a celebrated wild fig-tree, a giant which, until lately shorn by age and tempests, measured nearly 200 yards round the extreme branches. We stretched ourselves on the ground, and during luncheon had the delight of watching scores of humming-birds diving into the pink-flowered air-plants which clustered round the limbs of the fig-tree.



MARKET GIRL, RIO.

Adventures in Lazestan.—II.

BY FREDERICK A. LYONS.

THE distance between Batum and Trebizond is twelve hours' journey by steamer, so that on starting at night from the former place, one reaches Trebizond before noon. During the voyage we happened to have delightful weather; the sky was clear and placid, while the smoothness and tranquillity of the waters showed that even the Black Sea can at intervals smile. A little before noon we came in sight of Trebizond, but just at the moment our frigate was entering the bay a violent storm arose, which threatened to submerge all of us, crew, craft, and guns. The sudden and terrific way in which the storm overtook us is a phenomenon quite peculiar to the Black Sea, and to which it is indebted for its epithet of Black.

These storms are of frequent occurrence; they come on unexpectedly, and sink the vessels before they can reach a place of shelter. The scarcity of good harbours along a coast several hundreds

of miles in extent renders these storms still more dangerous, as vessels are often foundered before they can get out of harm's way. Along the coast of Circassia these storms assume sometimes the proportions of a hurricane, which, rushing from the high ridges of the Caucasus, falls perpendicularly on the surface of the sea. If a vessel is unfortunate enough

to find itself under the blow, it is sure to be capsized and sunk in an instant. Instances are known in which a vessel lying at anchor in the Bay of Soudjak has been foundered by a hurricane falling upon it like an avalanche.

Thank heaven, the storm which overtook us when approaching Trebizond was not a vertical wind, but a sweeping gust, which strove to throw our frigate on shore. The storm, as I have said, rose all on a sudden: the sea was smooth and smiling, and the sky was clear and bright on all sides, except to the north-west, where some black clouds were lingering. In a few minutes these clouds were condensed into a thick mass, which seemed as if it were falling on the surface of the water. The eyes of the captain and of every one on board were at once directed towards that cloud, and a storm was predicted; but no sooner had these vaticinations been expressed than the surface of the sea

lost instantaneously its smoothness, assumed a crispy appearance, and a violent gale burst on our masts and rigging. The *Medjidich* was being driven on shore, when captain and mates, with mighty efforts, began to strive to turn her course, and get her out of the bay. The manœuvre was a difficult one to execute, as the wind and the waves struck our craft on her



TENKALI, THE CIRCASSIAN.

side, and prevented her from steering eastward; thus, between the danger of shipwrecking on the coast and that of capsizing, we were very near finding the bottom of the Black Sea, which I dare say must be blacker than its surface.

The storm blew hard during the whole of the night, and the waves tossed our frigate about just as if it had been a walnut-shell. In the midst of darkness we rolled, helplessly ignorant where we were drifting. The captain managed, however, to keep clear of the coast; and, in order to prevent any accident, had the artillery removed to the centre, so as to keep by that means the balance. That operation required the help of all hands, sailors and marines; and mine also, as throwing off my uniform, I grasped one of the ropes, and began pulling, so as to give a good example and cheer up the boys. Such a stimulus was by no means superfluous, as many were yielding to despair, and did not feel quite at ease in the midst of a boisterous sea. As for the captain, he did not seem at the moment to impersonate the aquatic hero who laughs at the wind and mocks the waves; on the contrary, he seemed to be perplexed what to do, and nearly lost his head.

SURMENI.

At daybreak the weather had considerably improved, so much so that the *Medjidieh* was enabled to repair to the bay of Surmeni, which lies some thirty-five miles to the east of Trebizond, on the coast of Lazestan. This bay measures two miles in length, and three in breadth: on the west it is protected by a promontory, which shelters it from the western and northern winds; while in the interior it affords to vessels a good and safe anchorage. When we cast our anchor, the sea was rather rough inside the bay, for the storm of the preceding night had stirred up the restless element from its very depths, so much so that the foaming waves rendered the landing operation difficult.

In spite of this, however, I decided on attempting a landing, with the object of going from Surmeni to Trebizond by land. The reasons which induced me to adopt such a course were, first, the declaration of the commander to the effect that he could not be answerable as to the possibility of my landing at Trebizond within the next twelve hours; and, secondly, the necessity of my reaching Trebizond in due time, so as to prevent the departure of the prisoner Marcopulos for Constantinople. Having thus to choose between the uncertainty of a sea trip and the hardships of a journey by land, I decided in favour of the latter.

Accordingly, I bade farewell to the *Medjidieh*, and was conveyed in one of the boats towards the shore. On approaching, however, we soon found that the risks attached to the landing operation were by far greater than those we had reckoned upon. To run the boat in near enough, so as to allow me to take a leap, was out of the question, as such an attempt might have brought on the wreck of the boat and the drowning of the crew. The officer in command thought of getting out of the difficulty by approaching a rock, on which I and my servant were to jump, and wait for the recoiling of the wave. The jump succeeded admirably, but once on the rock we found a great difficulty in executing the most essential part of the undertaking—viz., that of safely attaining the real *terra firma*. Between the rock and the shore the depth of the water was such as to render any attempt of ours to reach the beach impossible.

Placed in such an awkward predicament as that of finding oneself perched on a rock while the waves roll beneath it, we had no other option but that of plunging into the sea, and reaching the shore by following the onslaught of the waves. This plan once adopted, it was decided between me and my servant that I should swim to the beach first, and that once there he would throw me my clothes and his own wrapped into a sort of bundle, and that then he should join me by taking a ducking also. By this process we both succeeded in effecting our delivery from the fatal rock, and reached the shore without suffering any greater injury than one or two bruises, which are unavoidable when one is dashed on the beach by the rough hand of Neptune.

Once on shore, we did not lose any time in drying or rubbing ourselves, but put on our clothes, so as to reach the village of Surmeni as soon as possible. This village is situated on a vast plain, where the eye would search in vain for any sign of cultivation. Surmeni itself, like all the rest of the towns and villages of Lazestan, is composed of a café and of some few shops and stables. In Lazestan there are no places which, properly speaking, could be styled centres of population; the houses of the inhabitants are scattered all over a district, and have one spot in common, which consists of the café and the warehouses attached to it. It is at these cafés that commercial affairs are transacted, and that friends and acquaintances meet; it is here also that the strangers resort who may happen to pass through the locality.

It was therefore towards the café of Surmeni, which rose conspicuously on one side of the plain, that I and my Circassian servant Temkali directed our steps, as soon as we had done with our toilette. Before going on any further with the narrative of the adventures which befell me at Surmeni, I must introduce to my readers Mr. Temkali, who, though my servant, was nevertheless a person of some notoriety. As may be surmised, Temkali was one of the newly-emigrated Circassians who, having fallen in with me at Batum, had thought proper to attach himself to my person as a sort of *valet de chambre*, or rather, in order to be more exact, as a sort of *valet de montagne*, who volunteered to help me through my fatigues and toils. Temkali was a native of Circassia, and a member of the feudal aristocracy of that country; he was, however, a poor nobleman, whose only income consisted of what he could get hold of—a precarious sort of livelihood, especially since the occupation of his country by the Russians. Expelled by Russian bayonets, Temkali landed at Batum penniless, and, what was worse, without any pretty girls whom he might have transformed into specie by selling to the Turks.

Having got intelligence somehow of the arrival of a troop of Circassians, I hastened to their lodgings, where I saw this individual, whose physiognomy would have struck anyone as being typical of the brigand; possessing the daring of the wolf, and the shrewdness of the fox. On acquaintance, however, Temkali improved considerably, as one could not fail detecting in him a certain steadiness of character which is so important a guarantee of good conduct. I therefore decided on helping him in his distress, by taking him by my side as a sort of factotum. Of course, on going anywhere on a mission Temkali was to accompany me, as no one was bolder and more hardy than he; his services being worth as much as those of ten other servants put together.

The café at Surmeni was a square building, not very high,

decorated with a fresh coating of whitewash, which gave to it a rather neat appearance; the coffee-room was surrounded by a verandah, and below it there was a shop and a barn. The coffee-room being thus on the upper storey, the way of getting access to it was by climbing a flight of steps which stood outside the building. As we entered the café, we found a crowd of Laz peasants and sailors, who were talking and conferring together. After having exchanged some civil words with a few of these people, I inquired whether there was any possibility of getting horses to carry us without delay to Trebizond. The information I received on that score was not quite satisfactory, as the proprietor of this café as well as his customers tossed their heads in a rather cross way, and said that I ought to address myself for that purpose to the *mudie* of the place.

Having been apprised of this fact, I directed myself, accompanied by Temkali, to the residence of that magistrate, who, as is generally the case in these parts, was the most influential and wealthy man of the whole district. The *mudie* received me with those marks of respect which are due to the uniform I wore, but he failed doing what it was his duty to do, that is, to use his authority in order to procure me the horses I requested him to fetch. The fact is that, as the *mudie* of the district, his interest was to protect the inhabitants from the requisitions of the military. In order to shelter himself from any responsibility, he feigned to comply with my request, and accordingly gave me two *sapticks* (a sort of rural police), who were to assist me in obtaining the horses I required.

On starting on our errand, I was not long in perceiving that my helpmates, the *sapticks*, had other things to think of than to assist us in our requisition; nay, their sluggishness and ill-will soon convinced me that through coercive measures alone their services could be made available. Naturally indignant at the behaviour of these men, I had recourse to high-handed measures in order to make my authority respected, and compel those brutes to do their duty. Accordingly, seeing that the *sapticks* were unwilling to keep step with us, I took one of them before me, and by dint of well-applied blows on his ribs, drove him as one would do a donkey. Temkali on his side applied the same compulsory process on the sides and back of the

other *saptick*, and thus in the midst of a shower of blows and oaths, we succeeded in again reaching the café.

Once inside the café, we began a process of cross-examination, the object of which was to ascertain whether there were any horses to be had in the vicinity; but it was in vain that we tried to obtain any reliable information. Whoever we asked gave no other answer than that he knew nothing at all about horses and their whereabouts. But while our inquiries were being carried on, I suddenly heard a noise outside, and on looking from the window I saw a troop of horses emerge from the door of a stable under the guidance of a driver who was hurrying out as fast as he could; evidently, this man was effecting his escape with all his stud, which he had tied to each other so as to form one file.

No sooner did I see this than I jumped out from the window of the café, and set off as fast as I could run to overtake the individual who was thus making a fool of me. The race having begun, the driver was doing his utmost in order to drag along the long file of horses which were tied to his own steed, while I was trying to overtake him. As the fugitives had commenced a brisk trot, I called to the driver to stop at once, otherwise I would run him through with my sword. This threat was immediately followed by my unsheathing the sword, and by an onslaught on his right side. As I had a great difficulty in keeping step with the horses, the effect produced by my dash was of no consequence, as the point of the sword perforated the ribs only slightly. The Laz, however, on seeing himself attacked turned against me, and, while hurrying his flight, threw his knife at my head. Luckily the sword, which was up to the height of my left shoulder, parried the stroke, letting the knife fall to the ground.

But while this was taking place the driver and his horses took the lead, and left me too far behind to inspire any more fear by my threats. After having failed in my attempt to stop the horses, I picked up the big yataghan which was lying on the ground, with the intention of presenting it on my arrival at Trebizond to the authorities, and asking for the apprehension of the culprit who had dared to disobey and resist one invested with an official character.

A Ride Round the Valley of Mexico.—V.

LAKE TEZCOCO.

LAKE TEZCOCO occupies the central portion of the Mexican Valley, having the city on its western side, at less than a league's distance from its permanent shore. But the overflow at times brings the water much nearer to the city's walls; this being occasioned by strong winds rather than by actual inundation.

In point of size, it is the chief of the six lakes; as also in historic celebrity, since it was upon it that Cortez launched his brigantines for the attack upon Tenochtitlan. Its present superficial area is estimated at 182,000,000 square metres, or over ten square Spanish leagues, the Spanish league being less than the English measurement of three statute miles. The shape is obtusely elliptical—of course irregular—the longer axis being 4.40 Spanish leagues, and the shorter 3.50. These

figures, taken from a modern survey, carefully made by the Mexican engineer Almaraz, are exact, and may be depended upon. Cortez pronounced it a grand "Mediterranean sea." With the above statistics before us, we might be disposed to accuse the *Conquistador* of exaggeration. But it is to be remembered, that the Lake Tezcooco of to-day is not as it was in his time—far from it. Although the historians of the Conquest have given but a meagre account of the hydrographic system of the Mexican Valley, enough is known to show that this lake was then more than twice its present dimensions, and really merited the title which Cortez bestowed upon it. It certainly surrounded the Aztec city, reaching to the hill Chapultepec beyond, and around by Tacubaya, Coyoacan, and the isolated Sierra de Estrella. For the diminution of its

waters many reasons have been assigned; the chief being the *desagüe*, or tunnel of Huchuetoca—cut through the north-western rim of the basin—by which the Cuatitlan River is diverted out of the valley. A second and subordinate cause is the *calzada*, or dike constructed to prevent the influx of the sister lake, San Cristobal. But neither will account for the immense contraction that has taken place in the volume of Lake Tezcoco. To prove they are but partial causes, we have the testimony of Gomara and Motolina, that in 1524, long before either dike or *desagüe* was made, the gradual diminution of the lake was perceptible. Many theories have been

the first theory—it is equally untenable. For, the supply still remaining the same—excepting the artificial discharges before mentioned—the lake must again rise to its former normal level.

A more natural theory—and perhaps the true one—may be that of *evaporation*. This is connected with the fact of forest denudation; for it is certainly a fact, that the Valley of Mexico was once partially, if not wholly, covered with timber, which has long since disappeared. At the present time, the greater portion of this splendid plateau is as bare of tree vegetation as the “downs” of Hampshire, or the *pusata* of Hun-



A CAÑON.

put forward by scientific men to account for this singular phenomenon. One among others, that there was a vent at the lake's bottom through which the waters found their way. It was even asserted that there was a sort of Charybdis, where they went down with a whirl, and that some persons navigating the lake had seen it. Considering the danger in which the city of Mexico always stands by inundation from Lake Tezcoco—a danger frequently realised—to determine this point has been a matter of importance: so much, indeed, that a reward of one hundred thousand dollars was offered to him who could point out the whirlpool; perhaps with the hope that its waste pipe might admit of being enlarged. As yet no one has claimed the magnificent bounty, and the presumption is that the vortex has not been discovered.

The theory of earthquake clefts, causing an emission of the waters, is also held. But this could only be temporary; and unless the cracks remained open—which brings us back to

gary. It is not necessary to dwell on the effects of *disforestation*, either upon the climate or the water-supply of a country. It is, in truth, one of the chief causes of aridity, and consequent sterility; as proved by the present condition of what is sometimes styled the “Great American Desert.” In this there are vast expanses of brown barren plain, strewn with dead organic matter, waiting for water, as if gasping for it, to restore them to verdant and vigorous life.

The evaporation theory seems the most reasonable, for solving the problem of the contraction in Lake Tezcoco. But it, too, is faulty; since the diminution is still going on. If not observable within a single year, or a decade of years, it is, certainly, within the memory of men who dwell upon its shores. The decrease, too, is not only in its superficial area, but in its depth—a double falling off in the volume of its waters!

The latter admits of an easy explanation. It is simply due to the “silting up” theory, or rather fact—a geological

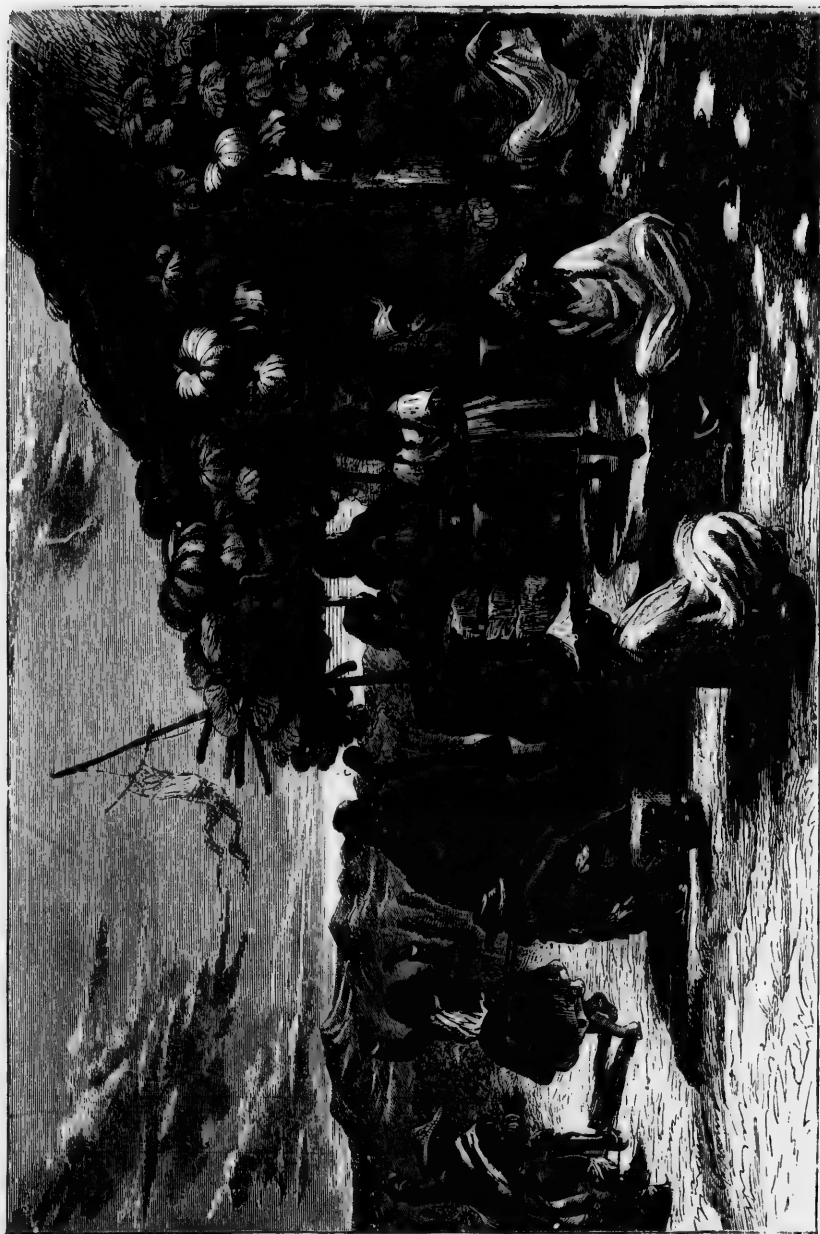
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AN INDIAN BALL-ROOM.

problem that every peasant, living alongside a lake or pond, may have solved for himself. Nowhere could there be a better place for observing this process than at Lake Tezcoco—a water-sheet, surrounded by mountains whose steep declivities are daily pelted by heavy tropical rain—eroding, cleaving, carrying down large quantities of earthy matter. How could it help being shallowed and filled up? In time this lake should become dry, and as a lake disappear, leaving only rivers running in from different sides. But where are they to go, when thus concentrated? Where do they go now? This is the problem that puzzles the Mexican hydrographer.

HUMBOLDT IN ERROR.

A great savant—generally esteemed the greatest the world ever saw, and certainly, before the day of Charles Darwin, deserving this precedence—has given some attention to Lake Tezcoco, and the narrowing of its boundaries. It is scarcely necessary to say, that I am speaking of Alexander von Humboldt; and no one who regards truth, or feels pride in the grandeur of humanity, could speak of him without respect. But it is necessary to note, that in his "Essai Politique sur Nouvelle Espagne," the German has fallen into many errors; among others, a very remarkable one in regard to Lake Tezcoco.

He says: "This lake has a general depth of from *three to five metres*, although there are certain places where bottom is touched at less than one. For this reason the inhabitants of the town of Tezcoco are put to much inconvenience in the dry months of January and February; since then, the shallowing of the waters hinders them from going to the capital in their canoes."

In this statement Humboldt must have been led into an error of considerable magnitude. For it is well known—and a very notable fact, moreover—that the "canoes" or boats used in the traffic between the town of Tezcoco and the capital—as over all the lake—are precisely of the same construction, and *dimensions*, as those employed by the ancient Aztecs, and also at the time of which Humboldt speaks, 1803. I have described them as being clumsy craft, of box or bread-basket shape; but although some of them are large enough to carry a crew of ten or twelve, with twenty or thirty passengers, they are flat-bottomed, and do not draw over fifteen inches, even when loaded. Now the greatest difference of level observed in Lake Tezcoco, between that of the dry and wet seasons, is about eighteen inches. Therefore, taking Humboldt's exceptional shallowest places of one metre, these canoes could never have been stopped in their traffic for want of sufficient water. Nor are they at this day.

But the most singular mistake made by the German traveller is, in the general depth which he has assigned to the lake, from three to five metres. At the present time its greatest profundity is less than one metre, and as near as possible to an English yard. This refers to its state after the "estacion de las aguas," or rainy season, when the volume of water is at its maximum. In the "estacion seco" it becomes so shallow as to give "soundings" of about eighteen inches, even this only along a strip leading centrally across it, which the boat traffic is compelled to take. As established by several hundred soundings, taken by the engineer Almaraz, the average depth in the dry season is less than an English foot.

It is difficult to understand how Humboldt could have

been led so much astray. To suppose that the lake, in 1803, had the depth given by him is altogether out of the question. There has, no doubt, been some silting up of its bed; but it could not possibly have been to such an extent. Besides, if the bottom had been elevated fourteen feet, or even the lower estimate of seven, what has become of the displaced water? The natural result would be to increase the superficial area of the lake. Instead, this, as already seen, has been constantly diminishing.

Of course, it must be admitted that the depth in Cortez's time was much greater than at present; else how could he have navigated it with "brigantines"?

AN HISTORICAL SKEPTIC.

Some years ago an American traveller, Wilson, sceptical of almost everything connected with the Spaniards' conquest, cast doubts upon the story of the brigantines, denying that such vessels *could* have crossed Lake Tezcoco. He bases his argument on the shallowness of its waters. His scepticism first appeared in a smartly-written book of travels; and receiving some notice for its novelty, the same writer has since elaborated his speculations into a full history of the Conquest, intended to discredit Prescott. Prescott is far from being correct; as the blind old man, entirely unacquainted with the physical characteristics of the country, was incapable of writing a life-like history of it. His book being a novelty, and skilfully written, has received much commendation; and as a pleasing romance may pass well enough. But when a writer shows no more knowledge of natural history than to mistake an *ocot* for a *jaguar*, one cannot feel much confidence in his compilation. The history of the "Conquest of Mexico" has yet to be written.

Wilson's attempt is a worse failure than that of Prescott. Altogether unacquainted with geology, and deriving his deductions from the present condition of the Mexican lakes, he makes it impossible for the great Conquistador to have traversed them with his brigantines. Their shallowness could not have admitted it. The historian seems to have ignored the fact that, in the year 1520 one-half the Valley of Mexico was under water; that it came up to the walls of the Aztec metropolis; which, even without taking into account the silting up of Tezcoco's bed, would have given the lake a depth of full six feet—certainly sufficient to float the brigantines he would have us think apocryphal.

Beyond doubt the Conquistador had them built, and sailed in them across Tezcoco, to the final assault on Tenochtitlan.

THE TEQUEZQUITL.

This lake, unlike Chalco and Xochimilco, is entirely free from aquatic vegetation. It is a clear sheet throughout its whole extent. Even its shores show no sedge, nor other bordering of green. On all sides of it, for many miles, extends a sterile plain; its surface but a few inches above that of the lake itself, treeless, almost herbless. Only a few plants appear upon it, belonging to the genera of *Gratiola*, *Atriplex*, *Triantema*, and *Chenopodium*: such, in short, as thrive in a soil highly impregnated with saline substances. The Indians term this vegetation *tequexquicall*; and cattle must be hungry indeed when they will deign to touch it.

The landscape is that of a dreary desert, in places resembling the African Sahara; but in other places more like a northern moorland, with a hoar frost, or a slight sprinkling of

snow upon the ground. For here the *tequesquite* appears coating the surface, sometimes of a snow-white colour, sometimes with a yellowish tinge. It is the natron, a mixture of carbonate and sulphate of soda; the poor people dwelling around the lake collect and bring it to market; and it is employed in various ways: for washing, for the fabrication of soap, and also in the cooking of one of the most common of Mexican dishes, the *frijoles*. They also manufacture a coarse kind of salt out of the earth thus impregnated, by a rough process known to them in the days of Moctezuma. Near the town of Tezcoco there are salt works, conducted on a more extensive scale and scientific principles, of which an Englishman is proprietor. As in many parts of the interior of Mexico salt is a scarce and very costly article, the manufacture of this substance is of considerable importance.

The *tequesquite* occurs in many other of the Mexican elevated plateaux; as also in those of South America. It, too, is a puzzle to the world of science; its origin being still undetermined. It seems to ooze out of the earth, forming an efflorescence on the surface, sometimes to the extent of a uniform stratum of an inch or so in thickness, but oftener coating the stunted heavy grass like a hoar frost.

My space does not permit to lay before the reader the many theories that have been advanced to account for this singular efflorescence. Wherever seen, it is a sure sign of the desert. Around the shores of Tezcoco it occupies a broad belt; broader upon the western side of the lake, where the waters occasionally inundate the slightly elevated ground.

THE "TIDES" OF LAKE TEZCOCO.

This inundation is not periodical; nor does it depend altogether on the rainy season, when the lake is at its full. It occurs also during the ebb. It is due to the winds; when these blow from the east, through the depressions of the "Sierra Nevada." Then the lake becomes agitated, despite its shallowness, rising into billows that endanger the boat navigation. The waves sweep over the western plain, for a time turning it into a sheet of water, receding as soon as the atmosphere is again tranquil. So like to a sea-tide, that Cortez, writing to his king, that the great lake of Mexico was a "Mediterranean sea," also added that it had a tide rising and falling as that of the ocean!

The absence of aquatic plants in Lake Tezcoco, as also the scantiness of shore vegetation, is easily accounted for. Its waters are naturally saline, in the dry season yielding nine per cent. of salt to chemical analysis. They are sometimes so impregnated with the particles held in solution, that these, when dried upon the wings of waterfowl, so impede their flight as to make them an easy prey to the fowler. The Indians, in their canoes, often pursue ducks thus tangled; capturing them with nets such as the angler uses for securing a hooked trout.

In Lake Tezcoco there are no islands; though here and there little islets appear, of a few feet in superficial extent, and slightly elevated above the surface of the surrounding water. A singular phenomenon is, that each of these little "montons de tierra," as the Mexicans term them, has a fresh-water spring in its midst, bubbling up out of the bed of the salt lake! They are covered with a coarse vegetation, similar to that seen upon the shores. By the Indians they are termed *tlaltelles* (old Aztec, *tlaltelli*), and to the canoe-men who navigate the lake

they are often of great advantage, enabling them to quench their thirst when short of a supply of fresh water.

DEVOUT NAVIGATORS.

The navigation of Lake Tezcoco is an industry of considerable importance. It is carried on by the boats already described; several villages around its edges by this means holding communication with the capital. But the chief commerce lies between the city and the old town of Tezcoco; the latter being about the same distance from the eastern shore as the former from the western. From each side a canal leads into the lake; in crossing which it is necessary for the boats to keep a certain course, where the water-channel is deepest. This leaving the Tezcoco side, trends centrally across the lake, on the other side passing through the low-lying plain, by a canal called San Lazaro; the latter, as already stated, being the continuation of the canal Las Vigas, coming from Xochimilco, and acting as the main drain, that reluctantly carries off the sewage of the city.

Nearly in the centre of the lake a wooden cross has been erected, in passing which the devout boatmen suspend poleing, reverently take off their hats, and offer up a prayer of thanksgiving for being so far preserved from the "perils of the deep" (eighteen inches of profundity!). They sometimes give greater emphasis to their gratitude, by chanting a verse of a psalm! Although this may seem grotesquely ridiculous, at times there is real danger in making the traverse of Lake Tezcoco. When the water is three feet deep, and a storm lashes the lake into foaming fury, the clumsy flat-bottomed boats are not unfrequently swamped. This has often occurred, leaving crew and passengers something more than waist-deep in water, with waves surging angrily over their shoulders, threatening to overwhelm them; and to escape them the necessity of wading some five or six miles before they can set foot on shore!

No wonder the Holy Virgin, with Santa Guadalupe as intercessor, receives adoration from these endangered navigators, when they are passing by "La Cruz!"

THE "AJOLOTE" AND AXAYACATL.

In Lake Tezcoco there are no fish. The saline character of its waters does not permit of their existence. Only at the embouchures of the inflowing fresh-water streams is the ichthyological kingdom represented; in those occurring the small fry already spoken of as *juites*, with another kind termed *farales*. For all that, there is animal life in the lake; represented by an aquatic creature that has occupied the attention of European savants. It is the *ajolote* (Aztec, *axolotl*), a species of water-lizard or salamander, sometimes seen nearly a foot in length. It is of a mixed black and white colour, having a large head and mouth, with broad cartilaginous tongue. It uses its four legs in swimming, the feet being webbed like those of a frog. A peculiarity in the organs of generation, noticed by the old writers Sahagun, Gomara, and Hernandez, also spoken of by Humboldt, was made the subject of a paper read before the Royal Society of London, by Sir Everard Home. It will be found in the Transactions for the year 1824.

Notwithstanding the hideous aspect of this protean, it forms an article of provision in the Mexican larder. When skinned it shows a white flesh, savoury in taste, and somewhat resembling eel. It is said to be wholesome food; and is recommended as beneficial in hectic fevers, and disease of the

liver. A jelly obtained from it, and mixed with certain herbs, is kept in the apothecaries' shops, and administered in pectoral complaints as a sort of "cough lozenge."

A still more curious production of Lake Tezcoco is the *axayacatl*, a water insect about the size of the common house-fly.

It is the *Ahuatllea Mexicana* of Ramirez, though two separate genera are described by Ménévillé, *Corixa femorata* and *Notonecta unifasciata*. The native name *axayacatl* signifies "water-face," which was also the name of the sixth Aztec sovereign, as deduced from his hieroglyphic in the picture-writings: the face of a man, with water over it. The insects are collected in large quantities, pounded into a paste, boiled in maize husks, and sold in the Mexican market. The Indians who deal in the article may be seen hawking it through the streets, with the cry "Moscas para los pajaros!"

MEXICAN CAVIARE.

The eggs of *axayacatl* form a still more important article of commerce under the name of *ahuauhtli*, or "water-wheat." In large quantity they resemble sand, or fine fish roe, and might be termed the Mexican caviare. They are first crushed into a paste, and then incorporated with the eggs of fowls into a sort of croquette, or omelette, though they are also eaten alone. They are in great demand during Lent, when the eating of flesh-meat is forbidden; and on Shrove Tuesday a famous viand, the *revoltillo*, is chiefly composed of this curious substance.

There are Indians around Lake Tezcoco whose sole calling is to collect these insect eggs; and the mode employed is of itself singular. They plant a number of little bundles of reeds or bulrushes in the lake, a yard apart, these being so fixed in the bottom as to remain erect, while the tops stand out of the water. Upon these the insects deposit their eggs; so thickly, that not only the whole surface of the stalks is covered, but the miniature globules adhering to one another form clusters and depending strings. When the crop is ready for gathering, the Indians take up the fascines, and shake the eggs over a *serape*, or piece of spread cotton cloth, brushing off with their hands those that cling more tenaciously. The reeds are then replanted, to attract a fresh laying of eggs.

In the markets, the "water wheat" is offered for sale in cakes already pounded and cooked; but also in lumps of the "raw material," resembling fish roe.

The larvæ of these insects is also eaten. It is a yellowish white worm, called by the Indians *puxi*. It is collected in large quantities, and prepared for the table,

either entire, or converted into a paste, and boiled in corn-husks.

It is believed by some that the *ahuauhtli* is only the shell of the eggs after incubation, and the larvæ have escaped. In support of this view an aperture may be seen (through the microscope), at one end of the globule, as also a depression at the point where they have been attached to the reeds.

Furthermore, there are several places around Tezcoco—the most notable, near the Cerro of Chimalhuacan—where masses of an oolitic formation—a sort of travertine—are composed of these insect eggs, cemented together by a lime carbonate. It may be inferred, that this formation took place after the escape of the larvæ.

A sort of viscous substance, called by the Spaniards *cucullio de agua*, and by the Indians *cuculin*, is found in large quantities floating over Lake Tezcoco. It is said to be of by Gomara, Clavijero, and Sahagun, and believed by these old writers to ooze from the rocks. It is most probably the *ahuauhtli* under another shape, decomposed and reduced to a jelly. It also is eaten by the Indians, though it does not appear in the catalogue of provisions exposed in the city markets.



A DEVOUT NATIVE.

DECADENCE OF AZTEC TOWNS.

Riding along the eastern shore of Lake Tezcoco, soon after leaving the National Road, we passed through the *pueblo* of Chimalhuacan; called after the conspicuous *cerro*, near whose base it stands. Here a permanent stream empties into the lake, having its source in some copious springs that flow out from the isolated mountain. They afford sufficient water to give mill-power

to a factory of coarse woollen cloths (chiefly *serapes*), as also for the grinding of grain.

The *cerro* is basalt and porphyry, its stone extensively quarried, and taken to the capital for house building. The blocks transported across the lake, in the large boats already described, entering the city by the Canal San Lazaro.

After leaving Chimalhuacan we passed through several other *pueblitas*, on the way to the city of Tezcoco. All around this lake the villages are in a wretched state of decay in correspondence with the sterile soil on which they stand. It was not so in Cortez's time, when there were many thriving towns here, embowered in groves and surrounded by cultivated fields. Now not a single tree throws its shadow on the water of this Dead Sea of the Aztecs. All has changed since, and for the worse. The Spaniards may point to the church-spire and call it an improvement on the *teocalli*. But the Indian does not

think thus. To him it is a fatal finger continually pointing to his own and his nation's decadence.

We rode into the city of Tezcoco, once the political rival of Tenochtitlan itself, and esteemed the Athens of Anahuac. It, too, shows the ruin of Roman Catholic rule, more than almost any other town of the Aztecs. There is now nothing to be seen of its ancient splendour, which was not apocryphal, as some writers assert, but is attested by every plough and spade that turns up the earth for miles around. Its former luxuriant vegetation is proved by the grand *ahuchuetes* (cypresses) yet seen near—a melancholy memorial. Certainly,

Riding northward, we crossed the river Papalotla, which, flowing down from the eastern Cordillera, becomes a contributory to the waters of the lake.

In the village of Papalotla we halted for a noon rest. Then mounting, we continued on to the Rio de Teotihuacan, which, issuing from the same mountain chain, enters Lake Tezcoco at its north-eastern angle.

TYRANTS AND TRAITORS.

The course of this river is another route leading outward from the Mexican Valley—towards the fine plain of Tlascalla, by



CAROUSING IN THE CLOISTER.

the descendants of Moctezuma's subjects have no reason to rejoice at the discovery of a new world by Columbus.

The present population of Tezcoco is less than 10,000; its people depending for support chiefly on the cultivation of the surrounding district. They have a trade with the capital in maize, wheat, *frijoles*, and *chili*. It is carried on by boats across the lake. A salt factory—that already spoken of—gives employment to a number of people, while others fabricate this necessary commodity in the rude primitive fashion handed down to them from their Aztec ancestors.

We stayed only one night in Tezcoco, riding away from it on the following day. Had we been archæologists, this would have been the place to detain us. It is a very cemetery of relics. Our tastes did not incline either of us to the study of the past. My own object was more hydrographical, a desire to solve the mystery of the Mexican lakes; and I had set out determined to make their complete circuit.

the town of Otumba. It was that taken by Cortez in his disastrous retreat. It is the same attempted by Marquez, the trusted lieutenant of Maximilian; of all the tyrants Mexico has yet produced, perhaps the most cold-blooded and cruel—and this is saying a good deal. Of traitors, too, the history of New Spain has not one to compare with him. For surely did he intend to betray the noble Austrian archduke—noble despite all his mistaken ambition. Surely, in directing his march for the Tlascalla plain, instead of northward to Queretaro, Marquez had but one object; to reach the coast of Vera Cruz, and with the immense plunder he had collected from the scared *bourgeoisie* of Mexico, escape across the Atlantic. He was but imitating the act of another of Maximilian's faithless allies, Bazaine. The Mexican traitor was not so fortunate as his model, since distinguished by a still greater act of dubious motive, in the capitulation of Metz. Marquez got only as far as the plains of Puebla, from which he had to return, chased

by Porfirio Diaz; so closely pursued that, to save his own life, he abandoned his army to its fate, riding back in a *cave qui peut* gallop to the capital, leaving on record one of the most dastardly deeds in the annals of war.

After crossing the river Teotihuacan, our road turned west toward the *cerro* of Chiconautla, and we soon after entered the village bearing the same name. There we struck another of the exit routes from the valley; that taken by travellers for Tampico on the coast, as also for the Pachuca district and the celebrated mines of Real del Monte. On our left was the Lake San Cristobal, the fourth in the series of our roundabout ride.

A GRAND EMBANKMENT.

This is in reality a vast dam, formed by a great dike or embankment of mason-work, nearly four miles in length, forty feet in breadth, with a maximum elevation of about ten.

It was constructed in 1604, by direction of the Marquis Montesclaros, then Viceroy of Mexico, its object being to dam back the waters flowing into the valley from its northern rim; and so prevent a rise in Lake Tezcoco, with the consequent inundation of the capital.

The dike was constructed before the *desagüe* or "cut" of Huehuetoca, or rather might it be regarded as the first step in that grand drainage system that does credit to the enterprise of the viceregal government. There are three "compuertas" or sluices in the embankment—one near each end and the third central—by which water may be let into the lower level of Tezcoco, the latter lake being less than a league distant.

San Cristobal is the smallest of the Mexican Valley lakes, the superficial area, when its basin is full, being only four or five square miles. In the *estacion seco* it becomes dried up, only a few small pools remaining. Though its supply is altogether derived from inflowing fresh-water streams, caused by rains, and of course intermittent, it presents the curious phenomenon of being a salt lake! Not to such a degree as Tezcoco, except after evaporation, when the saline element becomes concentrated in the pools. These are then briny and fetid.

The bed of San Cristobal is firm without mud, showing no aquatic vegetation. There is but scant vegetation around its shores, though the pasture is a little better than alongside Tezcoco. The same species of diminutive fishes, found in the fresh-water influents of the larger lake, also exist in those running into San Cristobal.

The Pachuca or Tampico Road, leading from the capital, runs along the summit of the embankment, then turns north, leaving the *cerro* of Chiconautla on the right.

LAKE XALTOCAN.

Following this road, we soon came in sight of Lake Xaltocan, which is in fact the sheet of water that figures on most maps under the name "San Cristobal." The two are separated by a mere strip, and their waters often commingle. But Xaltocan is the original lake which existed in the time of Cortez, and was mentioned by him in his despatches. For good reason; since the capture of the Aztec town of the same name, situated on an islet of this lake, cost the great Conquistador a tough and sanguinary struggle. Lake Xaltocan covers a space of nearly thirty square miles; but like San Cristobal, it dries up in the *estacion seco*, with the exception of some portions where its bed is lowest. Its waters are also

saline, with a muddy reddish tinge, and without vegetation in or around it. Only a reedy marsh at the eastern shore where a permanent stream that runs into it, coming from a copious spring called the *Ojo de Agua*. The title is common to most large fountains, though it is here, as in other places, applied particularly.

There are two islets in Xaltocan, one near its northern extremity, bearing the same name as the lake; the other, Tonanitlan, at a like distance from its southern edge. There is an Indian town upon each, with the usual church and appurtenances; the *curas*, as is most customary with those gentry, leading profligate lives, that withal do not scandalise them in the eyes of their Indian parishioners. It is simply astounding to see how much these Christianised aborigines stand, without having the scales removed from their eyes. In Mexico they are the principal support of the old system of miracles and Popish mummery. The cross is the symbol of their slavery; and yet they regard it as an emblem of glory. We saw *magueys* here and there decorated with it, pieces cut from the stiff blades of the plant, and stuck transversely on its terminal pikes. One devout fellow had a collar round his neck and a pole crucifix in hand, with a knot of ribbon attached.

When the waters of Lake Xaltocan are low its island dwellers hold communication with the mainland by raised causeways (*calzadas*). At other times they have to resort to boats. Both towns are in a state of decay, only the ruined remnants of what they once were. By Cortez's description, the more northern one, Xaltocan, must have been a place of considerable importance in his day, or rather before it; for his despatch tells of his soldiers having burnt it.

DUCK-SHOOTING BY WHOLESALE.

There are several other villages around this lake; all in a like state of stagnation, or rather retrogression. Their inhabitants contrive to exist by cultivating the *terrain* upon its shores, which renders them but a thankless return. Some make a precarious living as fowling; at times, however, prospering when the lake is full. Then vast flocks of wild geese, ducks, and other water-fowl frequent it. These are taken in two ways.

One is the *armada*, a sort of raft, on which a battery of old guns—and even gun-barrels without the stocks—is placed, to the number of a hundred or more. They are so arranged that a single fowler can discharge the whole by setting fire to a train. There are two separate volleys from the set of barrels—one to rake the surface of the water while the birds are swimming; another from a tier having the muzzles slightly elevated, to take them on the wing as they rise after the first volley. Several hundred head are often killed by a single discharge of the *armada*. The ducks are brought within range of the raft by a man wading towards them screened by a trained horse or ox; the shallowness of the lake allowing of this stratagem.

The other mode of killing them is called *las parejas*. A dozen or more fowling, in their canoes and skiffs, make a "surround" of a large flock, and gradually approaching, get near enough to fire at the birds on all sides as they attempt to make off. The fright and confusion cause them to fly back and forward within the circle of death, so that many fall before they can make up their minds to retreat to safer quarters.

MEXICAN "MONKS OF OLD."

As we rode around Lake Xaltocan, we came upon one of those huge piles of building, relics of the monastic rule, under which Mexico has so long groaned—the very curse of that country. It was the old monastery of Santa Lucia, now converted into the head-quarters of a maize plantation—a hacienda. It stands several miles from the eastern edge of the lake, and to the west of the Pachuca Road.

It was gratifying to reflect on the change of occupancy, and still more pleasing when its polite owner, asking my companion and self to step in, made us the partakers of a hospitality of which we stood much in need. An excellent dinner, *à la cuisine Mexicaine*, with plenty of *pulque*, the native beer, to wash it down, was a pleasant interlude in our ride. While seated in the *ancien* refectory, our host entertained us with stories—legends appertaining to the place—telling us how the monks, in mock humility, used to drink the purest Spanish wines out of gourds and goblets of cocoa-shells! These pharisaical sybarites relished Xeres and Pedro de Ximenez more than Mexican pulque.

In this section of the Mexican Valley, most of the inhabitants obtain their supply of fresh water from *pozos*, or wells. Therefore, in the different *pueblitos* the well plays an important part, as in Oriental lands.

AN INDIAN PIC-NIC.

Passing one of these, we witnessed the spectacle of an Indian dance. It was on a *fête* day, and the villagers were enjoying themselves *al fresco*, having chosen the fountain-head as the scene of their terpsichorean pastime. One of their number was strumming a guitar, another blowing upon a kind of bugle or saxhorn, while a young girl did the dancing, with a stout youth for her partner, or rather *vis-à-vis*. There is no great diosyncrasy in the dances of the modern Mexican Indians. They are all, or nearly all, but rude imitations of those introduced from Spain, in vogue among the whites, but better done by the mixed bloods or mestizoes. The commonest kind is where a young girl first takes the floor, and challenges a *vis-à-vis* of the masculine gender, who, after performing awhile, yields the place to another; and so on till the "lady" proclaims her preference, or quits the stage from sheer exhaustion.

In this spectacle, there was one thing that led to reflection. We observed that several of the Indian men took hold of the guitar by turns, each showing himself capable to strike melody out of its strings! It would have been a surprise to find such musical capacity among the crowd on an English village green. In one thing, however, we observed too much similarity. The native tipple, *pulque*, had been indulged in beyond the bounds of sobriety.

To the north-east of Lake Xaltocan several passes lead out of the Mexican Valley. One goes by the celebrated mines of Real del Monte, well known to Englishmen, and too well to some English shareholders; another is the route to the seaport of Tampico, while a third trends due northward.

Leaving these, and facing a little westward, we soon came in sight of the sixth and last lake—Zumpango.

This sheet of water, having some seven or eight square miles' surface, is of very irregular shape, its shores being indented with spurs of elevated ground, and lying close to continuous sierras, that shut in the valley on its northern side.

In passing around it, we had, here and there, peeps through rocky chasms (*cañons*), giving views of grand mountain scenery.

Zumpango receives from these sierras its supply of water, which is not constant, but subject to variation, according to the seasons; so that at times, like Lakes Xaltocan and San Cristobal, it becomes nearly dried up. Unlike these, however, its shores are fertile, and not cursed with *tequezquite*. Splendid crops are raised around Zumpango—maize, wheat, *frijoles*, *chili*, and tomatoes. And a still grander yield is sometimes obtained from the Indian corn planted in the bed of the lake when the waters have subsided. The only drawback being, that sometimes an unexpected rain causes inundation, to the complete destruction of the crop.

Lake Zumpango has played an important part in the hydrographic system of the Mexican Valley. Its bed is higher than any of the others by nearly four feet, while into it ran, at one time, the river Cuatitlan, the largest stream belonging to this basin. It comes from the western branch of the great Cordillera, or Sierra Madre. But Zumpango also received, and still does, the considerable influents, known as "Las avenidas de Pachuca," a conglomeration of streams, having their sources in the eastern branch.

THE GRAND DESAGÜE.

The great question of viceregal times was, how to turn the courses of these streams northward, and out of the valley, so as to guard against inundations of the capital, and other low-lying towns; inundations not hypothetical, but that had several times actually taken place. The problem was, how to prevent their recurrence.

As already stated, a first step was the construction of the San Cristobal embankment in 1604, under the viceroyalty of the Marquis Montesclaros. This was followed by a still grander effort in 1607, when the engineer Martinez, sent out by Spain, actually succeeded in tunnelling the rim of the valley, letting out its superfluous water into the river Tula, which carried it off northward into the Gulf at Tampico.

The work occupied only ten months, but there were 471,154 Indian "navvies" employed on it, with nearly 2,000 women waiting upon them as *cocineras* (cooks) and probably laundresses; though the chronicles of the time do not speak of them in this capacity; perhaps because *blanchisseuses* were not much in vogue among these Aztec "navigators."

Martinez, or rather Velasco, has been charged with inhumanity in the treatment of the aborigines employed on this great work. But statistics show the charge to be utterly groundless; and that, on the contrary, the mortality that occurred during its continuance was unusually light. It was in the labour done afterwards—when the tunnel "caved in," and it was found necessary to make a "cut" of it, the present "Tajo de Nochistongo"—that *cutting* was practised upon the Indian labourers. Then indeed both their sweat and blood were freely spilled.

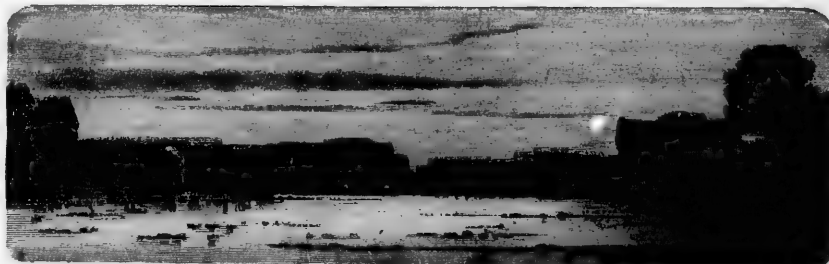
Humanity apart, the *desagüe* of Huehuetoca is a wonderful work. A cut through hills, for many miles of nearly two hundred feet vertical depth, with breadth sufficient to keep it open against land slides!

It has been too often spoken of to need describing here. But as I stood upon the great gap's edge and gazed into its shadowy profundity, I could not help having visions of the past vigour of the Spanish people, and contrasting it with their present imbecility. I had no difficulty in tracing the cause. I did

not need to inquire into that. It was already well known to me—in two words, *prince* and *priest*. These have been the curses of the Mexican people, as they must and will be of every other that puts trust in them.

The great northern route from the city of Mexico to the *provincias internas*, called the "Queretaro Road," crosses the

desagüe near the village of Huehuetoca. It was along this *calsada* that the noble but misguided Maximilian made his last march, after being deserted by Bazaine and Bonaparte. Would that he had never trodden it! After striking this road we turned our faces to the capital, and entering by the *garita* of Guadalupe, completed our ride round the Valley of Mexico.



RIVER SCENE IN THE ZULU UPLANDS.

Life in a South African Colony.—II.

ARRIVAL ON THE ZULU BORDER—SEA-COW—CAMP ON THE TUGELA BANK—LEAVE THE COLONY—CAMP COOKERY—KAFIR CONVIVIALITY—FIRST CATTLE TRADED—BULLOCK-BREAKING—CLIMATE OF THE ZULU UPLANDS—PARTRIDGES, QUAIL, AND BUSTARD—BUFFALO—A LATE DINNER AMONG THE SAVAGES—OCTOBER'S ADVENTURE WITH A LION—ROUGH ROAD—BREAK OUR "DISSEL BOOM"—CROCODILES.

THE country through which we rode after leaving Summahash's kraal was different in character from any which we had previously seen, consisting of a succession of steep bush-clad hills and deep gorges. In many of the valleys sharp tall pinnacles were to be seen, partially covered with scrubby bush, olives, and cacti.

The Kafir paths, or rather tracks, winding through this country, were in many places almost obliterated, from want of use. Wherever Kafirs exist, their tracks are to be found, from kraal to kraal; and a traveller once striking, even in the remotest part of Zululand, upon the narrow, barely-defined path, made by the feet of the natives, may be quite sure that by following it up he will ultimately arrive at a kraal.

After a rather toilsome though short journey, during the greater part of which we had to dismount and lead our horses, we arrived within sight of the Zulu country, the river Tugela, the boundary line between the English colony and the dominions of Umpanda, winding through the deep valley beneath, and dividing us from a high land rising almost from the river's brink.

Arrived on the banks of the Tugela, we knee-haltered our horses, and dispatched "October" to the wagon for some pro-

visions, bullets, and other matters, whilst we took a tour of inspection along the river.

Though we saw several wild ducks and other aquatic birds, we refrained from shooting, having been informed that the sea cow in this neighbourhood were very shy, as they had been lately put through a course of shooting, and one of their number killed by a party of Dutchmen. The Tugela in this part abounds in deep pools of considerable length, and the bed of the river is rocky, while the shallows are full of boulders. That the water had risen to a considerable height, and that very lately, was evident from the quantity of drift-wood, which was entangled among the bush above our heads, as we walked along the sandy banks which had, at no distant period, formed part of the bed of the river.

We saw numerous signs of hippopotami in the heavy sand, enormous footprints and hollows caused by the animals having thrown themselves on their sides for repose. These marks were almost fresh, and many of them must have been made the previous night; but, strange to say, we walked a mile or more without getting a glimpse of a single sea-cow or any other quadruped. We were becoming discouraged, when the trader proposed that we should return to the spot where we had fixed our bivouac, as we had seen sufficient signs of game to assure us that it would be worth while "to be on the look-out" towards the close of the day.

Upon the return of October, who reported that all was well with the wagon, a fire was lighted and a meal cooked, after enjoying which, the heat of the day was passed in a siesta beneath some shady trees.

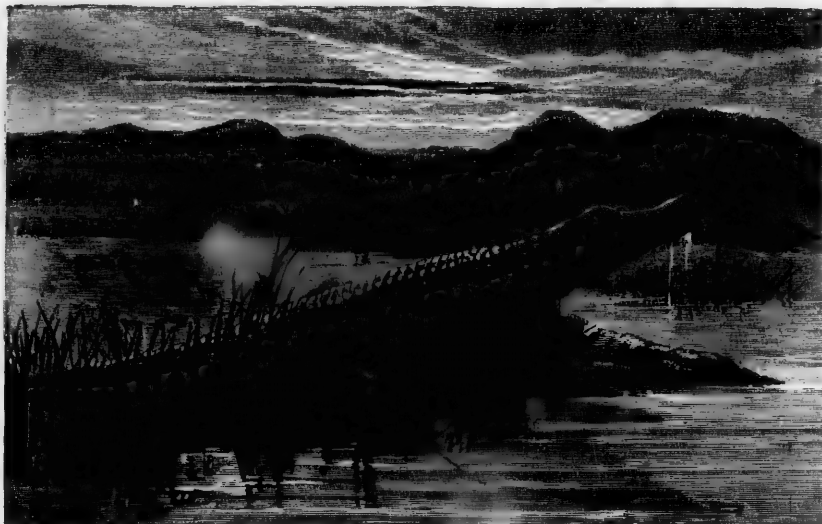
As soon as the shadows began to lengthen, we roused our-

selves and loaded our guns with large charges of powder and hardened bullets, and started for the longest and deepest pool, in the neighbourhood of which we had noticed the most "spoor."

Having concealed ourselves among some rocks, we patiently waited until the daylight was nearly gone. My eyes, which had been scanning the dark-looking water intently for some time, became fixed upon a large form, more like the shadow of a thick cloud than a living thing, which was moving almost imperceptibly beneath the surface, and bearing down towards the spot at which I was stationed. While watching this object, I made out upon the surface of the water the two small ears and the broad muzzle of a sea-cow; and just as the form of the enormous head became apparent, the reports of a

in damp and chilly, a heavy dew falling thickly upon the blankets which we wrapped round us.

We sit around our great fire, regardless of the flying embers which from time to time we have to shake from our wrappers listening to the Kafirs conversing among themselves in low tones, but with much earnestness and gesticulation. Our horses, carefully blanketed and haltered within shelter of the thicket, loom large in the darkness, their forms dimly outlined against the sombre background of the bush, and there is a something cheery in the sound of their jaws as they masticate the allowances of grain placed before them—in their contented snortings and frequent stamping and pawing of the ground. The huge tongues of flame as they shoot upwards gleam upon the quiet river, and illuminate the surrounding bush; but



CROCODILE.

couple of heavily-loaded barrels rang out in the still evening, and reverberated along the steep banks of the river.

Firing at game in deep water, there is never any difficulty as to seeing whether the bullets have struck. In this case one had missed the object entirely, and the other cut the water over the head of the game. Before the reports of the double shot had died away, the hippopotamus, after throwing his head once above the stream, his great open mouth showing an excellent assortment of valuable ivory, had vanished from our sight, raising a perfect whirlpool, which continued for some minutes, causing us to hope that the wound was mortal; but, before the daylight left us, all was still upon the surface of the water, and we wandered back, considerably disappointed, to our temporary encampment. Here we found that October and some Kafir lads, who were to accompany us into Zululand to assist in driving such cattle as we traded, had collected an enormous pile of drift-wood and portions of trunks of trees, which was immediately lighted, and within the warmth we were glad to take our station, the night setting

beyond the firelight the darkness is becoming more and more intense.

The plaintive notes of the African goatsucker, and the subdued call of the water-fowl, as they seem to be cautiously signalling each other, from time to time break upon the ear, and a large, ghostly-looking owl wings his wonderfully silent flight, even within the firelight. The darkness is of but short duration; the moon rises and floods the whole scene with her bright soft light. Shaking off the lethargy which has been gradually creeping upon us, we once more take up our guns. October, having given the wretched-looking dog which he has brought with him from his kraal into the charge of one of the Kafir lads, with strict injunctions to prevent his following our track, prepares to accompany us; and we are soon stealing rapidly along under the high river-bank, taking advantage of every bit of cover. As we approach the more "likely" pools, old October raises a hand, as a signal for us to halt and be silent, and advancing alone, his large naked feet falling noiselessly upon the sand, scans the water with his keen eyes from

behind the friendly shelter of some rock or pile of drift. But with all our caution, after a trek of some miles along the river, and several long watches by the different deeps, we return to our camp-fire, wearied, unsuccessful, and somewhat dispirited; where, rolling our thick blankets around us, and disposing ourselves in such a manner as to derive the utmost warmth from the burning logs, we are quickly lost in the land of dreams.

Waking as the sky begins to redden with the first streaks of dawn, we sit cowering around the still incandescent embers, listening to the piping and twittering of the awakening birds, and the pattering of the heavy dew-drops as they fall from the leaves, until the sun appearing like a ball of fire above the horizon, we strip the clothing from our horses, fasten on the saddles and blankets—the latter being rolled and strapped to the pommels and cantles—and start for the drift, where our wagon awaits us.

Arrived at the wagon, we find all well and our Kafirs sitting on their haunches around a quaint three-legged pot, each armed with a wooden spoon, devouring their breakfast of hot maize-meal porridge with evident relish. Our dogs leap upon us in a high state of delight at again seeing white men. Dogs which have been brought up among Europeans never seem to take kindly to blacks, while the dogs belonging to Kafirs always show a fear of, and repugnance for, white people.

We order the kettle to be boiled and a meal prepared, while we refresh ourselves with a bath in the shallows, avoiding the deep water, owing to the numerous crocodiles frequenting it. Heartily we enjoy the morning meal after our exercise in the as yet cool air, though the food is roughly cooked, and our coffee made in an iron kettle, and stirred, before removal from the fire, with a red-hot brand.

The oxen are driven up to the wagon, and stand crowded together before the driver; who throws a noosed strip of hide, called a *reim*, a bundle of which he holds under his arm, over the horns of each; after which, shouting their names, he half leads, half drags them, in pairs to the yokes, the foreloupers standing in the rear of the cattle administering punishment when necessary with a whip of hippopotamus hide, called a *sjambok*.

The descent into the river is steep and stony, but is accomplished in safety, the roughly-made break being screwed tightly upon the hind wheels. The river is crossed, and, for the first time, two of the party stand upon the soil of a savage potentate.

The day's journey is slow and wearisome, the country being hilly, and travelling with a wagon a matter of great difficulty. At sunset we "outspan" for the night beside a small rivulet, feeling that we have passed a somewhat fatiguing day. A couple of birds which have been shot during the "trek" are roasted over the camp-fire. These birds in appearance are very similar to the bittern of the British Isles, with the same flattened skull, and are called "hammer kop" by the "Afri-cander" Dutch. Although there is a prejudice against eating these birds, owing to their chiefly subsisting upon frogs and lizards, yet their flesh is excellent. The repast over, some grog is "brewed," and we stretch ourselves before the fire, for the enjoyment of a pipe of tobacco and a chat. The small sturdy oxen, who have filled themselves, lie in a little mob close at hand, tranquilly chewing the cud, and giving vent now and then to a low moaning sound. Poor ill-starred trek cattle! truly ye have a bad time! a life of hard work and considerable flagellation, terminating in the shambles!

Conversation commenced by one of us inquiring whether

"sea-cow" were always as shy and difficult of approach as our first experience would lead us to imagine.

"Certainly not," said our companion; "I have before now 'picked a head' from among a number of sea-cow floating quietly around me, and caring no more for my presence than if I had been a log. In some of their haunts, where they are not often disturbed, you may watch them floating on the water, and waddling out upon the banks and islands, often within gunshot. In fact, there is not much real sport in shooting them, and if it were not for those curved ivory tusks of theirs, I don't think the hunters would trouble them often."

"Not quite like rhinoceros hunting then, as regards excitement?" said one of us.

"Not like black rhinoceros hunting," replied the trader; "but the white rhinoceros, as we call the light-coloured one, is not nearly so dangerous; once get up to him, and you may load and fire at him until he is finished. I don't mean to say that he won't ever charge you, but I mean that he is nothing like his black brother. I had a long ride after a white rhinoceros once, though you would not think they were the sort of animals for much pace. I and my fellow Jan first saw him wandering about the open veldt, and rode quietly towards him, sparing our horses, until he should begin to make off and so compel us to break into a gallop. Although we rode up wind towards the rhinoceros, before we had arrived within a quarter of a mile of him, he threw up his head, and, after a steady inspection of us, started over the plain at a pace which was far from bad, heavy and awkward as the animal looked. Now no time was to be lost, and ramming spurs in, away we went.

"For some distance the country was open and level, but for the *aard vark** holes, and my knowing old shooting-horse kept a good look-out for these, and carried me safely, notwithstanding the rattling pace at which we went. I knew that I could trust him, and so let him have his head, and the grass being short he could see any holes in the way, and he always made good use of his eyes. After a smart gallop of a mile or more, the rhinoceros began to take a line of country considerably more trying to our horses."

"Got among the thorns," we suggested.

"Fortunately there wasn't much *vacht um betse* (wait a bit) thorn in the neighbourhood, but the way he rushed up and down the *kloof* sides, kicking up showers of stones and stuff, was a 'caution.' Of course our horses could not live the pace over such a country, and we often had to dismount and lead them; 'nursing' them as much as possible, for they had been hard worked, and almost entirely grass-fed for some time past, and were heaving at the flanks considerably already, although the run was apparently not nearly over, as the rhinoceros was evidently distancing us. I had set my affections upon the fine horn which the game carried upon his snout; and besides this, I did not like the idea of being either outrun or outwitted by a white rhinoceros in an open country."

We expressed surprise that our friend had not fired at a long range.

"Well," he said, "I was shooting as usual, with a smooth-bore; and, as I always like to be well up with my game before I fire, I was never more rejoiced than when emerging from a valley, we found ourselves upon a long stretch of level ground, across which we forced our horses at a good pace again. Before

* Ant-bear or ant-eater.

long we heard the heavy blowing and breathing of our game, which began to show symptoms of distress to such an extent that, before long, Jan, by judicious riding, contrived to turn him. When, riding up to close quarters, I very soon was able to place my bullets as I pleased, and within a very short time the rhinoceros was stretched upon his side in the death agony, but not before he had thoroughly 'pumped' our horses."

Conversation after a long day spent in the open air soon flags, and within a very short time all hands were comfortably ensconced within the wagon for the night, while our Kafirs, wrapped in their blankets, slumbered beneath its shelter. The following morning, after an early breakfast, it is determined to hunt over the adjacent country which, we are told by our Kafirs, abounds in buck. Dogs are unnecessary on ground covered only with short grass, and where large boulders and a few scrubby plants furnish the only cover, so only the lurcher-like animal "Fly," led by a Kafir, accompanies us, and the shooting party sets off, followed by the eager gaze of the two dogs left tied to the wagon-wheel. The country to be hunted over extends over a succession of wild, steep, stony hills. There is hardly a yard of level walking, save here and there, where the summit of some hill forms a small table-land. We mount the broken stony side of the nearest hill, and upon gaining the summit, several bright reddish coloured antelopes are seen bounding down the opposite side, and along the deep valley. Evidently the game here is plentiful. Before walking far along the hill-top, a buck springs up within range, and receives the greater part of a charge of heavy shot in the hind-quarters, as he gallops down-hill which causes him to pitch forward upon the tips of his sickle-shaped horns; but he is up and away again, running well on three legs. The dog is released and acquits himself well, showing good speed over very rough ground; and upon coming up with the antelope, seizing him and holding on with the grip of a vice, though dog and game roll over together two or three times upon the steep hill-side. A Kafir makes his way to the spot, and draws a knife across the throat of the struggling antelope, and the dog, after dipping his tongue once or twice in the blood which flows from the wound, as if he cared very little about it, eager as he has been in the chase, quietly sees the game shouldered by the native, and with hanging tongue and heaving flanks, follows him to the summit of the rising ground.

After a considerable amount of climbing among the hills, three other antelopes fall before our guns; all are of the same kind, *rei rhey bok*, a graceful active animal, somewhat smaller than the English fallow-deer; the males ornamented with curved horns.

During the walk back to our wagon, a little dull-coloured antelope springs up from among some large boulders, and, with arched back, springs from one to the other of the smooth slippery stones, which appear to afford him the most perfect foothold. A shot rolls him over just as he is gathering himself together for a leap. He is a small, compact-looking little animal, covered with a thick coat of hair so coarse as almost to resemble bristles. This buck is called the *klop springer* by the Dutch settlers in South Africa; *klop* being the Dutch word signifying stone.

Venison is plentiful by the wagon-side at night. The skins, stripped from the bucks killed during the day, are tightly pegged out to dry. The fire round which the Kafirs sit is almost covered with meat, cut into thin strips, hissing and

sputtering upon the red-hot embers. Meat cooked in this apparently unsavoury manner is really excellent, the whole of the juices being retained.

For some hours after we have sought the shelter of the wagon for the night, the voices of the Kafirs are to be heard laughing and talking, emphasising some of their remarks by curious snappings and crackings of the fingers.

Very little sleep appears on occasions to suffice for the Kafirs, and although in the event of their falling in with an unlimited supply of meat, they will gorge themselves to an extent perfectly atrocious, yet they are capable of enduring long fasts.

The following sunrise saw our wagon "on the trek," it being our intention to commence trading as soon as possible, and by nightfall a good day's journey had been accomplished.

Early the following morning, a young Zulu made his appearance at our encampment, and inquired whether we had any blankets, of a peculiar kind much appreciated by his tribe. Being answered in the affirmative, he remarked, "It would be good if we would come to his father's kraal."

Loading one of our Kafirs with some of the black woollen blankets from our wagon, and adding a knife or two and a few beads, we set out for the kraal; and after a short walk, over a line of country perfectly impracticable for a wagon, arrived at the little collection of beehive-shaped huts surrounded by a fence of dead wood. We are, of course, immediately saluted by the barking and yelling of a pack of miserable curs, many of them almost hairless, and all looking half-starved. A volley of stones from ourselves, and of abuse from their black owners, sends them growling savagely, and showing their long white fangs in a wolfish manner, among the huts. Now the whole family come trooping up to gaze upon the *Abelungu* (white men). Beads are at once eagerly clamoured for by the girls.

One damsel, with a peculiarly good-humoured countenance, and a figure really statuesque, is very persistent in her demands, and exhibits a white metal decanter-label (the gift, no doubt, of some trader), which she wears suspended from her neck, with much pride and satisfaction. Some of the lads are dispatched to bring the cattle to the *isibho* (the cattle pound which stands in the centre of the kraal). The Kafir cattle are taken to the feeding-grounds soon after dawn, and are not brought home for milking until the sun has climbed to some height. Although the savages around us are in no way uncivil to the white men, there is a sufficiency of self-confidence in their manner. It is a fact well known to those who have passed much time among the Zulus, that instances of insolence from the older men of the tribe are rare.

The young girls trip lightly from hut to hut, or stand, enjoying the early sun's rays in groups, with arms entwined about each other, their exceedingly scanty attire affording the fullest display of, in many cases, truly fine and graceful figures. Their voices are low and soft, while their light laughter sounds quite musical. The tiny, active children, who seem more than half afraid at the first sight of Europeans, run from us upon our approach, or creep behind their elder and more confident brothers and sisters.

The mothers of the kraal are in many instances of an ugliness absolutely revolting. Their dress consists of a short greasy-looking petticoat of dressed hide, and their heads are carefully shaved with the exception of a small top-knot, which is daubed with a bright red-coloured clay.

The infants ride astride their mothers' backs, supported by

a strip of soft-dressed hide. Helpless infancy forms, however, but a very short period in the life of a South African savage.

But here comes the mob of many-coloured cattle, varying in size from the little *eduna* (very young bull), with his budding horns, to the great oxen, who, never having felt the weight of the yoke, have attained a size which would make the colonial trek cattle, of the same breed, appear very insignificant. The first animal offered for barter is an ill-conditioned, under-sized yearling; this is of course rejected with the strongest expressions of contempt. After some time a fine young ox is brought forward, and the owner holds up every finger of which he is possessed, to indicate the number of blankets required in exchange. His countenance is perfectly stolid, and our shouts of laughter do not elicit the slightest smile, nor does he, apparently, see anything at all ludicrous or exorbitant in his demand. Had nature allotted more than the usual complement of fingers to him, doubtless he would have displayed them all with equal gravity.

After more than an hour has been spent in bargaining and haggling, two stout young oxen, ready for the yoke, are purchased at rather high trading prices, oxen fit for breaking in being always the most expensive and difficult cattle to trade for. The very large oxen are rarely to be procured at any price. The blankets are counted out, and undergo a most searching examination from the owners of the cattle and their brethren, and being found free from flaw or blemish, are accepted; a couple of rough knives being handed over—"placed on top" of the bargain is the trading expression—the cattle become our property.

Returning to the wagon, we send off some of our Kafirs to bring in the new purchases, and in a short time, looking over the surrounding country, we see the two oxen, with tails erect, galloping in all directions except the right one. However, after some difficulty, the Kafirs succeed in bringing them to the spot where all is prepared for their reception, our broken cattle "inspanned" and standing quietly in the yokes. An extra yoke has been attached to the *trek touw*,* and two places are in readiness for the necks of "Roman" and "Wildebeste," as we have agreed to call the new bullocks. Both are secured by *reims* thrown over the horns, and after a rather tough struggle, during which the Kafirs have some very narrow escapes of being gored, fastened to the yokes. Though exceedingly wild and troublesome, they are reduced to subjection by a judicious application of the formidable wagon-whip, and gradually become more tractable.

Travelling with unbroken cattle among the "span" is slow work, because, in addition to the many delays and difficulties with the refractory oxen, the treks or stages must be short, as the yoke soon galls the necks of cattle unaccustomed to bear it. Upon the second day of inspanning, "Roman" thought proper to lie down in the yoke, and was only induced to rise by dint of most unmerciful though necessary flogging, while "Wildebeste" behaved in a manner so frantic that we, who had no experience of bullock-breaking, began to think that he was unconquerable. By the third day both the new oxen have become much tamer, and walk steadily under the yoke, and the severities which have been requisite during the past two days are happily abandoned.

The climate of the Zulu uplands is very delightful during

* The *trek touw* is the cable of twisted hide by which the wagon is drawn.

the whole of the winter season. The traveller may ride over a succession of downs for miles at a stretch, often fanned by a breeze actually cool, under a blue sky unrelieved by a single cloud.

While journeying through this most enjoyable locality, we amuse ourselves by shooting partridges and quails, though "Shot" is hardly a dog who would pass muster with an English gamekeeper. Here also we shoot some large bustards, though these birds are so wary as to require careful stalking; they are found in large flocks feeding upon the blackened ground—where the Kafirs have burnt off the old bog or dead grass—appearing to relish the burnt snails and slugs which abound there.

In many parts of the Zulu uplands, the fences around the kraals and the cattle pounds in the centre are built of rough stones, piled together, wood being only procurable at a great distance. In these districts dry cow-dung is used as fuel.

It is a curious fact that at almost any time during the day one or more kites are to be observed hovering over a kraal. I have rarely stood for many minutes in a Zulu kraal before I have noticed a kite flying in circles over my head, steering himself in the most marvellous manner with his forked tail. These birds appear to be carrion feeders.

As we travel on from kraal to kraal, cattle are bartered for; the price in blankets, beads, &c., is handed over to the owners, and the cattle left to be picked up on the return journey.

Arriving one night at a kraal in the neighbourhood of some very dense and heavy bush, we inquire of the head of the family if this wood does not contain buffaloes. He replies in one word, "Meningke" (plenty). Though the trader states that he does not always place reliance upon a Kafir's word, still, as October remembers the spot, and goes into ecstasies over the feats performed there by a white man with whom he was hunting some time ago, we agree to devote the morrow to hunting, more especially as a number of the young Zulus are willing to accompany us and act as beaters. Some time is passed by us in the kraal, during which the young fellows who are to hunt with us to-morrow become much excited, and go through the pantomime of a buffalo-hunt of the most animated description, spearing, avoiding charges, secreting themselves in readiness for a shot, and so on.

We are stirring early the following morning, and, arrived at the kraal, make a hasty though hearty breakfast, although, not wishing to spend any time in cooking, we content ourselves with the Kafir food, viz., *amarsi*, or clotted milk. This clotted milk has great sustaining powers, and will keep off hunger for a longer time even than meat, I think. The Zulus are hurrying hither and thither, collecting bundles of assegais, and getting their dogs together, while old October, who carries a gun with which we have entrusted him, looks on with much dignity. His large mongrel dog, "Tigelli," the gift of a former master, or "bos," as the Natal Kafirs generally call the white man they serve, stands by him. I believe this dog was originally named "Tiger" by his white owner, but Kafirs finding the pronunciation of the letter *r* almost an impossibility, the name has become first "Tigel," and ultimately "Tigelli," the extra syllable being added, I suppose, for the sake of euphony. October swears by his dog, and although he admits that he is old and worn, he affirms that his nose is so good that he never "tells a lie" when on the track of game.

All being in readiness, we climb the steep hill-side and enter

the heavy bush, where the Kafirs begin to look for signs of game, and before long are able to point out to us the fresh spoor of a small troop of buffaloes. A council of war is held, and it is determined that the larger body of the Zulus and their dogs shall, as quietly and quickly as may be, reach an opening in the bush about an hour's journey from where we stand, and, re-entering the bush, commence driving towards a spot to which we are to be at once conducted.

Walking in heavy bush is very fatiguing, owing to the constant stooping to avoid hanging boughs, and the frequent entanglements with the thorns and creepers; and we are right glad when again taking breath upon a large open glade, dotted about with enormous stones and reefs of quartz.

As he is walking quietly across the grass "Tigelli" suddenly trots forward a few paces, and stands with uplifted paw, gazing at the opposite bush. Another moment, and "October," by a low call and a threatening attitude, has brought him "to heel," and we are all stealing towards the spot which has engaged his attention, concealing ourselves as much as possible among the large stones. As we approach within ear-shot, the rustling and crashing sounds just within the bush plainly tell us where the game is. The keen eyes of the native quickly make out the forms of the buffaloes and, unable to control himself, October has in a moment rushed forward and discharged his gun. A tremendous rush is heard in the bush, every obstacle appearing to give way before the heavy game, the breaking of the smaller timber sounding loudly as the animals plunge into the depths of the covert. October comes in for a severe rating, in the first place, for having fired before the white men; and is well laughed at, in the second, for having fired at a buffalo which he could not see. His only reply is "Shi eela! Shi eel' impála!" (Hit! hit, indeed!) and upon examining the spot where the buffaloes so lately stood, the foliage is found to be spattered

with small drops of blood. October makes no remark, but looks quietly triumphant.

After following the spoor for some distance into the densest part of the covert, we are forced to give up the pursuit, in order to make our way with all speed to the passes whither the Zulus are driving the game.

After a long walk through the bush, we reach a broad gully, running through the woodlands, above which we get a view of the clear blue sky. Crossing the gully, we part ourselves to about 200 yards' distance from each other. One of the Zulu youths elects to accompany me, and we sit down behind some thick scrub, among the heavy timber. Here we remain in silence. The crackling sound caused by the movements of some small animal, or the falling of a piece of dead wood, keeps us continually on the alert, and once a fine bush buck shows himself on the opposite side of the gully, in the most tempting manner. He is evidently quite unconscious of any danger, and as he boldly erects his handsome head, armed with its formidable-looking horns, and displays the snowy, crescent-shaped mark upon his chest, he looks, as I shall ever consider him, one of the most beautiful of the South African antelopes. Some sound soon alarms him, and, plunging into the dark-looking cover, he is in a moment lost to sight.

After a time—which seems several hours—has been passed in concealment, sounds of trampling, and of heavy forms forcing their way through the bush, are plainly to be distinguished. These are the game at last, beyond doubt; the breaking of the wood is perfectly distinct, as the branches give before their mighty heads. My black companion, who is only armed with two or three assegais, immediately ascends the nearest tree. Intently scanning the thick covert before me, I soon make out the form of a huge animal moving within it, and after a little patient watching, the head of a buffalo is to be seen, from time to time, among the cover, within twenty yards of where I stand.



SHOOTING A LION.

The whole forehead of a full-grown African buffalo is covered with a mass of impenetrable horn, and I do not consider it advisable to fire at this head as the owner tosses it about, apparently scenting danger, as the vulnerable part of a buffalo's skull is of very small dimensions. At last the animal, in moving through the bush, exposes a portion of his back. It would, perhaps, be advisable to wait for a more favourable shot, but the temptation is irresistible. In a moment my gun is at my shoulder, and, with a heart beating audibly, I pull trigger.

Almost simultaneously with the report of my gun, I hear the "thud" of the bullet; and in another moment I have leapt into the gully, and am reloading my empty barrel among the large masses of rock, and listening to the wounded game, who is plunging, like a restive horse, in the bush.

The gallop of buffaloes, as they break through the wood, makes the ground ring; and before the loading of my gun is completed, I have the mortification of hearing the one I have wounded plunging away in their wake. I hear the reports of four barrels at almost the same time, and in a few minutes we are all standing together again with reloaded guns.

After a thorough, though cautious, search through the surrounding bush—buffalo when wounded being excessively dangerous game—we find that the whole troop have gone off together, leaving a blood spoor. We await the arrival of the beaters, whereupon we set out and track the troop of buffaloes for several miles through dense bush, and over the roughest country. The instinct which a Kafir has for following a spoor is extraordinary; no mark or sign seems to escape him.

At length, thoroughly knocked up, we abandon the pursuit as hopeless, and return to the kraal by the shortest route with which our guides are acquainted, leaving three or four Kafirs to follow up the spoor. From certain signs in the tracks, they were sure that at least one of them was near his end.

We arrive at the kraal soon after sunset, and after a draught of fresh milk which has been saved for us, (the Zulus do not drink fresh milk, saying that it is only fit food for children,) we send to the wagon for various necessities, intending to rest and take a meal among the savages.

After darkness has set in, October, in his half-Kafir half-broken-English, expresses it as his opinion that we shall soon have plenty of beef. He knew that Kafirs were too much afraid of the evil spirits to remain out during the dark night without some strong inducement.

Before long we hear voices in the distance, singing to ward off evil spirits; and shortly afterwards the party of Zulus we left in the bush enter the kraal, laden with meat. They inform us that shortly after our leaving them they found one of the buffaloes in extremities, and had finished him with their assegais, bringing in as much meat as they had been able to cut off in a short time.

Plenty of large, black, clay cooking-pots are speedily produced, and the beef is packed tightly into them, a small quantity of water being placed in the bottom of each vessel, which is then covered by another smaller clay pot and placed upon a slow fire. A considerable quantity of the meat, however, is broiled upon the embers for immediate consumption, and the natives give themselves up to feasting. Every fire has its complement of beef; and men, women, and children are to be seen snatching the smoking fragments from among the ashes and greedily devouring them. Meat of any kind is only an occasional luxury at the kraals, save and except at the residences

of the chiefs, where cattle are killed so as to afford a daily supply. The Kafir appetite for meat is so strong that every part of an animal, with the exception of the hide, horns, and hoofs, is greedily devoured; and flesh is rarely rejected by them, even when diseased or almost putrid. The short space of time in which the carcase of a large ox disappears is simply astonishing.

Sitting around the red-hot logs, in a hut which has been set in order for our accommodation, we enjoy a well-earned meal of fresh wild-beef steaks, which October cooks for us. He then quietly sets to work to make a kettle of coffee, not forgetting to precipitate the grounds, by the addition of a spoonful of cold water when the coffee is at boiling point. October has been from childhood so much in the employ of Europeans that he is really an excellent servant, as well as a very intelligent fellow. Though invariably deferential in his manner towards his employers, he has a considerable sense of his own importance, and is very sensitive of anything approaching to ridicule. October is, of course, on a far more familiar footing with us than are any of the others of our gang. As a general rule the old adage, "Too much familiarity breeds contempt," applies very strongly in all dealings between civilised and savage men.

Our meal finished, we stretch our wearied limbs upon mats and blankets, spread about the smooth floor of the hut, and talk over the day's sport. While speaking of the dangerous character of the old bull buffaloes which are sometimes found leading solitary lives in the bush, having been driven away from the herds to which they belonged, and are ready to charge down, unprovoked, upon any passer-by, the remark is made that they are more dangerous than lions. October mutters something about a lion being a great "skellum." Anxious to draw the old fellow out, we ask him if he ever killed a lion. He quietly replies, "Ya, Bos" (Yes, sir). With little trouble he is induced to launch out into the following narrative, in his intelligible though very imperfect English:—

"Long time my bos want to see lion. *Tina cingula injallo* (We hunt continually); shoot plenty *inyamasan* (game); not see one lion. One day *Kafulu* (Kafirs) tell us one big lion stop down *umhlanga edusi* (in the reeds near at hand). That night we stop in that place. *Kafulu* sing, and tell that lion *petil' ensucu sio* (his days are finished). All *Kafulu* make plenty noise. *Gasasa* (at dawn) all go down to big *umhlanga* bush. Bos give me one big gun, *mabile molomo* (with 'two mouths,' viz., double-barrelled); and plenty dogs, plenty *Kafulu* make big noise in *umhlanga*. Long time we go on, by-and-by dogs make too much noise in *umhlanga*. By-and-by one dog *sena cala* (he cries), we know lion kill him. By-and-by lion come out little way, all dogs come on; he lift foot, hit one big dog *la inga fil' anja* (that dog is dead there and then). Lion stop look at dogs; Bos shoot two times, hit him; me give Bos my gun; lion *bani gula* (very ill), lie down little bit. *Tin i saba* (we are not afraid), go up close; Bos shoot one more; lion jump up, come on *tyetcha* (quickly). (October, much excited, here endeavours to imitate the roaring of a lion.) *Tanda tsila tina* (would like to eat us); little way come on *sena lala pansa fute* (he lies down again), Bos shoot him *yena file* (he is dead). All *Kafulu* come on, dance, sing, hit lion, spit on him."

"And so that is how you killed the lion, October?"

"Ya, Bos."

Retiring for the night, long as the Kafirs had concluded their songs and feasting, we slept soundly, notwithstanding the

horrible din, and shortly after daybreak the next morning were again travelling our exceedingly rough road. During the day we had several times to act the part of pioneers, axes and spades being brought into play; and before the day's journey was at an end we had the misfortune to smash our *dissel boom*. The dissel boom is the pole of the wagon, to which the two after oxen or wheelers are yoked. Cutting a suitable piece of timber, we succeeded, after much time and labour, in manufacturing and fixing a new boom, and trekked again; our oxen, not having been overworked, maintaining their condition well.

One day we almost entirely devoted to shooting crocodiles, in the large still pools of one of the rivers which we had to cross. The crocodiles, when at rest, covered by the water, are hardly distinguishable from logs until the eye becomes accustomed to

them. By lying in ambush along the banks, we were able to see the reptiles swimming leisurely about in all directions, and occasionally crawling out upon the sand-banks. Though we shot several, it was quite impossible to bag any, as to have entered the deep water would have been almost certain death. It is a singular fact, though one well known in South Africa, that a dog is the favourite prey of the crocodile, consequently we carefully kept our dogs from the water. On land the hideous amphibian is slow and clumsy in his movements, but in water he is capable of great activity. The eggs, which are frequently to be found upon the banks of rivers and lagoons frequented by crocodiles, are about the size of a goose's, though longer and narrower. The shell is white and hard, and the egg would hardly be supposed to be that of a reptile.

A Ramble in Persia.—I.

BY ARMINIUS VAMBÉRY.

IN writing the account of my adventures in Central Asia, I omitted on purpose all that related to Persia, or Iran, as it is otherwise called, from the reason that this country had been so variously and so well described by many European travellers of the present and former times. Persia was out of the way of my researches; it was only the scene of the commencement of my dervish career, where I had to inure myself to all the hardships, vicissitudes, and emergencies of a long beggar's tour in the interior of Asia. And what could I write new and attractive, or interesting and instructive, after the masterly descriptions of Frazer, Ker Porter, Malcolm, Fergusson, or after the profound and elaborate works of Rawlinson, Niebühr, Chardin, and others. Thus I thought when recently returned from my travels to Europe. Since then, however, I have altered my views in that respect. I argued with myself in the following way:—My predecessors have travelled over Persia in all directions; they have seen and described the people in all their various manners and customs. But they have travelled, seen, and observed, as Europeans, whilst I have crossed this famous seat of ancient Asiatic civilisation, not merely in the garb and character of an Asiatic, but of a Mohammedan, nay, a Sunite Turk. And being almost the only pseudo-member of the last nationality who has visited Iran, from the west to the east, and from the south to the north, I thought it might be worth while to give to the readers of the *ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS* a short account of the mode in which I travelled, and what I saw in Persia.

Supposing that the difference of sect between Sunites and Shiites is pretty well known, I will not detain the reader by a tedious account of the many diverging points of these two chief sects of Islam. I will only allude occasionally to the deep hatred which animates these two divisions, and of which I myself, as a Sunite, had to bear a considerable portion. In going to Persia I chose the general way of Trebizond and Erzerum. In the first-named of these towns several rich Persian merchants joined my caravan for the sake of security on Turkish soil, because, having the character of an Effendi, they believed they would enjoy perfect security under my influence,

and in reality they did so. I was glad, in fact, to be the protector of these enterprising Mohammedan traders of Asia, who, in spite of all the dangers and inconveniences which beset them on their way through a Sunite land, form still the chief link of mercantile communication between India and Afghanistan and the shores of the Atlantic. It is a great pity, indeed, that the Turkish Government, instead of furthering the mercantile interest of the Persians as well as the welfare of the Ottoman subjects themselves, have greatly contributed to divert the transit trade from this part of the dominions of the Sultan, and driven, so to say, the considerable trade, which was carried on formerly *via* Trebizond and Erzerum, to Russia by the safer road of Poti, Tiflis, and Tabria. Whilst the value of merchandise passing across Armenia to the Black Sea in the year 1870 was less by 11,000,000 francs than the total sum of the preceding years, the transit trade of Russia by Poti has increased during the last year by 9,000,000 francs. Russia, of course, fully aware of the importance arising from the fact of making her Transcaucasian possessions the highway to the interior of Asia, has neglected nothing to attract the Persian traders, and affords them all kinds of privileges and facilities. Russian steamers bring the bales cheaper to Poti than other vessels. From the last-named town to Tiflis, a railway has lately been constructed, and from this capital of Georgia caravans move certainly with greater security than in any part of the Ottoman empire.

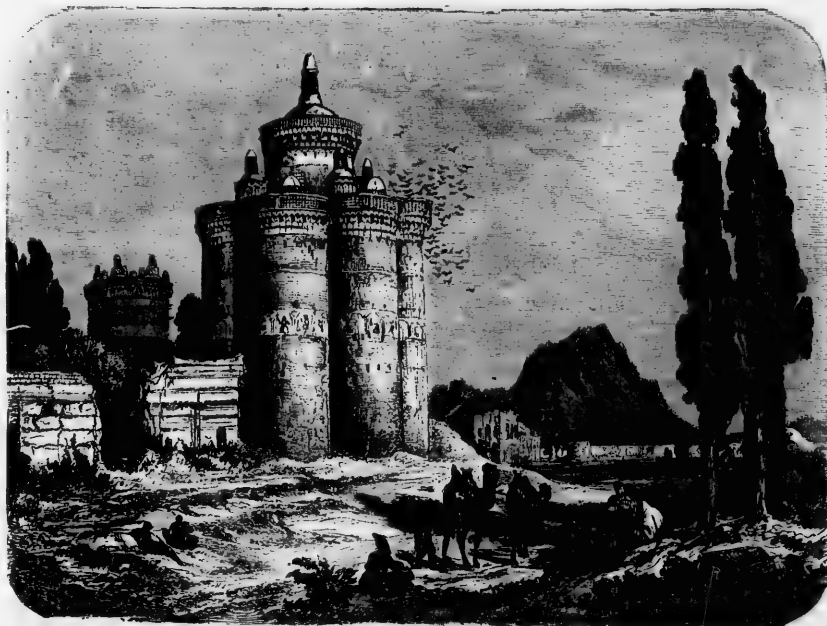
Persians, therefore, unwillingly choose the way across Turkish Armenia, and, as I noticed, their aversion is fully justified. When leaving Erzerum in company with the Persian traders, and as we entered the mountainous defile inhabited by the Kurds, I saw how the apprehension of my fellow-travellers for the safety of their lives and goods was daily increasing. These Kurds, described even by Herodotus as ruthless robbers, have singularly enough retained to this very day their ancient character. Nominally they are subject to the Turkish rule, but, being of indomitable wandering propensities, they move from one rich pasturing-ground to the other, and control over them is

almost impossible. This is particularly the case in the neighbourhood of Diadin, the last Turkish town on the highway to Persia, where, in the absence of a strict frontier demarcation, the Kurds after committing a robbery, for example, on Turkish territory, would escape either to Russian territory on the north, or to Persia on the east.

Treaties of extradition do not exist, or at least are not kept up, and by this irregularity the Kurdish marauders are most efficiently protected.

The traveller who first sees a Kurd in his bright-coloured, thoroughly Oriental dress, as he moves about with a shy and

guise I had assumed). We entered into conversation, and the end of it was that I had to accept their offer of hospitality and to spend a night in the house of the elder of the village, called Eshek Ilias. The first impression of the cleanliness and homely character of a Kurdish mansion is not a pleasant one. It is certainly contrary to our ideas of comfort to spend a night on the raised platform of a long stable in company with thirty or forty oxen. The exhalation from these very useful but unclean animals renders the atmosphere like a Russian bath; and as the only opening of the house is above your head, not for the purpose of ventilation, but to let out the smoke, you



VIEW NEAR ISPAHAN.

timid pace, but with fire-sparkling eyes, will scarcely recognise this old specimen of the Iranian race in his mountain home. When sitting on horseback and wielding his tufted lance, he makes the valleys resound with his long-drawn war-cry, "Hu-lu-lu-lu-lu!" I witnessed such a scene, for the first time, when crossing the Kuroglu Pass. It was on a fine quiet evening that these sounds first reached my ears. Pale, deadly pale, grew the colour of my Persian fellow-travellers; and, not sharing in their anxiety on the principle of—

"Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator,"

I was gazing at the distant prospect when two Kurdish cavaliers suddenly appeared, and with raised lances galloped towards me. "Esselam aleikum, effendu," (Peace unto thee, my sir,) was their greeting, and as I answered with the usual "Vealeikum esselam," they thought that they had to do with a genuine Turk and employé of the Porte (of course, so they believed from the dis-

may be sure of being drenched with water all the night long, and to sniff with unspeakable delight the first fresh breeze outside in the morning. If the hospitable roof of the Kurds be devoid of comfort their manners are certainly still more annoying. You sit down, you undo your bundle, you prepare your teapot, you wash yourself, and the Kurd with his wife and children will be always very close to you, and give you endless trouble. The host will be desirous of trying your gun, to see your knife; the hostess will feel the stuff of your coat, the young girl will study the texture of your linen. All your property is passing from hand to hand, without much prospect of being returned to you entire; for, as a Turk rightly says, "You may have thousand eyes, but the Kurd will steal the button off your coat."

Not less are the annoyances whilst consuming the scanty meal of the evening. The gaze of longing eyes around you accompanies every bit of food from dish to mouth. Politeness

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KURDISH BANDITS.

bids you to invite the host, but beware of insisting upon it, because, should he partake of your meal, you will be sure to rise hungry from the table after the day's hard trip. It is particularly with the sugar that I felt most frequently annoyed. Young and old, male and female, being extremely fond of it, they will try all possible means to get a piece or two; and to mantle their voracious covetousness, sugar will be asked from you as a medicament for all kinds of diseases. One pretends to cure the eyes with it, the other a sore finger, whilst a third thinks by keeping it in his pocket he will be delivered from a troublesome palpitation of the heart. Of course the result of it is that your store of sugar will soon be at end. And thus you leave the house of a Kurd, if not always with a light heart, certainly with a light portmanteau.

On the advice of my Persian fellow-travellers, I hired, for safety, a kind of Kurdish escort, consisting of two easy-mounted cavaliers, to accompany us across the Dagar Mountain, a place dreaded always by travellers, where, as I afterwards learned, skirmishes with the Turkish marauders are the order of the day. It is generally the Shiite Persians who bear the brunt of the strife, whoever wins, by the loss of one or two bales of their wares, and sometimes also of the carrier mules and horses. It was on one of the splendid spring mornings so common in this region when we reached the foot of the mountain. In spite of the danger that surrounds you amidst the Kurds, I always felt an unspeakable delight in moving early in the day, whilst the tinkling of the bells of the caravan echoed in the distance. At that time every scene in Asia was a novelty to me; and I was just dreaming of the extraordinary curiosities which awaited me in Iran and in Turkestan when a piercing cry suddenly aroused me, and I saw that the laden mules nearly at the top of the mountain were rushed upon by several strangely-dressed men on horseback, who were just upon the point of putting to flight the drivers and carrying away the valuable property of the Persians. "Robbers! robbers!" cried one of the escort near me. It was the first encounter I had in Asia. How can I conceal the real truth? I own at the beginning a chill ran through my veins. The escorting Kurds had already galloped away to appease seemingly their daring compatriots. My eyes followed them; but when the Persian owner of the bales came crying and weeping like a child, and imploring my assistance, the cold immediately changed into fire. The blood rose to my head, and with full spurs to my charger, I just reached the summit of the mountain as the vociferation had already turned into deeds of violence. "What are you about to do, shameless robbers?" was the question I put to the assailants, when a stout-looking, one-eyed elder, with a long, floating, grey beard, armed with shield, spear, and sword, just as his ancestors were several hundred years before, stepped forward, saying, "Bey Effendi, didst thou not meet any oxen on thy way? we have lost some yesterday and have been searching for them all the night." "Oxen is it that you are looking for, and so well armed?" was my answer. "Shame upon thee; has thy beard become grey in order to pollute this sign of venerable age with the dirt of robbery and theft? Were it not for the many years thou hast seen the Almighty's benignant sun, I would immediately have handed thee over to the Kaimekam (chief of the district), thou impudent waylayer, but now move on and be out of sight." The firmness, or rather boldness, of my behaviour could not fail to exercise full influence upon the marauding company, which consisted of eight

men. Late in the evening we arrived at the station called Mollah Suleiman, a village inhabited by Armenians. There I inquired after the name, the character, and the rule of the Kaimekam, but how great was my astonishment to hear that Mehmed Bey (this was his name) was the very chief of all the robbers in the environs, that my assailants were his servants, and that the escort I took acted as spies in the whole affair. In Kurdistan, of course, such characters are not at all surprising. During the Crimean war Mehmed Bey had volunteered for Russia, and, in spite of his being a zealous Mohammedan, fought valiantly against the Sultan. After the war he was impudent enough to ask forgiveness, and the Turk, with unreasonable indulgence, put him as a governor at the head of a province where the sublime Porte ought to be continually on the alert against the machinations of an ever-intriguing foe.

And so we must not wonder at finding trade, agriculture, and everything laid waste in Armenia. The Christian aborigines, brought to the utmost misery, are scarcely able to maintain their existence. Their cattle is unsafe in the pastures; their grain must be concealed in underground magazines, and the wretched hut which they inhabit must be watched during the night by the young men of the family, who keep outside on the flat roof continual sentinels, whilst the wives and children enjoy their sleep inside the house. It was, therefore, not only the Persians, but myself, the pseudo-Turk, also, who felt relieved on approaching the Persian frontier, where, according to my fellow-travellers, security of roads is better preserved, where robbery is rare, and every outrage is most cruelly punished.

Although Turkey and Persia are the greatest Mohammedan countries in Asia, is it not strange to find no mark to indicate the line of frontier between them? On winding our way slowly up a hill, curiosity caused me to ask, "Which will be my first step in Iran, in that seat of ancient Asiatic civilisation?" The Persians round me answered, "You must notice, Effendi; the moment that your horse begins his downward pace, you have entered the Persian territory." "Well," said I to myself, "where are the signs of the work done by that European Commission which was sent out by England, France, and Russia to lay down the proper frontier line between the possessions of the two Mohammedan potentates? We know the work went on for years and years; more time still was required until the notes of survey were committed to paper. There is now a rumour that the map has been finished after fifteen years' labour; but of what use is it for Asia if in want of local designation Turks and Persians are ignorant as to the end and the beginning of their respective countries." In crossing the chimerical frontier, the first place we halted at in Persia was Ovadjik, the seat of the Hafiz Serhad (inspector of the frontier), an office filled by Khalifa Kuli Khan, a very coarse species of Iranian Turk, known as a capital bear-hunter, whom I found at the entrance of his house in the company of two big, stuffed specimens of these animals. True to my character of an Effendi, I approached the man with a certain degree of familiarity, thinking that as we were both Governmental officials, he would certainly respect the firmans of which I was the bearer. From his indifferent, nay, sour-looking countenance, I soon discovered that my suppositions were wrong, and that Effendis in Persia had to expect no attentions from the vulgar. An Effendi is always received with a sceptical smile in the country of Iran, as, according to the Shiite views of the Persians, no respect is due to those honoured by the

Sunite sect. Knowing this, I prudently withdrew and began to avail myself of the hospitality afforded to me by my Persian fellow-travellers. These men, naturally, were now enjoying all possible comfort. Whilst crossing Turkish Armenia, where the Khans (inns) are mostly kept by Christians, the Shiite must abstain from every kind of fresh food, as this can only be sold to him by Christians, and all that a Christian touches becomes *ipso facto* "nedjis" (or impure) and forbidden to the followers of Ali. Sometimes the Christian *bakal* (grocer) puts the victuals required by the Persians outside his shop, just as if they were without any owner; and the Persian, in order to avoid committing sin, takes them and leaves the money in their place. But this palliative is not generally used, and it is strange enough to see rich Persians tortured by hunger in the very midst of plenty.

From Ovadjik our way brought us over the small places Kara-iny and Tchuruk to the first Persian town of importance, named Khoi, which I found most beautifully situated in a richly-cultivated valley. And, I must say, that the first impression of this small town, fortified by a mud wall, was a very pleasant one. The way leads along a shady avenue of tall poplars. Quiet and lovely as the sight of the landscape is, you will find everything busy and noisy on entering the gates of Khoi. You come suddenly into the very midst of the bazaar; shops are thronged together; a busy humming crowd is barring your way, step by step, and just as you are beginning to enjoy the novelties around you, you enter the part inhabited by the copper-smiths, and you are bewildered with the deafening noise, and wonder how customers and shopkeepers can keep up a conversation amidst such a hubbub. Of course they speak by signs; but what is still more strange to the foreign eye is that in the very neighbourhood of this bazaar there are two or three public elementary schools, with open fronts, and pretty well frequented by the Persian youth of both sexes. All sit in the general Oriental way, close to each other, with the teacher at their head, who, with a long stick in his hand capable of reaching the hindmost, gives rudimentary lessons in reading the Koran, and in the first principles of the Shiite creed. It is impossible to distinguish the sound of the master and of his pupils, and one would believe that the latter only learn by closely watching the labial movements of their teacher. Curious schools! But we are now in our first true Oriental town, and the strikingly new features of life must not astonish us.

From the bazaar I passed to the caravanserai (and a snug one it was) to hire a cell for the couple of days we intended to remain in Khoi. The caravanserais of Persia, undoubtedly the finest in all Asia, consist generally of a quadrangular building of several storeys. On the ground there are the stables, and in the first floor the cells occupied by the travellers. Windows and doors are represented by one semicircular opening, generally with wooden shutters, so that if you wish to get sufficient light you must expose the interior of your room to publicity. But this does not embarrass an Oriental; he makes his toilette, he dines, sleeps in public, and from the centre of the caravanserai you are sure to see all the doings of the travellers. It was here that I first tried Persian food, which differs essentially from Turkish, and it is certainly worth while to describe the chief points of difference. There is a saying in the East, "The Arab eats till he is satiated; the Turk till he bursts." Fully admitting the truth of this proverb, I will only remark that it is also applicable when speaking of Turks and Persians.

The former is a hearty eater; he has a great variety of dishes, and after finishing his protracted meal he will stare at you with big eyes, just as if he would say, "Oh, help me, I cannot get up." The latter, on the contrary, is very frugal; his chief nourishment is rice, chopped meat, baked in fat or simply roasted, and bread. As for the bread, it is certainly the most primitive in kind ever used by man. The quickly kneaded paste is extended in thin and long paper-like sheets, baked in a few minutes, and eaten as quickly as made; for you must know, palatable as this bread is when fresh, it becomes bad and tough when only a few hours old. The Persian generally uses this bread, sometimes two yards in length, as a wrapper to his provisions. Often you will see it spread out also as a table-cloth, from which he tears off small pieces to accompany the meat or rice; and after having used the remainder to wipe his greasy fingers, he will next eat up the rest of his napkin, finishing with meal, tablecloth, and *serviette* altogether. All this is effected in the greatest haste, and it is no exaggeration to say that the Turk requires thrice as much time for his meal as the Persian.

Independent of the interest afforded to travellers in the observation of manners and customs in this first Persian town, Khoi has very little worthy of notice in her buildings and environs. From Khoi I continued my way in company with two Armenians, who were settled in Tabris, one of whom—just returned from London, where he had stayed several years—spoke English fluently, and was pretty well accustomed to Western life. Taking me for an Effendi of genuine origin, these Armenians were kind enough to give me the necessary advice with regard to my dealings with Persians; and they protected me against the insults of these people, for the further I penetrated into this Shiite country the greater became the vexations I was exposed to by my fanatical religious opponents. Here they refused me a shelter, there the necessary portion of victuals for the ready cash I offered, whilst in passing the villages I was sure that the feet I wore on my head would draw upon me a general hooting, and worse, a shower of stones from the boys in the streets. Persians of older age and graver countenance used to ask me, without any preamble on the subject, if I really did not believe that the first Khalifs were base usurpers, and that the glorious Ali had to undergo the greatest injustice in the world. It may be easily understood what a small interest a traveller, who arrives hungry, thirsty, and worn out at the station can take in discussing the question of the rights of succession of the first Khalifs. But the Persian is always ready to enter on this favourite topic of his. One thousand two hundred years have elapsed since the first party cry was uttered in Arabia, and it echoes as loudly even now in Persia, as if the election of Abu Bekr, Osman, and Omar had taken place yesterday. Much of this anti-Sunite zeal may be ascribed to the rare apparition of the Osmanlis on Iranian soil. Although neighbours of several hundred years standing, and cognate in nationality and religion, the ever lazy Turk is but rarely or never seen in Persia. This is not the case with the inhabitants of the last-named country. They, as the most enterprising men of the Mohammedan East, are to be met with in the most distant parts of the Ottoman empire as tobacco and shawl traders, as coffee-house keepers, and sometimes also as barbers. You will find Persians in Bucharest, Belgrade, Salonica, Ragusa, Tunis, Cairo, Djenda, Damascus, and so on, whilst the visits of the Turks to Persia are confined

to two or three official members of the Embassy, or to a few Bagdadi, to wit, Arab traders in Ispahan.

Owing to this circumstance, I was looked upon as a great curiosity amongst Persians, and had to undergo all trials caused by their Shiite fanaticism.

On my way to Tabris, I was most agreeably surprised on emerging from the mountainous road at the sight of the lake Urumia or Deryai Shah (the King's Sea), as the Persians call it.

Verdure and water are but rarely seen by travellers after leaving the Pontic Mountains. And the sudden appearance of the dark blue Persian lake, as viewed from the heights in the light of the rising sun, is certainly charming to the eye; accustomed to the yellowish naked mountains of the environs. I must admit, however, that the part of Persia I am speaking of—Azerbaijan, is the richest, being known as the "Granary of Iran." Approaching Tabris, the capital of the last-named province, I found this appellation in some way justified, although this famous city of mediæval Asia has not even ruins enough to be the witnesses of her past glory. Tabris was of a parti-

cularly great importance in the days when the Mongols held the country. Sultan Gazan Khan, the famous Djengizide, held here his splendid Court; savants flocked hither from all parts of Mohammedan Asia, and many a monument of science, by which even our present European culture benefits, has been worked out in the richly-endowed colleges of this town. Still greater was Tabris from the point of view of trade in olden times. It was certainly the chief emporium on the highway to India, China, and Central Asia; and it may surprise the reader to learn that the roads were safer in those turbulent days than at present, when the semi-civilised Asiatic governments, unable successfully to imitate European rule, have neglected or forgotten their own national régime.

My first impression of Tabris was, therefore, by no means an enlivening one, and the couple of days I spent in the Caravanseraï Omir would have become really tedious, if a few incidents had not have contributed to make my stay of some interest. It was here that I witnessed for the first time a Persian official parade. Muzaffar-eddin Mirza, the eldest son of the present reigning king, was to be declared Heir Presumptive of the crown; and the festivities connected with

it are worth mentioning. Muzaffar-eddin, although only nine years old, was already at the head of the province of Azerbaijan, as the governor, of course under the tutelage of a more experienced officer. A great many guests were invited for the day of the publication of the imperial proclamation conveying this decree of the Shah; and the large garden, where the ceremony was to take place, was crowded from early morning. Long ranks of queer-looking soldiers formed the lines of procession; I say queer-looking, because it had a comical effect to see these genuine Orientals in European uniform, some of them barefooted, and others clad in shoes or boots, and all



A PERSIAN IN OFFICIAL COSTUME.

wearing their clothes and accoutrements so loosely, and with an air of puzzled resignation. Not less amusing was the aspect of the high officials themselves; their semi-European and semi-Asiatic gala dress covered with embroidery and braid. Tunics and pantaloons are generally made so wide that two Persians could comfortably pack themselves in one garment. Their greatest abhorrence is evidently the collar, and out of twenty you will find only one whose coat is regularly buttoned. With this comical appearance the grave and serious bearing of the high employes forms a ludicrous contrast; and in spite of the Persians' belief that they are of all Asiatic people the best fitted for imposing celebrations, I soon convinced myself that the Osmanlis excel them in this respect. But we will give a

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VAMBÉRY IN HIS TRAVELLING DRESS.

short description of the ceremony itself. After the young prince had taken his place on a throne, raised upon a platform in the centre of the garden, a deafening cannonade announced the arrival of the messenger, who brought the firman of investiture from Teheran. The letter being handed over to the prince, he kissed it thrice, unfolded it, and gave it to a mollah opposite him, who read the royal decision with a loud voice. The reading being over, another salute was fired, and then a court poet stepped forward, and began to recite a *vasidah* (a sort of hymn) to the glorification of the new heir presumptive. In this product of Iranian poetry the prince found himself compared to a delicate rose, spreading its perfumes to distant countries; and to a radiant sun, who darts his scorching rays to the end of the earth. He was styled the precious gem of the Persian crown, and the terrible hero who strikes thousands of enemies with a single stroke of his sword; at the glance of whose eyes mountains tremble, and who is able to dry up rivers—nay, oceans—with the fire of his wrath. Poor child! could he have understood the metaphors applied to him, he would certainly have been afraid of his own greatness. The poem finished, all the grantees thronged themselves round the young prince, to give vent to their flatteries, in expressions not less hyperbolic than those of this high-flown poem. And after every man of rank had done his oratorical duty, large trays of sweetmeats composed of sugar were presented to the spectators and guests. In a few minutes all was consumed, and the feast being at an end, the garden was cleared with loud cries—nay, by the palpable admonitions of sticks—of guests and spectators.

In my observations regarding the manners and customs of the Persians, I must say that the sojourn of a few weeks sufficed to convince me of the error into which Europeans generally fall in believing that the Shiites are the Protestants of Islam. There is not the shadow of a truth in that assertion; they are certainly more fanatic than the Sunite Turks, and have no claim to any reformed or refined religious feeling. In the caravanserai I inhabited there was, as usual, in the centre of the court a large basin, filled by one of the underground water-pipes, the water of which, however, had a small outlet, and was used throughout the day for all possible purposes. Here we saw a man washing his linen, there another bathing his child; a third one cleaning a sheepskin in it; and a fourth would be seen kneeling down patiently to quench his thirst with that green-looking abominable fluid. When asked about this dirty habit, the Persian tried to explain to me that water, if sixty pints in quantity is, according to religion, blind—that is, inaccessible to pollution and dirt. Notwithstanding the evidence of his senses, the Shiite adheres to this belief; this very Shiite, who thinks himself impure if the end of his dress touches by accident a European. Not less striking in the way of fanaticism was the dervish, who, mounted on fine and richly-harnessed horses, used to ride around the city and through the bazaars, crying continually, "Ya Ali! ya Ali!" This man, in order to prove the right claims of Ali, made a vow in his earlier youth, not to utter another word all his life long, except "Ya Ali! ya Ali!" When I saw him, he had kept his vow already twenty-five years; not speaking even in the circle of his family another word. Publicly he used to cry with all the power of his lungs, "Ya Ali! ya Ali!" for several hours in the day; and as walking would have tired him too soon, the rich men of the town used to lend him their horses, which were

returned by the holy man, after the usual ride, with no other thanks than, "Ya Ali! ya Ali!"

Of the same kind were my experiences on my way from Tabris to Teheran, a journey usually made in a fortnight; which I travelled quite alone, having hired a mule in Tabris, with the promise to give it back to its owner in Teheran. Seated on my knapsack, and exposed all the day to the scorching sun of July, how I longed for a quiet moment, when retired in the evening in the cool corner of a caravanserai, or a private house. But Shiite fanaticism would not allow me that. Almost everywhere and every evening I found myself assailed by a Seid (soi-disant descendant of Mohammed)—a numerous body in Persia—who, to vindicate the right of his ancestors, began to treat me to the most loathsome epithets for the injustice my Sunite forefathers committed, as he said, to the family of Ali. A few pieces of sugar, a spoonful of tea, or sometimes a few pence, would contribute to mitigate the religious animosity, and the assailant would withdraw, soothed by trifles, in his fierce religious fervour. But others were not so easily satisfied. They would cry, "You wretch of a Sunite, you ought to pay me the duty your fathers neglected to pay to my ancestors." And, in spite of the amusing part of the controversy, I became thoroughly weary of these continual annoyances, and sometimes gave away what I could from my scanty purse, for the sake of being able to enjoy a quiet evening. To a genuine Sunite these invectives would have been bearable; the feeling of religious steadiness would have given him the necessary fortitude; but to a European philologist in disguise, who never cared very much either about Ali, Osman, Abu Bekr, or Omar, the trial was much heavier, and sometimes I really regretted having assumed the character of a Sunite amongst the intolerant Persians.

Thus, contending with the heat of the sun, and with the fire of fanaticism, I reached Teheran, the present capital of Iran, the praises of which I heard all the way along; but the miserable and wretched aspect of the Persian metropolis confirms one in the conclusion that all is a sham and a delusion in the old classic Iran. Instead of lofty palaces, architectural monuments, and gold-covered spires, your eye meets only miserable mud huts. Beware of your steps, for great holes in the street threaten you and your horse with a fall every moment. The traveller, who discovers in Constantinople so many features to which our European eye hardly gets accustomed, will find in Teheran so much more to shock him. On the Bosphorus the fine site, the pleasant climate, and the picturesque-looking disorder will make you overlook Oriental inconveniences; in Teheran there is nothing to compensate. The air is sultry and unhealthy—nay, dangerous—during the summer; and natives as well as foreigners shun the town for three months of the year. And how different is society in the two Eastern capitals! Above all we miss the cleanliness of the Turks in Constantinople. The Osmanli bestows the greatest care upon the interior of his house, upon his linen, upon his garments, and also upon his kitchen. The Persian, on the contrary, delights in exterior pomp; and while his outer garments are sometimes laden with jewels of every description, his dirty linen is sure to harbour dozens of abominable guests, and soap, as well as towels, are objects of luxury rarely to be met with. The same may be observed with regard to the ladies. The *hanim* (lady) on the Bosphorus, although wrapped up in her *feradje* (cloak), and covered by the *yashmak*

(veil), is still comfortable in her appearance. The glittering white under-dress peeping from underneath the cloak, her clean, yellow slippers, and other *objets de toilette*, cannot fail to show that even the poorest woman is careful in her dress. In Persia the frequent use of a dye called henna, by which the ladies disfigure their hands and faces, the large stockings, or pantaloons, as they may be called, which reach from toes to breast, and the dark blue blanket, which they throw upon themselves when leaving the house, give you a very sad impression of the Iranian beauties, otherwise so famous in Eastern poetry. Not less striking is the difference in the character of the high-life society of either metropolis. The effendis and dashaws are, in spite of all injustices they have had to endure from their sovereign, deeply loyal in feeling; whilst the Persian, although the Shah may heap upon him all possible bounties, will be always ready to repay with infidelity; and to scandalise his master is regarded as a special pleasure. It is true the innate sparkling wit and the ingenuity of the Persians place them high above the Turks; but these latter have always shown an eminent sense of righteousness and an unshakable love of truth. Similar, also, are the impressions which strike the foreigner in Teheran, when comparing the results of Western influence upon the two respective societies. The Persian has profited only by some outward features of European life, and subjects of serious contemplation have always remained foreign to him. The Turk, on the contrary, has long ago begun to study chemistry, mathematics, and many other branches of European science, and is really desirous to progress on the new way of civilisation. As a guest, nay, as a semi-official member of the Turkish Embassy, I was easily admitted into the so-called "better class" society of the Persian capital. A short insight into their doings was enough to convince me that all is foul there; and it was with an easy heart that I left the seat of the government on the 1st September on my way to Shiraz. This trip was necessary, in order to inure me to the rôle of a dervish, as a longer stay under the hospitable roof of the Turkish Embassy would have become certainly detrimental to the adventurous schemes I had before me.

MY TRIP TO SOUTH PERSIA.

Mounted on a small but stout and sturdy donkey, and dressed in the attire of a Bagdad Sunite, which consists of a long *aba*, made of camels' hair, and the picturesque silk coiffure called *kafya*, I trotted on quite alone and merrily, along the often-described route to the city of Ispahan, with the intention not to stop on my journey until I reached the shores of the Persian Gulf. It was only at the first station, called Kandarehghird, that I met with, and joined a small caravan, composed of a few traders, a few pilgrims returning from Meshed, and the never-failing Seiks and *rouzahkhan*s, or actors in the Shiite passion-play. The last-named members of our party were the first who entered into conversation with me, not through sympathy, as I found it, but in order to pump me, my character being a perfect puzzle to these enraged fanatics. For my own part, it was not want of security which induced me to enter into this society, but the study of this sect was my great delight; and, in spite of their continual torments, the days spent with them will ever remain fresh in my memory. The Seid, a long, thin, and emaciated-looking fellow, never omitted to spit, and betray a great disgust, whenever he had to pronounce the names of the three first Khalifs

and other Sunite notorieties. Anxious to show me his great aversion to the heroes of my supposed creed, he showed me his slippers, where I saw inscribed on the soles, in big letters, "Omar." "I like to have that abominable fellow continually under my feet; he is the best fitted for mud and dirt," said the Seid. The rouzahkhan did not betray less intolerance. He always rode by, to touch me, singing songs of the most opprobrious language against Sunism; his great enemies were Abdulkadir Gilani, Ebuhanifah, and the Effendis of Constantinople. Strange to say, a few ladies in our society were still more vehement in their manifestation of hatred. Considering that I was surrounded on all sides by such enemies, I must say that it was only owing to the great cowardice of the Persians that I moved in full security amongst them. They knew that I had been the guest of the Turkish Embassy in Teheran. Nobody ventured, therefore, to touch me bodily; in the course of a few days they got tired of their continual attacks, and I was only molested at the resting-places, when dinner was over and travellers liked to have their joke.

On the way to South Persia the traveller cannot fail to note that trade must have greatly flourished here during past centuries, before steamers from India could cross round Arabia to Egypt, or round Africa to Europe. A large part of the rich products of the East Indies took their way across Iran, Armenia, Turkey, and Russia, to Europe, but nowadays inland and local trade only enliven that famous highway, and certainly more than half the travellers are devout pilgrims, who wander to tombs of the various saints of the country. What the trip to the Continent is to the Englishman, such is a pilgrimage to the Shiite Persian. He works and suffers, that his savings may be spent at one of those places. You will meet him with wife and children, grandfather and grandmother; in short, all the family is annually a few weeks on the tramp. Even the dead are pilgrims, as I noticed to my great disgust. It was on the second night, when the caravan, avoiding the tropical heat of the day, and passing quietly across that part of the Iranian desert (Dashti Kuvir) which stretches deep into the interior of the cultivated land, that I was suddenly aroused from a quiet doze by a most offensive smell. I had no time to ask the cause of this insupportable stench. My companions, driving their animals as fast as possible, said, in a loud voice, "Make haste! make haste!" and in doing my best to follow in their track, I discovered, at a short distance, a pretty long string of mules, laden with long, thin boxes, two on each side; the leaders, keeping apart from their beasts, having the disagreeable duty of directing the whole string by throwing stones or by uttering hollow and dismal sounds from their closely-wrapped mouths. This was the so-called death caravan; each thin case, covered with felt, contained the corpse of some pious Shiite. Fat or lean, it must be compressed into the size required for portability. A large trade is carried on in this mournful business. Undertakers, mostly Bagdadi, have their agents in all parts of Iran. And, although the dead are consigned to these latter a few days after their decease, the cargo is kept, from the mercantile necessities of the case, several weeks, nay, several months, until a sufficient quantity is collected to start a caravan. Decomposition proceeds but slowly in climates like that of Iran, but, nevertheless, the exhalation from these departed saints is something frightful; and though, for my own part, I was nearly fainting, the Persians, although certainly not less inconvenienced, abstained from

showing their disgust. The pious Shiite, even in putrefaction, smells to him like attar of roses. But still the hypocrites hurried as fast as they could past these sanctified perfumes, whilst I stopped a good while in the distance, gazing upon the dismal convoy. The pale light of the moon heightened the squalor of the faces of the mule-drivers, and gave to the whole scene an unspeakably sad expression. In speaking of personal adventure on my way to South Persia, I have to mention particularly one evening when our caravan, frightened by false rumours about robbers, made the resolution to have a passion-play, in order to divert by this pious act the threatening danger. However safe they may be, Persians must have their robber panics. There are certain spots on the road of historic renown for the attacks of bandits. Decades and centuries have passed since any harm happened to travellers at those spots, but still you will hear from so-called eye-witnesses that yesterday dozens have been killed. The narrator speaks to you of mutilated bodies, of the amputated hands, legs, noses, and ears he saw himself; of whole pools of reeking blood, so that I did not wonder, when arriving at one of these ominous places, to see the Persians looking with excited fancy on shrubs and stones as if they were so many well-mounted and fiercely-armed robbers lying in wait for their possessions or their lives. But let us return to our passion-play.

It had to be performed in the *caravanserai*, which sheltered the party. A square platform in the centre was soon transformed into a stage, carpets were spread upon it, and the *rousahkhan*, as well as other zealous descendants of Mohammed, had scarcely taken their positions upon it, and begun to recite the usual elegies, when the whole company burst out sobbing, crying, and weeping, so as to make the inexperienced spectator believe that the faithful believers were moved to the very depth of their souls. Of course all this is only conventional, Persians transacting ordinary business amidst these seemingly heartrending lamentations. Having witnessed frequently this spectacle, I gazed, as usual, upon my neighbours, when suddenly the *rousahkhan* raised his voice with the cries, "Ya Ali! ya Hasan! ya Husein!" beating, in the meantime, with doubled fists, his naked breast. Upon this, all the company fell to. The breast-beating went on with admirable unison, just like the galloping of a whole regiment of cavalry. The stronger the beating, the greater is the merit of the religious act; and as everybody watched closely his neighbour, I was not at all surprised to see a man rushing straight upon me, and crying, "Look! this Sunite dog does not like to beat his breast for the sake of our martyrs! I will assist him." Upon this, he really struck me once with all his power. I nearly fainted, and if he had repeated it, goodness knows what might have been the consequences. However, I am happy to say a charitable neighbour of mine prevented my assailant from continuing this unasked-for assistance, and from that time forth I always shunned Shiite passion-plays while staying in the country.

I need scarcely say that these religious precautions were entirely superfluous; our caravan moved forward in the greatest security. I had afterwards occasion to stop a few days at Kun, a holy Persian town, the resting-place of a Shiite saint, generally called Maasumah (the chaste), a sister of Imam Rizah, who died here, when on her way from Bagdad to Meshed. Madame la Sainte is in great favour with the Persian ladies, who flock from all parts of the kingdom to her tomb; and the

large cemeteries outside the town are the last resting-places of deceased *hamins* brought from the most remote towns and villages. The dead devotees are expected to find salvation by being interred in her neighbourhood; the living pray her for children, and to bring their husbands back to them, in cases where they believe them to have been unfaithful. I was the first European who had ever entered the interior of the mausoleum; and the valuable jewels, the rich gold and silver vessels, and particularly the costly feminine ornaments, which are deposited there by devoted pilgrims, indeed surprised me. Pomp, luxury, and riches being the only objects sought after by the Iranian of the present day, he presumes a similar propensity in his saints, and jewels and other valuable things are therefore laid down on their shrines. The interior of the building I found overcharged with decorations in arabesques, glazed tiles, mirrors, and heavily gilt flowers. The walls are covered with hundreds of prisms, *relieus*, and other architectural ornaments, which contribute to the splendour but not to the beauty of the whole. The coffin, of pure massive silver, is but rarely laid bare, and the thick silver lattice which surrounds it retains its original polish and cleanliness by the continual kisses and touches of the devoted pilgrims. Here you find some one fervently reading his prayers; others, unable to do that, have hired a *khodja*, who reads for them, whilst they eagerly follow the words proffered by him. All are moved to tears, nay, to the greatest despondency; and still the deafening confusion and noise leave the stranger without any impression of religious solemnity. That the greatest benefit results from this kind of piety to the officiating priests needs scarcely to be mentioned, the payments being monstrous, and exacted on all possible excuses. The pilgrim must pay a considerable sum before entering; he pays before and after the prayer; he pays when leaving the sanctuary; and ultimately he must pay when bidding his adieu to the town.

After Kun, the second town worthy of consideration on your way to South Persia, is Kāshān, a place famous in all Mohammedan Asia for a kind of glazed tiles, which have been and are also nowadays, manufactured here and exported to the remotest parts. During the Middle Ages these glazed tiles, called *kdshi*, were used in the fine buildings of Herat, Samarcand, Urgheñj, and Bokhara, as well as of Bagdad, Damascus, and other towns of Western Asia. Their bright shining colour has retained, after centuries of exposure, the original hue; but now this artistic industry has almost entirely vanished, and the decaying remnants of bygone art are shown only in clay vessels made by the potters for common use; but even these are highly esteemed all over Persia. The caste clings so fondly to the past that the fame of antiquity is kept up almost in every way and in everything. Kāshān having had formerly, besides the glazed tiles, the reputation also of clever medical men, the quack vendors of to-day are anxious to bask themselves in the sun of the glory of their colleagues of antiquity. I called upon one of these Esculapii, a Jew by persuasion; and I found his garrulity vastly amusing, especially when he extolled the theories of Aristotle, Hippocrates, and Galenus above the lore of modern doctors, who, he said, had taken by storm the Ottoman Empire, and were intruding also, to his great disgust, on the soil of Persia. In his opinion the East had been too much overwhelmed by the civilisation of Europe; he would only add that speculations as to the future were always contrary to his taste, and his only consolation rested in the dreams of the past.

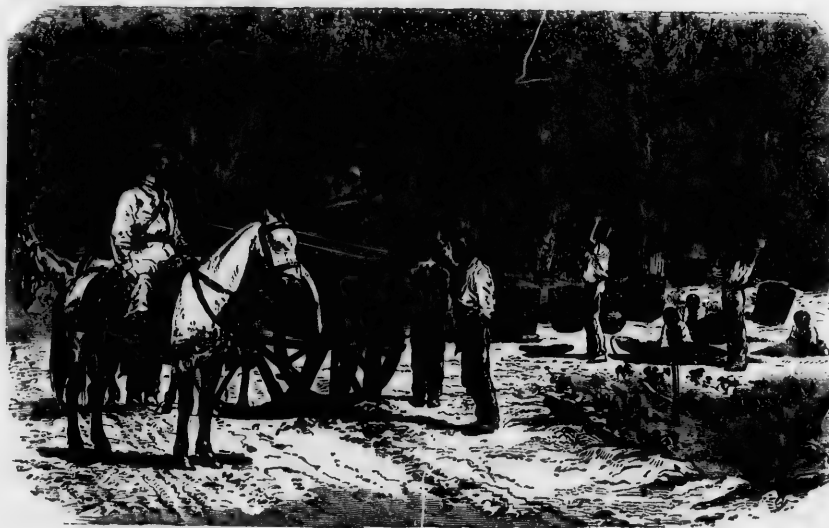
Rio de Janeiro and the Organ Mountains.—III.

BY THOMAS W. HINCHLIFF, M.A., F.R.G.S.

FIREWORKS.

THE inhabitants of Petropolis, like most of the South Americans, have an almost childish love of fireworks and fire-balloons of every description, and produce them on every possible pretence. A succession of rockets announces a theatrical performance or a service of the Church with admirable impartiality; and as each of them bursts with two very loud detonations, giving out two small white clouds of smoke against the blue sky, they can be seen and heard from a great distance. Firing Chinese crackers and maroons is the

and the procession wound up with the general public singing at intervals as they marched along. A poor lame old negro, with cranked back and hat in hand, followed at a humble distance, and looked perhaps the most seriously in earnest of the whole party. St Peter and St. Paul were honoured by two large fire-balloons in addition to a brilliant display of rockets: the inflated representative of one of the saints was carried by the north wind high over the hill in the direction of Rio, but the other caught fire and was very near doing great mischief, by falling into a crowded part of the town. The feast of St. John,



COFFEE JATHERING.

constant amusement of the little boys, both black and white; while on such a festival as that of Corpus Dei, St. John, or St. Peter and St. Paul, the firework mania seems to take possession of everybody alike. There was a very pretty procession of the Corpus Dei on the 8th of June. Showers of rockets announced its starting from the church, and soon afterwards it filed slowly past our windows, headed by a party of boys and men who fired rockets at every ten or twelve paces by the simple process of holding them in one hand between the finger and thumb, and lighting them with the cigars which all of them smoked as they walked along. Then followed a number of the principal citizens in red and black robes, and carrying banners, and behind them was a double row of girls in white dresses, many with veils and wreaths of white flowers, and bouquets to be placed on the altar. Next came the boys and young men, followed by the Host borne by a priest under a grand canopy; immediately behind him was a band of music,

however, is the occasion when everybody who has any rubbish to burn makes a bonfire in front of his door, and the result was that the streets seemed in a blaze, to the intense delight of the inhabitants. On the 11th of June came the anniversary of the capture of Humaitá, in Paraguay; and as it chanced that there were that day in Petropolis two of the men who had helped to take the forts on that occasion, it was resolved by their fellow-citizens to honour the warriors with a grand celebration of fire. Picking our way among a merry crowd, we found that opposite to the Braganza Hotel the local artists had set up the rude model of a ship on a stout post facing another structure intended to represent the side of a fort. Both of these were stuffed with maroons and Roman candles; and at a given signal they blazed away at one another amidst tremendous cheering from the spectators, who did not seem at all to care for the fact that, as the line of fire was straight up and down the street, any missile not

reaching its proper destination was very likely to take effect among themselves. In the middle of this fire, moreover, I and a captain in the American navy found ourselves standing close to a man who had a large bundle of rockets just by our ears, without even a handkerchief to protect them, in an atmosphere which consisted almost entirely of sparks. We preferred retiring a little till the action was over.

PADRE CORREA.

Padre Correa is a very interesting place, situated at the junction of the old and new Minas Roads with the Piabanha River. Many years ago it was a favourite resort of the Emperor Pedro I., who delighted to exchange the political duties and blazing heat of Rio for the smooth pursuits of pleasure in this comparatively cool retreat. The large old house which used to have the honour of sheltering him is still occupied by the principal landed proprietor in the neighbourhood, and numerous specimens of his taste in planting may be seen on the surrounding hill-sides. Near the house is a plantation of castor-oil trees, and the finest *Bougainvillea* that I have ever seen spreads out its masses of mauve-coloured festoons. There is a small chapel at the other end of the house, in which, during the good old times of the first emperor and his companions, many an act of penitence was doubtless required to atone for deeds of revelry. One of the peons offered to show it to us as a curiosity, chiefly remarkable for a large recess in which the visit of the Magi is represented in coloured figures, such as may be seen on the Monte Sacro, in North Italy, or in the valley of Saas. The most remarkable characters from different periods of Scripture history are here discovered in a winding procession, accompanied by some of the most grotesque animals from various parts of the world. Passing through the courtyard of the house, a rough and neglected road, marked by a row of araucarias, leads in a quarter of an hour to a delicious spot, dignified by the name of the Emperor's Bath. The sparkling stream tumbling over an irregular bed makes a large deep pool among the rocks which, with clean dry sand up to its edge on one side, offers the alternative of a header or the more ignominious walk into a branch of the Piabanha. The usual variety of palms and ferns and trees coming down to the margin afforded good picnic grounds on the bank; there was plenty of clear water to mix with the wine: and as we smoked the subsequent pipe of tranquillity we amused ourselves by watching the movements of the bright-eyed, active lizards, which were running about the sunshiny rocks in a state of great excitement, and apparently resenting our intrusion upon their secluded haunts.

The opening of the Pedro II. Railway to its intersection with the great road at Entrerios has tapped the stream of mule-traffic which till lately poured continually from the interior down to Rio Janeiro with the coffee, cotton, and minerals of Minas Geraes; and most of the long trains of wagons are now stopped at Entrerios, where their contents are transferred to the railway luggage-trains. But some few years since Correa was a very busy place, with huge establishments for mules; and was particularly famous for shoeing them. The gigantic fig-tree in front of the house, spreading its battered and falling limbs around, is now in strict unison with the long, tumble-down, and deserted ranchos by the side of it, and is equally suggestive of departed glory. This place, however, being the first stage from Petropolis, the establishment of mules for working the coaches is still kept up. The convenience, moreover, of its situation

makes it a favourite place for breaking-in new mules, a very curious process, to which we were one day introduced. When this magnificent road was being made, some fifteen years ago, from Petropolis to Juiz da Fora, in the province of Minas, a distance of 100 miles through the heart of the coffee districts, and communicating with the mines of the interior, the intelligent directors of the Union and Industry Company determined that it should in every way be as perfect as possible. And they have so thoroughly succeeded that I have little hesitation in saying that nowhere in the world is there such an admirable road, and nowhere such a lively specimen of coaching as is to be enjoyed there every day in the year.

They were fortunate enough, in the first place, to secure in England the services of Mr. Morritt, one of those sons of Yorkshire who seem sent into this world with an instinctive knowledge of horses and everything connected with them; and by his firmness, energy, and skill in organisation, he soon put everything in working order. English coaches, exactly like those which used to carry Her Majesty's mails, were placed upon the road, and an immense number of mules were bought and trained for the service. For some time these animals gave an amazing amount of trouble, and numberless accidents were the result. When I travelled over the road in its early days, it was evident that anyone at all troubled with nervousness would naturally find the pleasure of the journey tempered by the constant apprehension of sudden death. In addition to the proverbial obstinacy of mules in general, those of the Company had the disadvantages as well as the advantages belonging to high breeding and abundant food. Skittish and excitable in a high degree, they offered a task of no small difficulty to those who had to harness and start them; and German strength, patience, and determination have in this, as in many other matters, had a large share in the ultimate triumph. The three principal drivers were German brothers—fine powerful fellows—who have faithfully served the Company almost from the period when the road was opened, and all the animals between Petropolis and Juiz da Fora have been made to acknowledge their master hands. It used to be a very common sight, on preparing to start from a station, to see the whole team absolutely refuse to march, after being fastened into their harness by sheer force and numbers of men: I have seen the wheelers go down on their haunches in the middle of the dusty road, while the leaders, smarting under tremendous blows from the German whip, kicked out right and left, and tried in vain to get rid of the dark-skinned ostlers who held on to their heads. Then they tried to upset us in the river, whose steep bank was close on our right hand, a catastrophe which was only prevented by a more than usually vigorous application of the whip; and failing this, they made a rush at the rocky bank on the other side of the road; but it was all in vain. The whip kept descending, first on one side and then on the other, while the darkeys held on to their heads "like grim death," till the team surrendered; the wheelers jumped up on their legs, and the leaders darted straight forwards, amid the cheers of the passengers and of the ostlers, who rushed out of their way. The coach swayed rather heavily two or three times, and then we were fairly off at a hand-gallop, which was kept up for a stage of eight or ten miles. Nothing can exceed the pluck of these really beautiful little animals, which are scarcely more than half the size of the great mules which are seen in the south of Europe. To start them is the difficulty. *Ce n'est que*

le premier pas qui coûte. Once off, they go with all their hearts, seeming absolutely to enjoy the delight of letting people see what they can do without the slightest appearance of an effort, and they never flinch for a second from their work unless startled from their propriety by a red waistcoat or some roadside object which they seem to regard as a ghastly phantom. They think nothing of twelve miles an hour, however hot it may be: I have timed a good ten-mile stage in three-quarters of an hour, and on another occasion one of the German brothers drove us over a short stage of six miles in twenty minutes, or at the rate of *eighteen miles an hour*. However fast they may go, I have never seen them look at all distressed; as they are unharnessed they will toss up their heads with a satisfied expression, as though they would say, "Well, what do you think of that?"

Their first introduction to official life must be admitted to be very brusque, and unpleasantly violent; and considering its nature, I can only feel surprised at its proving so successful. Mr. Morritt, whose kindness was always suggesting something for our information or amusement, one day offered to drive us down to Correa, as he wanted to inspect a new troop of inules, just purchased for the Company, and brought down from the interior of the country. The morning was brilliant, and we had a very enjoyable drive along the now well-known road to Correa, the Piabanha by our side, now rushing and foaming amongst the rocks, and then hiding itself again in the dark shades of the forest, over which the summits of Itamarity looked down calmly out of the deep blue sky. Our mules were taken out and put in the rancho which did duty as a stable; the carriage, with materials for luncheon, was left on a grassy spot under a group of trees by the riverside, and we walked to the neighbouring scene of operations. There was a *corral*, or enclosure, of about thirty or forty yards in diameter, fenced in with posts and rails high enough to be impracticable for the boldest leaper, and strong enough to resist a charge. The men of the place had gone out to bring up the troop of novices, and presently we stood aside behind the open gate of the *corral* to see their arrival. It would be impossible to keep these wild creatures together, or to drive them in any given direction, if it were not for the device of employing a *madrina*, or bell-mare, with whom they have been brought up in the wilds, and whom they are accustomed to follow everywhere, like bees in search of their queen. The old mare, after a slight look of suspicion, entered the corral, the twenty or thirty mules following without hesitation. Then the gate was closed, and Mr. Morritt proceeded to take a general observation of the new arrivals, in company with one of the stalwart Germans and an equally powerful Portuguese. He determined to operate on a couple of good-looking, dun-coloured mules, whom they contrived to isolate from the rest by walking very quietly among the troop. Then the gate was thrown open again, and the mare driven out with all the mules except the two, who, in spite of sundry plunges, found themselves prisoners in a corner. It was amusing to see their look of astonishment as they found themselves alone for the first time in their lives, the observed of all observers. But they had not much time for quiet consideration of the new position. The Portuguese, with his lasso ready, advanced into the middle of the enclosure, walking quietly towards one of the victims, which made a wild rush to the right; whizz went the lasso, but with no effect beyond that of startling the mule into frenzy; but the second attempt was successful, and he fell to the ground heavily, with

the fatal noose embracing his neck and fore-leg. Three men going up to him contrived to get the leg clear, and then, holding the other end of the lasso firmly, they let him jump to his feet again and do his worst. He kicked, and plunged, and struggled like an eel just landed on the grass, but all his efforts were useless against the tremendous strength of his new masters, who slowly, but irresistibly, dragged him up to a post near the gate, and made him fast, with his head close up to it. They took breath for a moment, while I could not help pitying the poor beast, who had never before felt the touch of man, and was now struggling in a paroxysm of rage and terror.

As they approached him again he flung himself on the ground, kicking furiously; but, contriving to avoid his heels, they forced him up by a great effort, and jammed his head so close to the post that he could not get down again. One of them, by a quick and clever movement, managed to blindfold him, so as to prevent him from seeing where to strike with his eager teeth; then another man, holding a bit just in front of his nose, waited till he opened his mouth, and seized the opportunity of forcing it in, while the other two fastened the rest of the head-gear and harness, in spite of all his maddest struggles. Then he was untied and dragged by sheer strength to another post outside the gate, where he again contrived to throw himself on the ground, rolling, kicking, and plunging, till at last he lay perfectly still, and I for one fancied he was really dying. Mr. Morritt, however, said he was only shamming; and meanwhile the second mule was lassoed and harnessed in the same way as the first, but he did not make half so much of a fight of it, probably on account of his having seen the uselessness of his unfortunate companion's endeavours. The part of the proceedings which most astonished me was, however, yet to come. An empty coach stood ready, and the two victims were, after another protracted battle, forced into their places as wheelers, where the next moment one was again in his favourite position on the ground, and the other stamping upon him, both appearing to be mad with rage and humiliation. The German and the Portuguese jumped to the seat and held the powerful reins between them, while some other assistants brought up a pair of thoroughly-tamed mules, who allowed themselves to be put on as leaders without taking the least notice of the novices' vagaries. A crack of the whip, and they moved forward, dragging one of the wheelers a little way along the ground; not liking this, he scrambled to his feet, to find that he must go somehow or other; and in another second the whole team went off at a gallop, amidst the shouts of the party. The double coachman-power kept them in order, and after about half an hour's furious driving they were brought back, foaming, bleeding, and subdued to such an extent that in a few days afterwards they took their regular turn in the passenger coach! I had seen many wonderful things done with wild horses for riding purposes in the Pampas, but I never should have thought it possible to catch two wild mules, and to have them galloping along in full harness within an hour of their first capture.

ANCIENT EFFECTS OF ICE.

It was on this part of the road that Professor Agassiz was enabled to convince himself of the geological system of the country, by finding abundant evidence of its having been covered by drift with boulders, which are now, however, very unevenly distributed, in consequence of denudations. Some-

times it lies in the form of hills, at others it is but a crust lying upon the rocks, and in many steep places the masses of rock have been washed entirely clean. Near Petropolis the Pia-banha has cut its way through this drift, and in front of the station of Correa it may be seen, with large boulders interspersed through the mass overlying the rock *in situ*. The road is in many places cut through beds of it, the sections showing that it is composed of a homogeneous paste, without trace of stratification, containing loose materials of all sorts and sizes imbedded without reference to weight—large boulders, smaller stones, pebbles, and the like. One peculiarity of it

The appearance of many of these roadside sections of the drift is singularly deceptive: anyone passing by might naturally imagine that the high and steeply-sloping banks by his side had been cut through stone, so smooth and uniform do they seem. We soon found, however, that they consist of hardened paste in which it is very easy to punch a hole. Closer observation showed us many places in which footsteps had been cut slantingly upwards along the surface exactly in the same fashion as we have often seen them cut in hard slopes of ice among the glories of the High Alps. The peasants make use of them as short cuts to get at grassy patches not otherwise to be reached



FAZENDA HOUSE IN BRAZIL.

is that, owing to atmospheric influence, whenever a section of it is made it soon becomes baked on the surface, so as to have such a resemblance to stone that it is a matter of difficulty to distinguish it from the surfaces of the decomposed rock *in situ*. Agassiz remarked that in this region the drift may be followed everywhere by observing the prosperous coffee-plantations. "Here," he says, "as everywhere, ice has been the great fertiliser—a gigantic plough grinding the rocks to powder, and making a homogeneous soil, in which the greatest variety of chemical elements is brought together from distant localities. So far as we have followed these phenomena in the provinces of Rio and Minas Geraes, the thriving coffee-plantations are upon erratic drift, the poorer growth on decomposed rock in place. Upon remarking this, we were told that the farmers who are familiar with the soil select that in which they find imbedded rocks, because it is the most fertile. They unconsciously seek the erratic drift."

except by a circuitous route; and we sometimes found them invaluable in enabling us to harvest a handful of beautiful orchids, whose gay flowers had attracted our admiration from below. I remember one occasion in particular, when, as I struggled up one of these staircases, carefully picking out and improving the footsteps with the point of my umbrella, I could not help mentally comparing and contrasting the scramble over hot tropical clay and the lovely orchids at the top of it with the somewhat similar process over shining ice to the last frozen rocks of Monte Rosa. The surface of these slopes is sometimes so firm and continuous that for a considerable distance no plants exist upon them; but every crack and irregularity is soon seized upon as a habitation for some wandering seed or spore; and the silver ferns especially are never seen to greater advantage than when, by having fastened themselves at a moderate height above the ground, they show off to perfection the whiteness upon the under side of their curving fronds.



DYAKS BUILDING A HOUSE.

A Visit to Borneo.—I.

BY A. M. CAMERON.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS—SAIL FROM SINGAPORE FOR BORNEO—A MALAY CREW—SMALL ISLANDS—FIRST SIGHT OF BORNEO—THE SARAWAK RIVER—SCENERY ON ITS BANKS—CAST ANCHOR—VARIOUS KINDS OF CRAFT—MALAY AND CHINESE PORTIONS OF THE TOWN—GOVERNMENT HOUSE—FORT—MISSION-HOUSE AND CHURCH—BORNEO COMPANY'S OFFICES—LICENSED GAMBLING-HOUSES—THE SARAWAK STATE—HOW FOUNDED—THE POPULAR ADMINISTRATION—A LESSON TO INDIA—TROOPS—NAVY—TAXES—FOREIGN POPULATION—MALAYS—MALAY NOBILITY—FANATICISM—MORALITY—WEDDING—MALAY PLOTS—THE MALAY LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

ALTHOUGH this is peculiarly an age of commercial activity and geographical enterprise, the East Indian Archipelago, one of the richest and most considerable portions of the globe, remains hardly known and (much of it) unexplored. This group of large islands stretching away from the south-east corner of Asia, between the Indian and Pacific Oceans, as far as Australia and New Zealand, may be viewed in the light of a continent. Australia alone has been called a continent; much more, then, the entire immense group of which Australia is but the southern extremity. There are several islands which rank only next to Australia in size. Borneo is reckoned the second largest island in the world. Papua, or New Guinea, is supposed to be as large as Borneo, if not larger. The island of Sumatra is upwards of a thousand miles in length. Java, Celebes, and Luzon are only inferior to Sumatra in size.

Besides these islands, empires as we may call them, there are numerous islands of a very considerable size, as large as Ceylon, if not larger, and thousands of minute islands which, notwithstanding their smallness, are yet extremely productive and rich in spices and mineral ores.

Except in Java, where cultivation has made considerable progress, the general physical aspect of the country may be described as one vast primeval forest, broken only here and there along the banks of streams with patches of cultivation. Mountain ranges and hills intersect the surface in every direction, sometimes rising to a considerable elevation, as in the instance of the Kina Balu Mountain in Borneo, which is reckoned to be 15,000 feet above the level of the sea. Volcanoes—and some of them are the most dangerous and active volcanoes in the world—abound. There is a chain of them extending for some thousands of miles from the north-east of the group in the Philippine Isles right up to the Bay of Bengal, north of Sumatra. An eruption of one of these, which happened during the early part of this century, is stated to have been so full of disaster that thousands of villages were destroyed. The inhabitants of the neighbouring parts thought that the last day had arrived. The eruption, accompanied by severe shocks of earthquake, lasted over several months, and ashes were found to have fallen upwards of a thousand miles

from the scene of the disturbance. Lakes have not yet been discovered, though some are supposed to exist in the interior of Borneo. The sea-coasts are bold and rugged, and harbours of the largest size may be found in every direction. The word *Labuan* in Malay means simply "a harbour," and there are numerous other *Labuans* than the one which we hold possession of. Rivers flow in every direction to the sea, and some of them are of great size. One in Borneo has been found three miles wide, a hundred miles from its mouth, while another in the same island is reckoned to be a thousand miles long. The primeval forests which cover the virgin soil are such as may be seen nowhere else, not even in the Himalayan regions of Asia. Trees of the loftiest elevation, rising often to a height of 200 feet before forking out into branches, may be seen everywhere. The mass of foliage overhead is dense and impenetrable to the rays of the sun, while the floor is clean and without a blade of grass, and you seem to be treading the courts of a great temple of nature, set about with lofty columns and overshadowed with a deep religious gloom. Hundreds of varieties of fragrant and sweet-smelling orchids, wreath the gloom in every direction overhead and by one's side, in white, yellow, lilac, purple, or variegated colours. Along the banks of the rivers there are the same unending lines of *Nipa* palm, sometimes fifty feet deep, with thorny impenetrable thickets of cane and rattan a few yards distant. On low lines of sea-coast mangrove swamps abound. Endless varieties of gorgeous and richly-coloured shells lie along the beach. And, finally, a vast variety of the most beautiful ferns, some quite gigantic, eight and ten feet high, and others not an inch in length, may be met with in the interior of the forests. There is a robe of dark green vegetation everywhere—even on the summits of the highest hills. The conditions of heat and light tempered with regular rains throughout the year, are most favourable to vegetable life. And the temperature, influenced by the sea-breezes, keeps equable at all times of the year. The mean of the thermometer is only 80°, and the temperature seldom rises higher.

Animated nature exists here in countless forms. Thousands of butterflies, beetles, and other insects exist, which are yet unknown in Europe. Of the higher kinds of animals there is a singular exception in there being no wild and dangerous animals of the larger size, save some in Sumatra, and in there being a remarkable development of the monkey tribe—some varieties of which, as the orang-outang, approach near the *genus homo*. Birds of the most gorgeous colours and lovely shapes, as the birds of paradise, the cockatoo, the lory, the parrot, and many others, tenant the woods. Savage man rises here almost to the highest dignity and worth, as in the Dyaks and Kyans of Borneo. There are numerous races, from the Malays, who are generally found on the sea-coasts, to the almost fair-complexioned Millanows and Kyans of Borneo—from the Sooloo pirate, the Bugis trader (of Celebes), and the patient Javanese, to the woolly-headed negroes of Papua, and the degraded Battas of Sumatra. It has been asserted that a race of men *with tails* may be found in the north of Borneo, an assertion which we shall examine in a subsequent chapter.

Of the numerous immense islands which form the group (excluding, of course, Australia) Borneo is the largest, and in several ways the most interesting. In length and breadth it is nearly equal, measuring about seven hundred miles each way. Its soil is extremely auriferous and rich, gold being

worked in all parts of the country. Diamond mines exist in numerous places. Its antimony and coal are famous. A portion of it has witnessed the civilising efforts of an Englishman, Sir James Brooke, whose successor yet holds the considerable province of Sarawak, on the north west coast, as an independent sovereign. The western, southern, and eastern coasts are held by the Dutch, while a native Malay sultan reigns at Brunai, on the northern coasts. There are various races of men. The Malays are generally to be found on the sea-coasts, along with the sea-going Dyaks. Land Dyaks and Kyans inhabit the interior, which is not yet explored. A strip of coast, about a hundred miles deep all round the island, may represent the extent of country which is known at present; thus, the larger portion of the island remains as yet quite unknown. What could be made of these islands may be seen from the fact that from a much smaller island—Java—the Dutch raise an annual revenue of £16,000,000—a revenue which may rank with that of several considerable European States. As it is our intention afterwards to describe Java as well as Borneo, we may note here that though it is not so rich in mineral wealth as Borneo and Sumatra, nor so large as these islands and Celebes and Papua, still it is the most populous and best cultivated. It was in our possession in the early part of this century, but was given away to the Dutch in total ignorance of its value. The Dutch have made it the seat and centre of their Netherlands Indian Empire, and have so improved it, that though smaller in size than our Indian province of Bengal, which is reckoned to be the richest of our Indian provinces, and though less populated, it produces an annual revenue as great. Whoever may own or occupy the Archipelago at the present day, its future, with British India on one side and the British Australian continent on the other, cannot be uncertain or doubtful.

We may conclude these preliminary remarks by showing how this Archipelago presents special points of interest to every class of inquirers. To geographers the Archipelago forms the largest group of large islands in the world, covering a great portion of the earth's surface, and embracing a chain of active volcanoes many thousands of miles long. To explorers the interior of islands like Borneo, Sumatra, Celebes, and Papua, presents fields of enterprising research where names not inferior to that of Dr. Livingstone may be made. Political adventurers may here find kingdoms for the mere seeking, and found dynasties of their own. No political complications with European or Asiatic sovereignties will disturb their measures. To ethnologists this group presents numerous and diversified and, in some instances, most antique races of men. Philologists will find here not only the connecting link between the languages of Southern Asia and Polynesia, but an extensive and independent realm of study. The Christian missionary here has docile, intelligent, and honest races of savages—and also some extremely degraded—who are equally deficient of fixed and settled creeds, and who may easily be won over by a steady persistence in the exhibition of Christian life, doctrine, and worship. The student and lover of natural history will here find genera and species unknown to Europe, or to the civilised world. The merchant will learn that the gold, gems, spices, and gums, generally described as coming from "the East," have been supplied to the world from the most ancient times by this great group of islands, and that vast fortunes may be made here at one haul. To the mere *voyageur*, there

is no other portion of the earth's surface which presents such attractions. Here in the midst of tranquil seas of sapphire and emerald hue, green islands lift up their forest diadems, all aglow beneath the bright tropical sun, which warms but does not burn. Italian scenery is even tame before it. Nature here sports in all her wantonness, and loosens her zone. The sea-breezes waft incessantly the spicy odours of "Araby the Blest"—indeed, Arabian shores never emitted such perfumes.

Hence it is we find that accounts and descriptions of travel of this portion of the globe are always welcome to the public. If we do not hope to add much that is new, we may be sure of not adding anything that is not true. A period of three years is embraced in the following account of Borneo, during which the author also visited Java and Ceylon.

Singapore is the most valuable possession we have in the eastern seas, Bombay not even excepted. It is not only the great free port and centre of commerce for the East Indian Archipelago; it is not only the *dépôt* of the trade of China with India and Europe; but it is the Eastern Gibraltar for our valuable Indian possessions and Indian traffic. Its admirable situation, its magnificent harbour, where all the navies of the world may ride in safety and ease, and its healthy climate, are such as may be met with in union nowhere else in Asia. Singapore may not be so rich in commerce as Bombay; but the gradual development of the trade in the East Indian Archipelago, Siam, and the Malayan Peninsula, cannot fail to benefit the port. It was from Singapore that we embarked for Borneo on a fine morning in the month of March. We had had gales and squalls of terrific fury in our passage down the Straits of Malacca, which separate the mainland from the Island of Sumatra, and were obliged to rest ourselves for a while at Singapore, and take another vessel for Sarawak. The arm of the Chinese Sea which we had to cross was peculiarly tranquil at this time of the year, though we did meet with a pretty stiff blow or two. The crew of our bark consisted of Malays, and it is impossible to conceive a finer set of seamen out in the East. We have sailed with Chinese, Indian Lascar, and Arabian crews, but these Malays were far superior to all of them. We have also sailed in French and Italian ships, and certainly give the palm for efficient, cheerful, and thorough seamanship to the Malays over the Italians and Frenchmen. The Italians have struck us, so far as we have seen them, as incurably idle and dirty; while the French, though far from being idle or dirty, or so fond of smoking and using the dirtiest and most filthy language imaginable as the Italians, appear on board a ship as if they were working on a foreign element. This Malay crew, on the other hand, as we found them, were orderly, obedient, cheerful, active, and thoroughly disciplined. They worked with a will, and as one man. We have no doubt that other Malay crews are equally efficient. The Malay is on his element on the sea, and is entirely seafaring in his habits, and as such, may be made into the most excellent seaman in the world. Though many vessels which ply in the eastern waters are manned by Malay crews, yet we think the physically weak and idle Indian Lascar element largely prevails in our Asiatic commerce, to the exclusion of a far better class of sailors.

After we had got out of Singapore harbour we sighted several small islands to the south, which belong to the Dutch, and are included under the extensive and undefined term "Netherlands India." One of these islands was Bintany (the

Malay for *star*) where the Dutch have attempted to found a free port named Rhio (or Riou) in opposition to Singapore, but have signally failed. On nearing Borneo—which we did after thirteen days—we sighted several other small islands. These small islands may be met with literally in thousands, all along the coasts of the larger islands. Sometimes they are so numerous as to form dependent archipelagoes. Generally of a few miles in circumference, these islands are always mountainous or rocky. Sometimes their sides rise abruptly perpendicular from the ocean for thousands of feet. They are all densely wooded, extremely fertile, and many of them are rich in metallic ores of the highest value. They are all inhabited, mostly by Malays, save here and there where an island is left in its complete primeval solitude. In sailing through the seas of the Archipelago, especially on a calm and tranquil day, or afternoon, no traveller will fail to be struck by the serene and smiling landscapes; the views of earth, sea, and sky blending into one lovely picture, which meet his eye on every side. There is much more of repose and beauty, of freshness and colour, of solitude, and even grandeur about them than along the much be-praised coast of Italy, all the way north and south, from Nice and Genoa to Sicily. After dwelling under the inclement skies and foggy bare coasts of England, the southern shores of France, and the coasts of Italy are pictures bright indeed by contrast; but the sunny, tranquil, green isles and coasts of the East Indian Archipelago as much exceed these in beauty as they again exceed the bare and bleak coasts of Great Britain.

On an early morning we found ourselves off a bold headland or promontory, which was pronounced to be the mouth of the Sarawak River. Very shortly, as we neared it, we found it gradually disclosing two densely-wooded sides, and we had entered into the bay formed by the mouth. The Sarawak River is not the largest on the northern coast, but it flows right through the centre of the province of Sarawak, and the capital town called Sarawak (or more properly *Kuchin*, which means *cat* in Malay) is situated on it at a distance of about thirty miles from the mouth. There are, however, two entrances into the river, one that by which we entered and the one usually taken by vessels, and the other a little to the westward, off a high hill called Santubong. At this entrance there are saw-mills and factories, and ships always lading with timber, rattans, camphor, and other articles of commerce for Hong-Kong, Singapore, Bangkok, and other parts. But at the Sarawak entrance there is not the appearance of any habitation or cultivation, or clearing. Unbroken forests rising from the water's edge still clothe the sides of the mountains on either hand, and the stillness and solitude appear so overpowering as to induce the idea that we are entering into an uninhabited and new world. We soon found ourselves inside the river, at first a mile, and higher up half a mile wide. Mountain ranges and unbroken forests appeared to cover the country in every direction. Great and dense vegetation appeared to be the chief feature of the scene wherever we turned our eye. The vegetation, in the shape of the *Nipa* palm, intruded even into the channel of the river along its banks for many feet deep. In the present rude state of existence in the Archipelago, this palm, which is found lining every river in every island, is of the greatest service. Its leaves are the only materials for the matting which forms the roofs and walls of Malay, Dyak, and other native structures. Its stalks are burnt, and the salt

consumed by the population is thence extracted. Its fruit is seldom eaten, simply, we believe, because it is so very plentiful, and not so sweet and rich as the fruit of the cocoa-nut palm. After proceeding up some twelve miles by the tide, a tiny Dyak or Malay canoe, with generally one man paddling it, passed us now and then, and clearings and cultivations along the banks of the river began to be apparent. Several small tributaries poured their waters into the parent stream as we proceeded up higher, and by nightfall we found ourselves among a few ships and schooners, and here cast anchor, for we had arrived at Kuchin.

The river here is not quite half a mile wide, but it is deep. There was a square-rigged vessel of more than a thousand tons lying not far from us. For a length of more than two miles the right side of the river appeared to be covered with shipping

Sarawak after the bishop's mission-house, which is on a larger scale and more English in style. A neatly laid-out garden surrounds it, and the cottage (for that is what it is) peeps out through shady umbrageous trees, with a background of forest to the picture. Here state dinners and state balls are given, and here also state councils are held. It is the Houses of Parliament, and the St. James's and Buckingham Palaces (we might also include Windsor Castle) of the Sarawak State all in one. From here are issued decrees which influence a hundred and fifty miles of the northern coast territory of Borneo. Even the potent Malay Sultan of Brunai, more than two hundred miles distant, though regarding the Governor of Labuan as something higher, pays great attention to the words of the crownless English rajah who lives here. The hospitality and courtesy which this rajah extends to strangers and travellers



MALAY OPIUM-SMOKERS.

and craft of all kinds. There were large British merchantmen and small Singapore schooners; there was the small Government steamer; there were Malay and Millanow trading boats of a considerable size, something like the *paltimars* of Western India and the *dhow*s of the Arabian coasts; there were even one or two ugly Chinese junks, though these came here very seldom, chiefly making their way to Singapore; and there were many hundreds of canoes of all sizes lining the banks. This scene of bustling trade appeared to show that the country was thriving under its European rule.

Before we describe the town of Kuchin (or Sarawak) we may state that the capital lies on the right bank, the immediate shore of the river being flat, but rising a few yards distant into slight gentle slopes and hills. The left bank remains in great measure uncleared, except in one spot where Government House—the residence of the English “rajah,” is situated. This bank is more rugged and hilly than the opposite inhabited side. Government House is beautifully situated on a slight eminence, commanding extensive views of the river up and down, and of the town opposite, and is built in the usual style of European dwellings in Borneo. It is the finest residence in

are sincere, and of a marked character, and as we pass on we must pay our tribute of thanks to the present able head of the state, and a tear to the memory of his late estimable consort, a member of the distinguished family of the President of our Royal Academy.

The town of Kuchin, as we stated above, is situated on the right bank of the river, and is about two miles long by half a mile wide. It is divided into two distinct portions—the southern or Malay, and the northern or Chinese. The space between these two portions is occupied by a small plain, the Fort, and some Government offices. The Malay part represents what the town originally was under its former Malay rule, the Chinese portion sprung up under Sir James Brooke's Government. There is nothing very particular to be seen in the Malay quarter, except half-naked urchins gambolling on the green. At one time some of the larger houses of the leading Malays were fortified with cannon, but since an attempt was discovered of a plot to murder every European, the guns were taken away by the Government. The Chinese is the trade quarter, and presents the busiest scene in the capital. There are not only the court-houses (in the fort), the mission-house with its church and

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DYAK.

school, the Borneo Company's sago manufactories and stores, the licensed gambling-houses and opium-shops, but the dwellings of the busy Chinese shop-keeping and artisan class. The entire population of the town is reckoned at more than thirty thousand.

The Malay, as well as the Chinese, passion for opium-smoking and gambling is so strong that the Government has wisely brought it under some check and control by licensing houses where gamblers and smokers may meet to indulge their favourite pastime. The morality of the step has been called in question; but the demoralisation induced by private gambling was far worse. It trained up the people to disregard laws and authority, and did not diminish the vice. The opium-shops do not deserve any special mention, being very much what they are in Singapore, or the *gunja* (hemp) smoking shops are in India. The gambling-houses are long low sheds, capable of seating large numbers of people, and are frequented at all hours of the day or night. One would hardly think that among Malays there would be decent-looking as well as disreputable-looking people. But so it is. If you pass the gambling-houses, you will see that the Malays who lounge about the place, or issue thence, have a low scowling countenance not very pleasant to contemplate, especially when you see that each man has a hanger, or *kris*, sharp as a razor, by his side, and belongs to a race given to running *amuck*.

The description of one of these gambling "hells" may be interesting. Imagine a large, low, long *atap* (mat) roofed building close to the banks of the river. Wooden stalls run along the sides and the centre, and as evening comes on, lamps are lit, and the "hell" is ready for its exciting scenes. A few policemen now take up their positions in and near the building, and lazy opium-smokers walk in whiffing huge puffs of smoke with an air of the most perfect *nonchalance*. Cake-sellers form a regular line near the entrance—these constitute the "bar." Slowly and by degrees the gamblers arrive and take their seats by the stalls. In an hour the building is full, and, in various quarters, cards and dice are in requisition. The police and sweetmeat vendors look on with undisguised interest. Some parties stake dollars, and some only cents. Every now and then a party breaks up for refreshments and a smoke. Sometimes at a stall there are high words, but the police stand ready to interfere. It strikes eleven from Government House on the opposite side of the river, and the rest of the city lies buried in silence and slumber. A few now bethink themselves of retiring, but others still hang over their dice. Another hour passes rapidly away, and midnight is announced by the deep-toned *gong*. As the sounds successively pierce the dense fog that rests on the river, the few remaining players hastily pack up and make for their respective homes. The sweetmeat sellers, too, disperse, the gate is shut, and the police slowly march back to the fort.

Cases of running *amuck* frequently take place, and one occurred at the very time we happened to be at Kuchin. A Malay had lost his suit in court, and immediately thereupon drawing his *kris*, or dagger, made a plunge forward in the direction of the presiding officer—a European gentleman. There were two European inspectors of police on opposite sides of the building, and both drawing their revolvers at once fired at the Malay, but instead of shooting him, the bullet of one nearly hit the other, while the shot of the latter almost took effect on the person of the judge! These shots, however, had the effect of making the Malay bolt out of the court-house. As

he cleared the building, he managed to slice down right and left several people who came in his way. On he rushed, hacking at every one he met, and pursued by the inspectors, in vain firing their revolvers after him, and a crowd of people. The excitement spread through the whole town, and as we were at the time at lunch at the mission-house with the bishop, we remember that it was with difficulty we restrained ourselves from laughing at seeing the soldier of the "Church militant" calling for his Minié rifles, inspecting their priming carefully, and giving orders to his subordinate clergy to get together their arms, and be prepared for any emergency. He had, however, some excuse; for the report had reached him that the Malay quarter of the town had risen in arms, and were slaughtering every one they could lay their hands upon. The Malay who was the cause of all this disturbance careered along the streets towards the Malay quarter, when, finding it impossible to bring him down, a party of military were told out of the fort, who managed at last to shoot him dead, not, however, till he had actually killed and wounded no less than *twenty-seven people*! This strange custom, peculiar to the Malay race, is worthy of some examination. Civilised human beings are taught to place a restraint on their tempers and passions—not so the savage. The Malay, as found beyond the immediate influence of the British and Dutch, is essentially a savage. Just as he always wears a *kris*, sheathed, it is true, but ready to leap out in a moment and deal destruction around, so his untamed, savage, native ferocity is ready suddenly to turn round and bite any and every one. His untutored countenance, rugged features, and wild eyes, are sufficiently indicative of his nature. There is a wide difference between the injustice which compels the Hindoo to strike his foe and therewith remain contented, and the ungovernable fury of the Malay who, lost to every sense, strikes down wildly right and left, friend and foe alike. Malays, in speaking of this mania of their race, describe it as "a darkness which covers the heart" (*i.e.*, the understanding), and appear to be conscious that they are liable to it. The captain of a vessel from India was once attending to the delivery of cargo at Acheen, in Sumatra, and was using some hot and high words, when the Malay who was superintending the receipt of the goods told him gently, with his hand on his *kris*, "Another word, and this will be in your heart." Had not the captain desisted, there is no doubt that the Malay would have run *amuck*. But the act is sometimes premeditated. In a late rebellion in the Dutch possessions in South Borneo, a few Malays, under some pretence, got into a fort, and then all suddenly ran *amuck*. They actually succeeded in slaughtering the entire garrison! Generally there is a lapse of a few moments before the quiet Malay is transformed into the savage beast. During these few moments he may either be cowed down by superior energy into apparent quietness, reserving his intention to murder when opportunity serves, or be entirely turned from his purpose by sweetness and gentleness. We ourselves had two such cases in our own experience in Borneo, and shall relate them in a subsequent place.

The fort is situated almost opposite Government House, and covers a very small space of ground—a few hundred yards square. It is entirely built of wood, being planked all round. It accommodates two or three companies of troops, very few of whom are Europeans, and mounts about a score of pieces of cannon, which command the river and town. It would not stand half an hour's attack from an English gunboat, but is

quite sufficient for all the purposes which it is intended to subserve. The mission-house and church, both built by Bishop McDougall (he is now doing good work in an English diocese), are the best structures in the capital. They both stand on a gentle ridge at the back of the Chinese quarter of the town, at a distance of a few hundred yards apart. The mission-house is double storeyed, with a range of garrets above, built mostly in English style, but entirely of wood, and adapted to the climate by its large windows, and balcony all round. The house is a very large one, and generally accommodates the bishop and several of the clergy (missionaries) with their families. The church is after the usual Gothic style, and, together with the mission-house, form rather prominent objects in the Sarawak scenery. The church is built entirely of wood. These two buildings are probably the finest yet erected anywhere in Borneo, and inside them one is apt to forget that he is far away on a savage island bordering on the Pacific, and inhabited by wild and half-naked tribes. The school-house is situated immediately behind the mission-house, and accommodates a number of male boarders, with the schoolmaster and his family, and has rooms for the instruction of several classes. These classes are mostly composed of Chinese boys from the town, and Dyak youths brought by the mission from the country. A very fair elementary English education is given to the boys, while there is an advanced class which reads Paley's "Evidences," and other like works, as the youths comprising this class are intended for mission work on the island. The last prominent building is the Borneo Company's stores and sago manufactory. The Borneo Company has its head-quarters in London, but has branches at Calcutta, Singapore, Bangkok, Sarawak, and other parts of the East Indian Archipelago. Their operations in Borneo are very extensive, and include gutta-percha, timber, camphor, sago, rattans, antimony, and coal. Of antimony they have a monopoly from the Government; while of sago they practically hold the monopoly. The sago is brought as flour from the neighbouring parts, and heated and formed into the *pearl sago* of the market in large shallow pans by Chinese labourers, of whom there are nearly a couple of hundred employed here for this purpose. Most of the square-rigged vessels in the river are engaged in the traffic of the Borneo Company.

Society in Sarawak consists of very few members. There is the rajah, the judge, and magistrate, a doctor, the Borneo Company's agents, and the bishop and clergy, with their respective families. Although so very few in number, a hearty union exists among all the members, as is natural and necessary in such an isolated situation. At some balls, on account of the paucity of ladies, those belonging to the lower social strata are freely invited. Domestic occurrences, such as births, marriages, and deaths, are not many, and when there is one, it is quite an event in Kuchin life. Now and then a Government official from the interior drops in, and adds to the zest of the dinner-table. Sometimes visitors of high rank are found to take Sarawak on their way to England from China. Our old veteran Admiral Keppel has often been a guest of the rajah, while sometimes a German "Royal Highness" suddenly presents himself to the astonished residents. Visitors are always welcome at Sarawak.

The province, or state, over which the successor of Sir James Brooke rules, is, as nearly as possible, 130 miles in length from Cape Datu on the west, bordering on the Dutch province of

Pontianak, to the east of the Rejang River. The boundary on this side is rather undefined, and the state may add a hundred miles more of territory in this direction, if it can win over the Kyans, a large and powerful tribe located to the east or south-east of Sarawak. The breadth of Sarawak is from fifty to sixty miles; but in this, too, the state may add *four hundred* miles of territory if it will take up a mission to penetrate into the interior. A high range of hills separates Sarawak from the interior, and from Pontianak. How this small principality, which may expand hereafter into a large kingdom, was acquired by Sir James Brooke, one of the foremost Englishmen of the present century, is a most romantic story, and may be found in detail in the account of the English rajah's life. It suffices us here to note down only the following brief outline:—

Sir James Brooke—then plain Mr. Brooke—was a member of the Indian Civil Service in its palmier days, but inheriting an *easy* fortune, resigned his duties, left India, returned to England, fitted out a small sailing vessel, more a pleasure yacht than anything else, manned her with an efficient crew and a few guns (to ward off piratical attacks), and set sail to the wild and lovely scenes of the East Indian Archipelago. Borneo especially at that time was the haunt of fierce Malays, head-hunting Dyaks, and the merciless savage pirates of the Sooloo Archipelago. Somehow or other Mr. Brooke found himself in the midst of these fierce contending elements, and just as our great Indian empire came into our possession gradually and almost without our seeking it, so Sir James Brooke found himself the arbitrator of the destinies of Sarawak, then an appanage of the Brunei State, and finally its owner. He helped the Malay sultan, and was rewarded with Sarawak; simply, we should think, because the sultan himself was unable to retain the province in his grasp. The Malays, however, have in more than one instance shown a high-minded liberality towards Europeans. A Captain Light, of the mercantile service of the East India Company, had the hand of the daughter of the Sultan of Quetta bestowed on him with the Island of Penang, a portion of our present colony of the Straits Settlement, as her dowry. A Malay *pangeran*, or nobleman, in Sarawak, gave up one of his sons to the English missionaries to be brought up as a Christian. The Sultan of Johore, an independent prince in the Malayan Peninsula, makes a large annual grant for the support of mission schools in Singapore. These facts are very cheering, when the Malays are usually represented as ferocious and untamable savages. Sir James Brooke, on taking possession of Sarawak, at once gave peace, law, and order to every class of his subjects. The administration he formed is one well worth studying in considering the question of dealing with our Eastern dependencies. He formed a Council of State composed entirely of native Malays of the highest rank and authority, and to each of them committed the charge of a department. This council he associated with himself in the government of the territory. The aboriginal Dyaks he left undisturbed in their mode of tribal government. A few English gentlemen were stationed at select spots in the interior to act as magistrates in cases involving Malays. This is the entire government of Sarawak, and it works exceedingly well. The unsympathising character of our rule in India has been pretty often noticed of late, and is said to be at the root of our difficulties in that country. Considering how far more advanced in civilisation India is to any Malayan state, and what ancient and high traditions many

of the Indian states possess, it will at once be seen how the almost entire want of representation in the government must be most severely felt by the people. The highest wisdom in any state is to make it govern itself. This we seem to be resolved shall never be done in India, and in our opinion, and in the opinion of a large number of thinkers, it is a great mistake. A representative assembly of peers and princes from all the states of our Indian empire, with a definite constitution, would work admirably well. It would enlist the sympathies of the country with the government; it would bind all the peers and princes to maintain peace, progress, laws, and order; and finally, would do away with the necessity for a huge army to watch the country. The plan is well worth a trial, and at the worst, if it fails, there would be no harm done. We need hardly say that for a *lower* house of representatives India is not yet prepared.

The regular troops of Sarawak are but few. Except two or three companies in the Sarawak fort, with a few European sergeants and officers, there is no other body of regular troops. Most of these soldiers are Malays, and some are from India. They serve to keep the fort, and hold Sarawak, and sometimes in expeditions to handle a few light field-pieces, and show some fight. But the real troops of the Sarawak state are the entire adult Dyak male population. These are the militia, and form the main body of the forces in time of war. Their number may be reckoned as at least 100,000 men. They are armed after their own primitive fashion with *parangs*, or sharp, heavy, straight swords, and large wooden bucklers, with occasionally spears and bows and arrows. The navy of the state consists of a small steamer armed with a few light guns, and a number of Dyak and Malay war *prahus*, boats which we shall describe hereafter, as we once went in one with nearly a hundred Dyak warriors. These *prahus* generally mount one or two light guns at the stem. The Sarawak military and naval forces are quite sufficient to repress insurrection, and check the inroads of pirates. Indeed, these pirates, who once used to ravage the coasts annually, carrying off numbers of slaves, and all the plunder they could lay their hands upon, have entirely disappeared after the severe reception they met with from Admiral Keppel on the part of England, and Sir James Brooke. On one occasion, it is said that Bishop McDougall distinguished himself by shooting somewhere about eighty-five pirates with his own barrel! The taxes are few and light. The Dyaks are almost exempt from them, in consideration of their rendering military service. They, however, pay a nominal poll-tax. The Chinese and Malays have to pay the regular taxes, which are mostly on imports and exports—opium, samsoo (a spirituous Chinese drink), gambling, and the like.

The population of the state, as may have been seen from our previous pages, consists of Malays, Chinese, and Dyaks. They are each very interesting in their way, but especially the last, and we hope to give a full description of them, as they are seen in their native villages and forests. The Malays, however, are first in rank, having always (since their arrival on these shores) been the ruling race. It is difficult to find out exactly the original seat of the Malays. The Malayan Peninsula is pointed out by some, but general testimony points out Sumatra, the westernmost island of the Archipelago. It is our opinion that it was not piratical habits, but their reception of the creed of the Arabian impostor that led these Malays

first to take possession of the Malayan Peninsula, and afterwards of Borneo, and as many other islands as they could. Owing to their maritime habits, their conquests were always restricted to narrow strips of territory along the coasts, and it is on the coasts that they are still found. They established numerous sultanates in the Malayan Peninsula, Java, Borneo, and even further eastward, and maintained a sort of rude splendour connected with their courts. Malay sultans nowadays are more civilised, as may be seen from the appearance of the so-called Emperor of Solo, and we know that only lately the Sultan of Johore paid a visit to England, but in early ages they were simply the chief pirates.

The Mohammedan system of polygamy soon increased the number of royal families, and at the present day there is not a Malay country but is full of these *pangerans*, or nobles. Sarawak especially abounds with them. The changes and chances of fortune have left most of them stranded in very humble situations. Many are simple cultivators, or traders. But they are *pangerans*. They are entitled to high respect, and in their manners betoken a consciousness of dignity. Once, at an interior station, we saw one of these, a diminutive, dirty-looking fellow, working away most briskly as a carpenter. We were not well enough versed in Malay ways to avoid getting into trouble by some remarks we passed on this *pangeran*—remarks more in the nature of banter than anything serious. We noticed the little man getting very nervous, when a companion, who knew the language well enough, managed to pacify him by declaring our perfectly good intentions. We were afterwards told by our friend that we might have had the *pangeran's* kris in our heart, and a case of a Malay amuck if we had not ceased and he had not explained. We took good care after that not to be too lavish with our imperfect Malay.

The Mohammedan religion sits very tight on these simple wild people. They are rigid Moslems in forms and ceremonies; in prayers, fastings, and pilgrimages; and in the desire to bring all other people to their own faith. They have succeeded in turning a number of Chinese and Dyaks to their belief; but the majority have held out, and there are few conversions now. The chief reason why the Malays failed as propagandists is rather a ludicrous one. Dyaks and Chinese are immensely fond of pork; indeed, it is their only animal food in Borneo; and pork is the abomination of all good Moslems. The Dyaks and Chinese think that of the two, pork and Mohammedanism, the former is incontestably superior, and hence have held fast to it. The Malays have been numerically too weak to enforce their religion upon the Dyaks. It is only of late years, since trade has opened up the East Indian Archipelago, and Malays have made frequent pilgrimages in the direction of Mecca, that they have exhibited any fanaticism. The reports of the progress of Christian missionaries are also not quite reassuring to them; and since they have seen Dyaks becoming Christians in large numbers, they have become still more bigoted and intolerant. They have shown so much fanaticism on the subject that we believe not one Christian missionary speaks to them about religion. The reason of course is, that they are always armed with the kris, and that if they felt themselves overcome in argument they might resort to it. We cannot believe, as was told us, that the Government prohibited preaching to the Malays for fear of risings and plots. Treason against the state is not usually associated with the results of the labours of missionaries, and the Sarawak Government has had enough of

Malay plots without the assistance of Christian missionaries thereto.

In the matter of morality, these Malays are decent compared with their neighbours the Chinese, a point on which we shall speak in a subsequent place. We have observed the morality of the Chinese, the Burmese, of the Mohammedans and Hindoos of India, of the Tartars of Central Asia, not to mention other

not one virtuous married woman. Among the Malays, on the other hand, there are very seldom divorce cases, and if a prank or two be played, it is done by young people, and what may naturally be expected in a country where there is absolutely nothing of the "social evil." We are writing of Borneo. In Singapore the case is far different. There the Malays are quite as bad as the Mohammedans of India. They have not only



EMPEROR OF SOLO, JAVA.

parts, and we think that the Malays are superior as a whole, and only inferior to the Dyaks. If, however, Chinese, Hindoos, and others mentioned above be excluded from the comparison, being civilised and populous, we may assert that if we take the equally barbarous tribes north of Burmah, in the Chittagong Hill tracts, or the Assamese, or the Hill tribes of the Himalayas, whether near Bhootan, or north of Simla, we shall find them very much below the Malays. Every young woman before marriage, in the Chittagong Hill tracts, bestows her favours on others. While only those who have been in the Himalayan Hill countries we have indicated above know how true it is that, notwithstanding the prevalence of polyandry, there is

the "social evil" rampant among them, but actually subsist upon their wives and daughters. But this shocking state of things did not exist before Singapore became the resort of foreigners. And it is Europeans—mostly, we should say, Germans and others than Englishmen—who keep up there the system of Malay immorality. Lying, thieving, and other such vices do not belong to the Malay national character.

A wedding is as momentous an event in Borneo as anywhere else, and it was our good fortune during an excursion we made into the interior on the west to be present at one. A few miles to the north-east of Sambas, in the territory of Sarawak, and on the banks of a silvery winding stream, about 300 yards

wide, is situated the pretty little Dyak village of Lundu, nestled under an evergreen grove of cocoa-nut and areca palms. A magnificent range of granite hills, upwards of 2,000 feet high, rear their towering summits boldly against the blue sky, clothed from the water's edge to the very top with luxuriant primeval forests. Numerous crystal rivulets, with leaping waterfalls near their sources, trace their sparkling courses over beds of golden sands (we have washed gold out of them) down to the tranquil river or the surfy and ever-blooming shores of the Chinese Sea. Between two such murmuring streams, on the right bank of the river, and within hearing of the murmur of a distant waterfall, there is a gentle eminence, on the top of which a substantial residence smiles forth its welcome to the solitary European traveller. The missionary, with his wife and family, dwells here secluded from the rest of the world, and pursues his humble calling amid the affection and esteem of the simple and untutored Sebuyos, a large tribe of Sea Dyaks. There are numerous influential Malay families living about the settlement, and it was from one of these that we received an earnest and pressing invitation to honour a Malay pangeran's marriage with our presence. In Malay marriages in Borneo the principal part of the ceremony, with the feasting, &c., is performed in the house of the bride, and invitations are therefore made in her name. In this case the bride herself was a pangeran, and of an influential branch of the former blood-royal of Sarawak.

About a week after the invitation, we all got inside a prahu sent by the bride, and were rapidly paddled past the palm-shaded village for two miles up the stream, when we reached the landing-place. Pangerans by dozens came forward to receive us, and saluted us in that graceful and highly artistic style known only to Malays of the higher classes. It consists in a gentle pressure of the hand, a low bow, and drawing back the hand and placing it on the bosom. We were led forward through different rooms into the hall, and set down on chairs. Many of the side rooms were crowded with well-dressed Malays, busily discussing sweetmeats, rich *pillaus*, and other made dishes. The hall in which we were laid down with rare and beautifully-worked mats, and overlung with a cloth canopy. One end of the hall was raised about a foot from the level of the floor of the house, and silk tissue hangings of various colours, among which golden and scarlet predominated, separated it from another compartment. Here was the bride, though we could not see her, and her maids were engaged in the delicate task of dressing her for her nuptials. Pieces of white silk interwoven with silver, and of yellow interwoven with gold threads, were hung in Oriental taste in various directions, shedding over the place a magnificence which—united with the silver stars on a golden ground which afterwards opened on our view—carried us back in imagination to the glittering chambers of the Arabian Nights' tales. The other end of the hall was filled with well-dressed Malays of the higher ranks. We were seated round a table in the centre of the room, with three or four Dyak chiefs, one of whom, the pangeran of the Sillaku tribe, had been invited from a distant part of the country. One side of the hall opened out into a side room, where a number of Malay beauties, dressed in gay colours, and glittering silks and satins, were busy in feasting on the good things of the day. Moslem ladies here, as in Cashmere, Central Asia, and Arabia, are not so mock-modest as they are found in India. They are free from all restraint whatsoever, and pay their friendly visits of ceremony without

even an escort. When we have gone into Malay houses, the females have ever been the first to welcome us, and open a light, easy, and agreeable conversation.

After a short time, a snowy table-cloth was laid on the table, and small cups of Arabian coffee, and a number of dishes of sweetmeats were placed before us. After this preliminary course, the silver betel-leaf and areca-nut box appeared. After this a number of rice, curry, and roast dishes came on, and with such spoons, knives, and forks as were set before us, we managed, along with our Dyak friends, to do some justice to them. The table was then removed, and the hall cleared. A couple of masks entered, one an elderly man with a round and merry face, an immense paunched belly, which literally hung before him, and very bandy-legged; the other was a Malay warrior with a drawn sword. After their respective performances, a number of Malays rose, and playing on native musical instruments—drums, cymbals, bells, and the like—set off to bring the bridegroom. The screens before the elevated portion of the hall were soon after drawn aside, and two raised seats appeared, on one of which the bride was seated, clad in yellow silk, with a small silver tree set with gold flowers on her head, and strings of gold bangles on her finely-rounded arms. About half a dozen bridesmaids were seated behind her, two of them screening her face off with a couple of fans. The meaning of this was, that she reserved her first look for her future lord. A great wax candle stood burning on the centre of the dais. We were requested to move up higher towards the dais, which we did, the more so as we were anxious to catch a glimpse of the bride's face. But the fans screened her countenance admirably and effectually, and we were obliged to wait the advent of the bridegroom. The returning music soon told us that he was on his way, and shortly after he entered, preceded and followed by friends and relatives, who, by way of wishing blessings on the marriage, scattered yellow, scented rice over our heads. The bridegroom himself, a powerful and well-built man with silver ornaments on his body, and bearing another silver bush with gold flowers on his head, walked up the dais, removed the fans which screened off the face of his beloved (at which she bashfully hung down her pleased countenance), and took his place on the unoccupied seat beside her. Loud shouts were now raised by the Malays in the hall, which was now crowded to suffocation. The Moslem marriage registrar then stood up at the further end of the room, and repeated some Arabic sentences from the Koran, which made the two man and wife. The mother of the latter now went up to her son-in-law and her daughter in succession, and scraped a bit of gold on their heads. In this consisted her blessing. Each of the pangerans in the room afterwards went up, and also scraped their blessings. The screens before the dais were now let down, by which it was meant that the marriage ceremony was over. Being desired to enter within the screens we did so, and made some trifling little presents to the bride. We tried hard to get a good view of her face, but she managed to evade all our efforts by bending her head down. Her maiden bashfulness, considering that she was twenty-two years of age, was excessive. Proceeding forth to the balcony, we sat down and witnessed a Malay sword dance. The Malays are passionately fond of this amusement, which, they say, recalls to them memories of happier days and glorious deeds. There were two couples who succeeded each other on the turfy floor. Keeping time with both hands and feet to the music

of the gongs, they went through their performance with great skill, evincing very much fatigue at the end. Next we had a sword fight between a couple of Malays. One of these was a big, burly pangeran, who had the reputation of being half-cracked. On his finding his adversary perfectly cool, and more than a match for him, he began to warm up and grow serious. He was evidently meditating mischief, when the spectators crowded in between the combatants and broke up the match. The entire party assembled consisted of about 300 Malays, 100 Dyaks, and about 100 boys—a large number for this secluded nook. Having made our adieus, we got inside the *prahu*, and were paddled down the stream to the tune of a lively Malay song. The sun was just disappearing behind the summits of a lofty range of mountains on the Sambas frontier, streaking the blue vault of heaven with the most delicate and lovely tints of gold and purple.

The Malays have not taken at all kindly to the rule of Europeans, whether in Sarawak or in other parts of Borneo. Sir James Brooke, while alive, was much troubled by plots, and his successor has more than once been obliged to take severe measures in consequence of them. While we were in Sarawak news came that at a station in the east, the government magistrate had been assassinated, the fort taken, and that the Malays had raised the standard of revolt. Again, shortly after, a very serious plot was hatched in the western parts of the province to murder suddenly every European. This plot, which, if carried out, would have resulted in sad confusion, was only brought to an end by a Dyak chief who had embraced Christianity. The Malays, it seems, had laid their plans, and secured the co-operation of the Dyak tribes (which is rather surprising), and they finally came to win over one of the most numerous and warlike—the Sebuyos. This tribe had been an especial favourite with the rajah. To the heads of the tribe, consisting of the chiefs, the elders, and warriors, was divulged, under the strictest oaths to secrecy, the plan of murdering every European on a certain day (which was very near), and the assistance of the tribe was asked. The Dyak conclave said that such a serious matter required time to think over, and that they would give a reply to-morrow. They went home, and held a council of their own, at which the oldest warrior who was a Christian, said it was detestable to think of

murdering the missionary and his family, and that he was just going over to tell him all about the plot. The others seconded this resolution, and added that they would at once, before time was a day older, set off to the capital to defend the rajah against this foul plot. They did not sleep that night, but assembled some hundreds of young men together, got them ready, got out their war prahus, and early in the morning set off for Kuchin, doing the entire three days' journey in one. In their anxiety, they thought that the butchery had already commenced, and so they went up straight to Government House with their colours flying, gongs beating, and other demonstrations of a warlike character. Great was the surprise of the town of Kuchin to see these war-boats paddling past swiftly, and great was the rajah's surprise to see them. He was at the time engaged in common council duties with his "trusty" Malay councillors. The object of the Dyak visit was soon explained, and then and there several of the Malays who were implicated were taken into custody. The joy of the Dyaks was great when they found that they had arrived in time, and for the share they had taken in the affair. Thus the Christian mission was the salvation of the Sarawak State.

We shall conclude this chapter with a few remarks on the Malay language, which we subsequently carefully studied. It is easy to acquire, the grammar being extremely simple and rudimentary. The language is exceedingly rich in liquids, and hence more melodious than harsh. It is supposed to be the Italian of the East. There is a large substratum of Sanscrit roots, which would lead us to suppose that the Aryan race once had a lodgment in the East Indian Archipelago, and this supposition is strongly confirmed by the remains of Hindoo temples in Java. In different parts there are slight variations in dialect, but the language all over is essentially the same. The written character is Arabic, which proves either that Arabia affected these islands before India, or that the Arabic religion, when it came in, quite erased any former Aryan character. There are many roots which may be traced in the Polynesian Isles, but the majority of the words are independent, and form a kingdom of their own. A few books are written in the language, the principal being poems and histories of former kingdoms. These latter are far more reliable as *history* than the absurd and monstrous tales in which the Hindoos delight.

A Ramble in Persia.—II.

BY ARMINIUS VAMBÉRY.

THE more I advanced on my way towards Ispahan the more frequent and the more insolent became the intrusions of fanatical Shiites in matters connected with the Sunite creed. In Kührut, a village situated amidst beautiful mountainous scenery, said to be the place where Darius was killed, I found myself assailed not only in the daytime but, to my great astonishment, one evening whilst retiring into the corner to enjoy the short time of repose, I was roused suddenly from sweet sleep by a number of clamorous Persians, with a big-turbaned mollah at their head. Whilst rubbing my eyes, I had to answer sundry

questions connected with the history of the first khalifs; I had to give explanations why Omar did this and Osman that, and ultimately they gave me the alternative to become Shiite or to leave at once the caravan. By a harsh answer, by the show of some decisive position, the peevish and cowardly Persian is soon disconcerted, and I had only to take up the thread of their blasphemies, invectives, and threats, when all disappeared, leaving me again in the arms of Morpheus. A similar occurrence had a similar result the next morning, at our last station previous to entering the capital. Encountering

a caravan which had in charge the annual tax from Shiraz, consisting of several mules laden with gold and silver coin, I saw several waggish and quarrelsome Shirazis vexing a few Jews of our caravan (the children of Israel are the worst-treated set of people in Iran), and whilst a Shirazi lifted his gun to aim in fun at a Jew, the weapon went off and hurt a Persian near him, who immediately fell to the ground crying most desperately. Of course this was sufficient to throw the whole company into the greatest disorder. All was pell-mell, and amidst the confusion I noticed that the Shirazis stormed particularly at me, and pointed out my Sunite individuality as the chief reason for the misfortune which had occurred. To step

for he has a son called Agakutchuk (the little lord), is certainly, as far as regards Ispahan, in higher esteem than the name of the king. In his appearance, the Agabuzurg—who can prove his descent from the family of Mohammed by an undoubted pedigree—differs but little from the rest of the big-turbaned mollahs of Persia. He received me most politely, directed his steward to provide for me a room and a servant, and honoured me the very evening of my arrival with an invitation to his table. What a quantity of water—perhaps rivers and seas—would have been necessary to clean the poor man from the pollution, if he had known that he had taken his meal in the company of an unclean Christian. At first these feelings



APPROACH TO ISPAHAN.

forward and denounce their shameless cruelty was the business of a moment. My comrades gathered immediately round me; and so intense is the hatred between Ispahanis and Shirazis that, forgetting Sunites and Jews, they all fell upon their southern compatriots, seized the man who committed the mischief, and putting the rest of the party to flight, we entered—with the delinquent under our escort—the formerly splendid and gigantic, but now ruined, wretched, and insignificant, Ispahan.

A long walk through deserted streets, empty caravanserais, and decaying monuments of architecture, brought me to the house of the Imam Djumaâ, the chief priest of the town, and the highest prelate in Persia. This man, to whom I had letters of introduction, had formerly almost greater influence in the country than the king himself. Nowadays he is the second to him in power; and the name of Agabuzurg (the great lord),

gave me some uneasiness, but afterwards I got accustomed to my situation, and found no place in Iran where I had leisure to study this remarkable people of Asia better than in the house of the Persian high-priest. It was particularly at the ever memorable evening parties, where I heard interesting discussions about the differences of Eastern and Western life. At these meetings of the *beaux esprits* of Persian society, one discovers at the very beginning the struggle which it costs these champions of old civilisation to acknowledge the superiority of the new era. Inventions such as the railway, the telegraph, and steam-engines, now seen in Persia, are only involuntarily brought into discussion, and the pains these people take to prove at least some advantage for their religion, poetry, and metaphysics cannot but deeply touch the observer. "Culture, power, and greatness," said they, "shift in turns from nation to nation. In antiquity

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FALCONER, NORTH PERSIA

Asia was mighty, flourishing, and learned, and Europe lay prostrate at her feet. Now the aspect is entirely changed. Allah knows how long the West will keep its pre-eminence, but since the climax of perfection is conterminous with decay, the Franks will assuredly come down one day, and Islam will reappear in its radiant and resplendent colours." There was no reserve, no suspicion of what their visitor really was, only sometimes I was pitted as a member of a nation entirely subdued by Western or foreign influence. The few weeks I spent in the house of Imam Djumâ, of Ispahan, must be looked upon as the best sources of the information I obtained regarding Mohammedanism, or, properly speaking, on the result of its contest with European civilisation.

To describe the still existing ruins of former grandeur would be equal to carrying coals to Newcastle. English literature is the richest in Europe as far as regards our knowledge about Persia. I will only mention, that the still imposing Meduni Shah (royal hippodrome), and the Meschidi Shah (royal mosque), with its richly gilt cupolas and luxuriously ornamented gate, were objects I loved to gaze upon for hours and hours. No capital of Europe can boast of such a large square, although, nowadays, ragged beggars occupy the cells of the former imperial guards, and a donkey-market is held where the grantees of Georgia, Kurdistan, Afghanistan, and India, used to show the riches of Asia before the pompous kings of the old royal line. It is only in loose and bacchanalian manners that the modern Ispahanis have retained the character of their forefathers. An hour after sunset, all classes of society indulge in drinking wine and brandy, made and sold by the Christians of Djufa, a suburb of Ispahan, where the Armenians, forcibly transmigrated from the banks of the Araxes, reside. Tyranny and oppression has, however, very greatly diminished the number of the latter. There are scarcely 200 families existing, and even these are divided by religious fanaticism. The small Catholic section is petted by the French ambassador at Teheran, whilst the bishop of the larger, or Greek part, is a faithful servant to the Emperor of Russia, and becomes, as may be easily understood, the more despised by the home government.

But why should I become tedious re-narrating things so often and so much better described? I will keep to my part, namely, that of giving an account of my personal adventures, by asking the reader to accompany me on my way to Shiraz, where I found myself richly rewarded for all the fatigues of the trip; for during this part of the journey I avoided all company, and, trotting away merrily upon my donkey in short stages, I reached the ruins of the old Bazargade, and the pretended tomb of Cyrus, on a quiet moonlight night. Taking the last-named building in the darkness for some habitable place, I climbed up the smooth and huge marble steps with great difficulty, and, forgetting the danger of losing my long-eared animal, I enjoyed a quiet sleep of several hours there, where archaeologists suppose that the old King of Persia, whose name has become so familiar to us in our juvenile studies, was laid to rest. The first rays of the sun were scarcely peeping through the fissures of the roof, when a Persian peasant, who took me for some pilgrim—for the Shiites regard this place as the mausoleum of the mother of King Solomon—came up to me, and presenting a piece of bread with some dried fruits, asked my benedictions. The surprise was mutual. The good man hoped to find some inveterate worshipper of Ali, but as the

dress of a Bagdadi is most frequently the outward sign of a Sunite, his bewildered look frightened me; and in order to allay his apprehensions, as well as to extricate myself from an awkward position, began my blessing with the names of the Shiite saints, and succeeded in gaining the full friendship of the man. As I afterwards learned, he belonged to the tribe which inhabits the once famous plain of Bazargade; and, protected by him, I moved about undisturbed amidst the remarkable ruins of ancient times. In want of the precise knowledge of our Western ideas, the traveller is, in the eyes of the nomads who generally wander about the ruins in Persia, a man longing to discover "the stone of wisdom." This is believed to be a mineral only visible to beings influenced by *gins* (genii); and many, if not all European discoveries are attributed to the possession of such stones. "Wisdom was formerly at home in Persia," said an old nomad to me; "but since the *Feringhees* have carried away our talismans, science and arts flourish under their hands, and we are decaying more and more."

A similar observation I heard whilst in the ruins of Persepolis, where I spent nearly ten days in the company of some Turkish herdsmen. The Turks encamped here belonging to the tribes of Rashkai and Allaverdi, used to retire hither for a few weeks in the summer with their flocks. And as much as they were delighted to be in my company, and to talk Turkish all the day long, it was almost impossible to induce them to spend a night amid these classic and astounding ruins of bygone art. As for me, my sojourn in Persepolis is undoubtedly the most pleasant part of the time I spent in Asia. During the first days I delighted in reading the names of so many Europeans of famous reputation, who visited this place and inscribed their names upon prominent parts of the ruins. Here you meet amongst others the names of Kæmpfer, De la Valle, Niebühr; and amongst recent travellers, the names of Jones, Morier, Malcolm, Texier, Fergusson, Loftus, Kinneir, Minutoli, and Gobineau. The majority of those who inscribed their names on the hard granite—a work which requires sometimes several hours—belong to the British nationality. I began to be already proud of being the first Hungarian who visited this famous spot, when I discovered in that part consisting of black stones the names of Maróti István, a countryman of mine, and readily accorded to him the credit of being the first Hungarian visitor to Persepolis. Mr. Maróti had one of those curious adventurous careers so frequently met with in the East. He left his country and enlisted as a volunteer in the Polish revolution of 1830. Here he was made prisoner by the Russians: and after escaping from the Russian military service to Persia, he gained in a short time the affection of the royal family, and became the physician of the king's mother, in which quality he died at Shiraz, bequeathing to his country a fine collection of books of Persian manuscripts, which, however, the Persians have kept for themselves.

Speaking of European adventurers, I cannot leave unmentioned the extraordinary career of the hospitable and excellent Swede, Dr. Fagergreen, the chief physician in South Persia, in the service of the Shah, whose house will certainly be known to all who have visited the beautiful Shiraz, and whose personal qualities cannot be over-esteemed. Dr. Fagergreen left his northern home as a handicraftsman, with a longing for the South, just like his mythical countryman, the hero of the "Frithiop Saga." It was not a voyage, but a walk, which brought

him to the shores of the Bosphorus. From thence he turned eastwards; and as every European is considered by the Orientals a medical man by birth, and the honest Swede, seeing conferred upon him, in spite of his own will, the degree of M.D., could not help applying the small quantity of medicaments he carried with him for personal use. Thus he continued his way across Asia Minor, Armenia, and Persia, everywhere as a *médecin malgré lui*; and, such was the favourable reception he met with from the people and the better classes, that his fame preceded him at Teheran, and he had not spent many weeks in the capital before the king appointed him in the previously-mentioned capacity at Shiraz. I must mention that Dr. Fagergreen most assiduously studied all the medical books which fell into his hands in Persia; and admitting that many a Persian had to risk his life for the practical experiments of the so-called doctor, I must say that Dr. Fagergreen was, at the time when I saw him, fully acquainted with the mysteries of his science, and answered the purpose perfectly well.

Hearing already in Teheran about this wonderful man, I thought of playing an innocent joke by presenting myself in his house, not in my European, but in my Oriental character. Entering in my costume of Bagdadi, I gave him the usual dervish salutation of "Ya hú! ya hakk!" upon which the kind European, thinking that he had to do with one of those numerous dervishes who are roaming about in that country, put his hand into his pocket, and in order to get rid of me presented me with some money.

"What! money!" I exclaimed; "it is your confidence that I wish for. By the orders of my religious chief, I have come from remote regions with the intention of bringing you from the false religion you are now professing to the road of true religious faith. I have come in consequence of directions received from the Sheikh of Bagdad, to make you Mussulman." The physician, who was obviously well acquainted with this kind of proselytism, said to me: "Yes, my dervish; not with commands, but with convincing words men ought to invite people to religion. What can you do to verify your mission; what to confirm your chief's wonderful power?"

"You are doubting thereof? A breath of my *pir* sufficed to make me acquainted with all the arts of the world, and with all languages. Since you are a Feringhee, you may make a trial of me in every dialect you wish." The physician was

all wonder. Endeavouring to retain the firmness of my mien, and fixing my eyes fast upon the earth, I listened while he addressed me in his vernacular tongue, the Swedish. "Swedish," said I, "I am much better acquainted with it than yourself;" and in order to prove my assertion, recited some verses out of Pegnér's "Frithiof Saga," which, having been the favourite reading of my youth, was still fresh in my memory. The physician's surprise was at its climax. His complexion changed to all possible colours; and without asking me further, he began to speak German. To his great confusion, I answered even in this. The same was the case with the French; and having exchanged words in every language, I returned to the Persian, and recited for the salvation of his soul a few sentences of the Koran. The poor Scandinavian, half bewildered with amazement, made every possible effort to scrutinise the mysterious character of his guest; and thinking to solve his riddle the next day, I said to him, "You have time to reflect till to-morrow at eight o'clock. Either you become Mussulman, or you will have to feel the magic power of my religious chief."

I returned home. On the next morning I had no sooner arisen from my bed than the honest Swede stood already before me. He was too impatient to wait for my visit, and I had strongly piqued his curiosity. At first I repeated my joke of yesterday; but the good nature that could be perceived in all his features bade me terminate the joke; and, having pulled off the mask with a short declaration, I embraced the kind physician. His delight was boundless, and he exclaimed, "I suspected as much, yet your Persian conversation disconcerted me."

In spite of my rather too bold trick, the good Swede gave me a most splendid reception in his house. I stayed with him for nearly three months; and, in his quality as medical adviser in the chief Persian houses, I gained a full insight into the family life of the inhabitants of Shiraz. It is a gloomy and dark picture of morals which offers itself to the foreign observer. Depravity and debauchery of every description have undermined the family life, not only of the upper classes, but even of the artisans. And, however sorry I felt to leave the beautiful climate and the deep blue sky of the town of Hafiz and Saadi, my great aversion for its depraved society made me turn my steps backwards to Teheran, in order to begin my journey to Central Asia.

Rio de Janeiro and the Organ Mountains.—IV.

BY THOMAS W. HINCHLIFF, M.A., F.R.G.S.

THE RETIRO.

HALF-WAY between Petropolis and the station of Correa, we had often been struck *en passant* with the splendid appearance of a group of mountains which we could see closing up the head of a valley running up to our left from a place called the Retiro. We knew that for some little way the road was passable, even by carriages, up to a point where people sometimes went to buy fruit and flowers in a kind of nursery garden;

but we were very anxious to explore the valley to its head, if practicable. Choosing a perfectly fine day, we put some provisions in a haversack; and with our vasculums all ready for plants, we walked off after breakfast to seek for new pastures in a district which looked particularly promising. About a mile from Petropolis, the road passes near a long building, which we soon found was the *abattoir*, or slaughter-house of the place. We should certainly have passed it without notice, as it is in a

very sheltered situation, if our eyes had not been attracted by the numbers of great blackish birds, which were sitting on the branches of surrounding trees, and paying no attention to us, even when we were quite close to them. These were urubus, a sort of turkey-buzzard, unclean carrion-feeders, which are protected by law from the hand of men, upon the condition of duly performing the duties of public scavengers. They do this so completely, that on the many occasions of our walking by the place I do not think we ever saw or smelt anything offensive. Mutton is rather a rarity in Petropolis, but beef is abundant. A stranger, however, may be thoroughly puzzled as to the

with much the same kind of growth as our barley; and narrow zigzag paths lead through these belts of grass up into the remains of the forest, which is still left to cover the upper part of all the heights. The annual rainfall in Petropolis is about 150 inches, so it may easily be understood that this grass grows apace, and the colonists get four or five crops in the year: but if they were to allow animals to forage for themselves on these rich but limited mountain-pastures, the greater part of the crop would be inevitably destroyed. All animals, therefore, are kept shut up in stables and sheds, and their daily allowance of fresh grass is brought down for them ready cut. Waste is



THE COTTON HARVEST.

sources from which either of them is supplied. In a residence of some months I never saw a sheep alive but once, and then there were two of them tethered to separate pegs. We had abundance of milk, and butter as good as from an English dairy; yet I never once saw a cow, nor any other horned cattle, excepting on one Sunday, when a few of them were brought in for a kind of fair. Extraordinary as this may seem, it is strictly true, and the difficulty will begin to vanish when the nature of the country is understood. Petropolis and its surroundings have been entirely built upon and among steep hills, that are covered with dense forest, except where human labour has contrived to clear them. The various proprietors have small holdings, which they plant with maize, mandioca, bananas, oranges, and other fruits and vegetables. A considerable part however, of the clearings on the steep sides of the hills is devoted to the cultivation of a strong coarse grass,

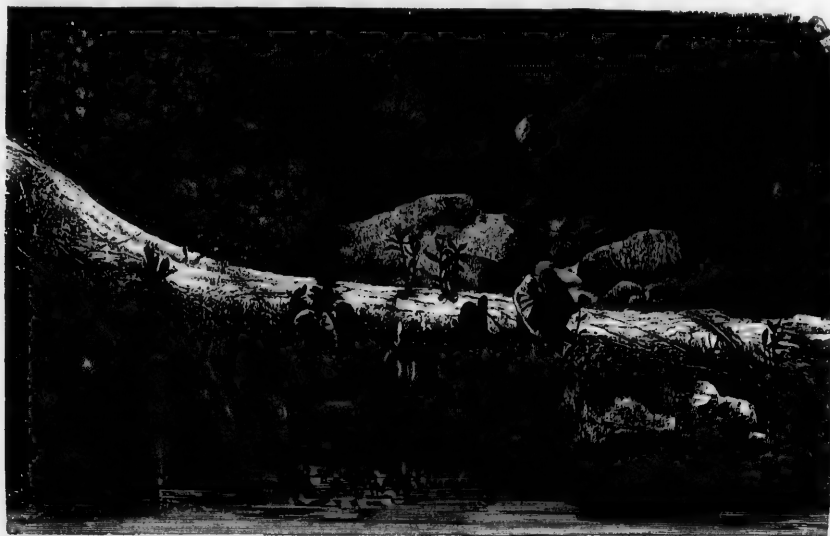
thus prevented, and the grassy slopes are mown in regular rotation.

After this digression we must return to the road on our way to the Retiro. About four miles from Petropolis we turned to the left, and crossing a small bridge over a rippling stream, we found ourselves in full view of the remarkable group of mountains which we were looking for. This noble trio rose boldly out of the head of the valley before us, which, though narrow at first, spread out further on into a rather wide extent of rough and half-cultivated grass and bushes, varied by the gaunt and ghastly remains of former monarchs of the forest. The first step taken to get rid of a Brazilian forest is to set fire to it; and as, instead of easily-burnt pines, it consists principally of vast hard-wood trees rising out of a dense jungle of smaller trees, mixed with palms, tree-ferns, bamboos, and the like, a great many of the larger trunks remain standing, though killed,

and pointing their weird blackened branches as if in awful protest against the cruelty of destroying them. Some of them soon fall to the ground, and under the joint influences of heat, moisture, and surrounding vegetation, they are not long in melting back into the bosom of their mother earth. Others stand half burnt, in ghastly isolation, unable to fall, and looking as if they are imploring some one to come and cover their nakedness. The sight of one of these burning forests is a very extraordinary one; amongst the huge flames darting out of a suffocating smoke the incessant cannonade of bursting bamboos and falling branches, and the screams of frightened birds, mixed with the shouts of the men who are directing and

fall from the top of the awful precipice now before us he would tear out in his headlong dash a long line of inaccessible plants, which will certainly never be reached in any other way, and thus might possibly be the unwilling contributor of some novelties to the botanist.

Facing this marvellous precipice was another mountain of about the same height; but, though amazingly steep, its surface was much more broken and varied with vegetation. Beyond both, and between the two, a third mountain of pyramidal form closed up the extreme head of the valley. A few hundred yards from where I am supposed to be standing the clearings ceased, and the glorious virgin forest filled up all the basin

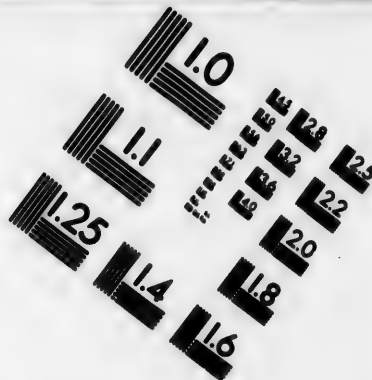


A FALLEN MONARCH.

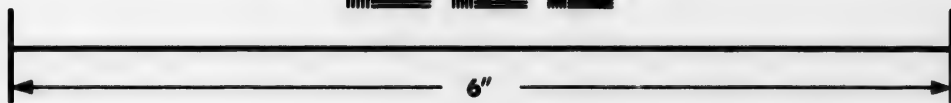
stimulating the ruin, unite to form a Babel amid a scene never to be forgotten.

In front of us, but rather to the left, was a very remarkable mountain, rising in a gentle slope from the left to a height which I imagine to be about 2,500 feet above where we stood, or about 5,000 feet above the sea; but straight from the summit the other side went down for about 2,000 feet in an unbroken slope of bare granite at an angle of between 60° and 70°, losing itself at the base in the magnificent forest immediately before us. The decomposition of the exposed granite in such a climate of heat and moisture is so great that the surface is soft enough, with the aid of little irregularities, to support a variety of epiphytic plants, such as *Tillandsias* and other members of the *Bromeliaceae*. These, for the most part, have very much the growth and appearance of the pine-apple plant, which is one of the same family; and their stiff forms and green leaves rising at intervals from the dark granite have a singularly strange effect. The result is, that if anyone were to

between the feet of these three mountains, and crept gently up their sides till stopped by the limits of rock and precipice, which thence rose unsheltered into the deep blue sky. It was about noon when we completed our general inspection of the magnificent view before us; and the heat of the sun was tremendous as we moved along a narrow track which seemed to be used by occasional wood-cutters, and the lizards testified their satisfaction as they skimmed over rocks which felt almost red-hot to the hand. In a few minutes later everything was changed—we had followed the track into the deep cool shades of the forest. Within five paces from the bare and burning stones, we had stepped under the shade of noble trees which spread their dense branches over a jungle of ferns and evergreen bushes, all luxuriating in a cool moisture. Here we found at once a great object of our desire, some fertile fronds of a magnificent *Acrostichum*, of which the barren fronds are more like a branch of the Portugal laurel than anything else I can think of. A little further, and the shade grew denser as we



A resolution test chart featuring various patterns of horizontal and vertical lines. The patterns are labeled with numerical values: 1.0, 1.1, 1.25, 1.4, 1.6, 1.8, 2.0, 2.2, 2.5, 2.8, 3.2, 3.6, 4.0, 4.5, 5.0, 5.6, 6.3, 7.1, 8.0, 9.0, 10.0, 11.2, 12.5, 14.0, 16.0, 18.0, 20.0, 22.5, 25.0, 28.0, 32.0, 36.0, 40.0, 45.0, 50.0, 56.0, 63.0, 71.0, 80.0, 90.0, 100.0, 112.0, 125.0, 140.0, 160.0, 180.0, 200.0, 225.0, 250.0, 280.0, 320.0, 360.0, 400.0, 450.0, 500.0, 560.0, 630.0, 710.0, 800.0, 900.0, 1000.0, 1120.0, 1250.0, 1400.0, 1600.0, 1800.0, 2000.0, 2250.0, 2500.0, 2800.0, 3200.0, 3600.0, 4000.0, 4500.0, 5000.0, 5600.0, 6300.0, 7100.0, 8000.0, 9000.0, 10000.0.



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reached a group of huge detached rocks that must in former times have fallen down from one of the adjoining mountains, but were now covered with long-accumulated treasures of vegetation. A trickling stream ran near the feet of the largest of them, and the monarchs of the forest threw cool shadows far down upon its head, which at the height of some thirty or forty feet from the ground was fringed with crimson cactus-blossoms, mixed with the tall stalks of a green and white *Amaryllis*. This tempting spectacle induced us to push up a jungle-covered slope and get to the top of the rock by an apparently possible route, but it was not to be done; we could not force our way through without an axe, and we could not get up the face without a ladder, so we were compelled to content ourselves with examining as much of the rock as was within reach of our arms or umbrella-handles.

From a little way below the cactus-blossoms, hung down in festoons the long pendulous fronds of the *Nephrolepis*, while a marvellously perfect specimen of a *Trichomanes* had already climbed about a dozen feet from the ground to meet them. Its *pinnæ*, like exquisite green lace, spread right and left from the rachis to the length of about a foot, and shone against the damp brown rock, flanked by bunches of *Doryopteris sagittifolia* and *Lyopodiums* in abundance. The variety of *Trichomanes* and *Hymenophyllum* ferns is considerable in the damp and dark parts of the woods, some of them climbing to the height of twenty or thirty feet round the stem of a tree, while others are scarcely larger than their European representatives. They are all lovely, and most of them are as easy to press and preserve as a common buttercup; but I must for a moment turn out of my way to describe the *Trichomanes Prieurei*, the most wonderful of them all, which we never found in perfection, except in an unusually damp and dense wood near the Presidencia. It springs in a tuft from a firmly-rooted crown, the fronds being, in a good specimen, about fifteen or sixteen inches long. The fronds have an appearance essentially different from anything I have seen in the vegetable world: the colour is that of an emerald, but they shine with a metallic lustre which is perfectly marvellous. No one can form any idea of the beauty of this plant unless he has found it growing; for, though we protected the fronds we put in our vasculums with the utmost care, and took them home as quickly as possible, their lustre was gone before we got there, and the colour soon followed in the drying-paper: the result was always the same, and though the requisite form has been preserved, the general appearance is that of black lace.

The track led us past the rocks to a somewhat more open region, where the jungle being much less dense we could move more freely up to the trunk of some of the forest giants, and trace them from their base to their spreading crowns, some of them about 150 feet from the ground. Here, too, we observed the last remains of an old sumaúma, or buttress-tree, which we afterwards saw in perfection elsewhere. These colossal trees throw out spurs or buttresses from about a height of eight or ten feet from the ground, slanting downwards till they reach at the surface to about the same distance from the trunk. They are thin, like planks, and thus divide the lower part of the tree into open compartments, sometimes so large that two or three people can stand together in one of them. The whole extent is such that I have measured about thirty feet along the ground from the end of one buttress to that of the opposite one. Presently we plunged again into a thicker region and,

amidst the ruins of a fallen giant, discovered some admirable specimens of a very bright green fern, whose elegant fronds proved to be those of the *Asplenium Scandicium*. The forest became darker than ever, and the silence seemed if possible to increase as we wandered on further into its depths; at last we heard the sound of rushing water, and presently found ourselves on the banks of a delicious stream bounding among mossy rocks, and inciting us immediately to fix upon it as the place for luncheon. The shade was intense; and it was only by looking straight overhead that we could see the burning sun playing with the topmost leaves; the water was sweet and cool, and in its course through the unbroken forest had not yet seen the full light of day, so we threw down our various burdens by the side of a group of palms, washed hands and faces, somewhat repairing our dishevelled appearance, and proceeded to the enjoyment of our sandwiches, with a good bottle of English porter, and the consequential pipe. Then we pursued our researches among ferns and forest-flowers, after scrambling across the little stream, and at last went back to our starting-point pretty correctly, in time to find that the sun felt hotter than ever as we suddenly came out of impenetrable shade into the blazing light of the open country. We were so thirsty on arriving at Petropolis that we stopped for a draught of the country beer at a place kept by an old French couple who, between them, told us a curious story of how they had come to live in Brazil. The husband was in Paris with his wife in the revolution of 1848; he was a skilled workman, earning five francs a day; the socialists tried to compel him to join in one of the unions intended to pull down the gains of the best men for the benefit, as usual, of the worst and most numerous. He refused the three francs offered him, and started for California, hoping soon to make money enough to fetch his wife out after him. He declared that the captain of the French ship in which he and his companions sailed, having secured their passage-money to California, and having also made them pay for a store of tobacco and gunpowder, bought from himself, took the vessel into Rio, and contrived, when most of the people were on shore, to scuttle or blow her up in the harbour. He managed to get away with the spoil, and my poor old friend found himself a beggar in Brazil instead of a gold-digger in California. He could not make any money to move on with, and was obliged to beg his wife to try and raise funds to enable her to join him. This at last was done with difficulty, and the victims of the 1848 socialism are now keeping a drinking-shop in the outskirts of Petropolis, not without a hope of seeing "La Belle France" once again before they die.

Such was one of the expeditions which make Petropolis a paradise for the Rambler, especially if he has any taste for the vegetable glories of a climate in which it may almost be said that the air produces as many flowers as the earth does. Every tree is not only concerned with its own proper work of self-development, but it has also to nourish a garden of ferns, orchids, gigantic arums, air-plants, and countless others, the seeds of which have been wafted by balmy breezes against its surface, and have clung to every rough spot. Nor is it decorated only by such plants as may be supposed to want but little soil, for amongst the orchids and brilliant parasites which cling to every branch I have seen the tall flower stem of a white *Amaryllis* at a height of some sixty feet above the ground. We were never tired of repeating old walks and finding new ones in a region which was to all appearance

inexhaustible for our pursuits. Sometimes the Presidencia, about an hour's walk from the hotel, was selected with the surrounding woods for the day's explorations, starting from a spot which could even be reached in a carriage, and near which was a pretty piece of water containing curious fish with a large black spot on each side. Hither we were followed one day by an old negro, who went down to the water-side and pulled out a bundle of rough sapling sticks, which he kept soaking there till he had a chance of getting a few coppers for them, and thereby becoming intensely happy. At other times we took the much longer walk to an eminence called the Alto do Imperador, a lofty point at an opening in the highest forest, from which there is a magnificent view over the tops of hill below hill, and forest below forest, stretching down from our feet till they melt into the more open country, where scattered white specks among the verdure mark the houses of those who are cultivating rich crops in the hotter climate of 3,000 feet below our temporary perch. Thence the delighted eye wanders over all the splendours of the Bay of Rio, its shining water and its countless islands, the fantastic mountains rising behind the city, now invisible from distance, and the peak of the Sugar-loaf, forty miles away, guarding the entrance from the Atlantic, whose blue waters fade into the remote horizon.

VARIETIES OF INSECTS.

Meanwhile, a collection of insects was progressing favourably; and, besides a quantity of beautiful moths and butterflies, my friend's boxes began to fill with beetles, spiders, strange grasshoppers, leaf-insects, and, most wonderful of all, a fine specimen of the praying mantis, who, in spite of his pious looks and imploring attitudes, was obliged to succumb to poison and the penetrating pin. There were some very fine and interesting spiders, including one whose house was discovered in the pathway up to the hill behind the hotel. This dwelling was a hole in the ground, closed at the top with a lid made of clay pressed close and turning on a hinge, like that of a teapot, by which the insect was enabled to shut or open it according to pleasure. This spider was said to give a dangerously poisonous bite. So was another far larger kind of tarantula, with thick, black, hairy legs, about eight inches across, which had been caught on a piece of dry wood by a prudent "nigger," who had avoided touching it by putting wood and all into a box. This really frightful-looking creature was with no small difficulty coaxed under a large inverted tumbler; and, when it had realised the fact of its being in a narrow prison, it began to kick and plunge so violently, that for a moment we had some fear that it would upset the glass and charge us. However, by gently lifting one side, the operator was enabled to introduce a little chloroform; and, after dancing a wilder tarantula measure than could have been imagined by the mediæval Neapolitans, the horrible legs relaxed and fell with the burden of a dead body. People dread touching these spiders even long after death, declaring that every hair is poisonous. Butterflies of all colours came in apace, mainly from the neighbourhood of Corraes; but one of the most beautiful was contributed, fresh caught in the village, by a little boy, whose modest demand of fourpence was eagerly agreed to. This lovely creature was about six inches in width across the wings; its colour was nearly white, with an almost imperceptible tinge of green, and a somewhat opaline lustre as the wings were moved. At Corraes, among the gayest was

a species of pale scarlet colour when alive, which, however, always seemed to lose some of its brilliancy when it came into the entomological morgue.

A very agreeable family of Americans, who had settled down in Rio Janeiro for commercial purposes, came up for a holiday to Petropolis, and, among other things, recommended us to an old man who kept a *pharmacia*, or chemist's shop, in the Rua do Imperador, as a large collector of insects for sale. We saw little indications of a lively trade in drugs, but passing through the small bottle-shop we found ourselves in the presence of a rather loquacious German woman, who turned out to be the wife of the Portuguese chemist. She explained to us that her lord and master was coming in a few minutes; that he was a very remarkable man, who would only do things in his own fashion, and that she was not empowered to make any bargains for him, though she would be very happy, in his august absence, to show us some of the treasures in his room. Accordingly, we had an exhibition of some valuable insects, and a great many very common ones, accompanied by a running account of the state of her family, and how her children collected insects to pay for their education. Presently, a dirty snuffy old gentleman in his shirt-sleeves entered the room, and we soon found we were in the presence of the great man. His wife interpreted for us, and explained that my friend wanted to buy some good insects, and pointed out those which were the special objects of our admiration. But the old fellow refused to deal on those terms, and would only consent to be allowed to manage the matter in his own way. He would prepare us a box of butterflies and moths, and another box of beetles; but he would not pledge himself as to what he would put in, nor would he say a word about the price, which was to depend upon the splendour of the collection which he might condescend to put together for us. His wife repeated that he was a very remarkable man—a kind of genius that is not to be fettered by rules of ordinary mortals—and it was evident that, if the obstinate old fellow had been acquainted with Tennyson's poems, he would have liked to turn to his own purposes the sentiment of "Trust me all in all, or not at all." On the whole, my friend decided to give him a chance of distinguishing himself, and to reserve all rights of future action.

After waiting a considerable time, and making vain inquiries as to the progress made, the waiter told us one day that the boxes had arrived, and three or four young men were waiting with them in our sitting-room. They all wore an expression of triumph upon their faces as they opened the cases, and displayed, to our horror, two glazed boxes with vulgar gilded frames, containing a miscellaneous collection of insects formed into patterns on a gaudily-painted background, reminding me of a school-girl's "sampler" of the last century, or the preparations for an illumination of a London shop. Processions of small green "bugs," as the Americans would call them, wound gracefully round a black stag-beetle of lordly proportions, to meet another procession on the other side; and with the aid of sundry detachments of divers colours, and stripes of yellow paint, they gradually formed themselves into the similitude of the Imperial Crown! The amount of jins expended was no doubt very great, but we could hardly conceal our disgust at a result, which was, however, entirely in accordance with the national taste. Nor was this feeling diminished when we found that a small frame of butterflies in similar taste contained scarcely anything that we had

not already found for ourselves, and that 100 milreis, or ten guineas, was the bold demand for both. The waiter was our interpreter, and expressed our unwillingness to take the goods without a large diminution of the purchase-money. It was amusing to watch the astonishment of the young men, who looked as they might be supposed to look if we had refused immediate admission into heaven. After holding a council among themselves, they went to consult the old sage, and to our intense satisfaction came back with the reply that no abatement of charge would be admissible; they preferred taking their treasures back, and they carried them off accordingly. We continued to collect all that we could catch, and my companion deferred his purchases till our return to Rio, where some good naturalists are to be found.

ATTEMPT AT A DAY'S SHOOTING.

The excitement of hunting for ferns, flowers, and butterflies, though admitted to be very great, was not, however, sufficient to satisfy the ambition of one of my friends. We had brought out our guns with us, and a stock of No. 8 cartridges, intended for the massacre of small birds, and he saw no reason for continuing to hide this light under a bushel, though I repeatedly assured him that I much doubted if we should find anything worth the powder. He was stimulated by the arrival of another Englishman fresh from Europe, who was craving for a shot at something, and was only restrained from firing at humming-birds by the assurance that if he hit them at all, he must blow them to invisible atoms. Hearing that the scientific way of getting these lovely little creatures is to knock them down with water from a squirt, he employed his engineering talents in making a squirt out of a piece of bamboo, with which he wandered about the garden, but to my great satisfaction the experiment was a failure. We knew there were very few birds in the forests near Petropolis, and we were told that, if there had ever been more, they had been shot long ago by the Duke of Saxe, who married a daughter of the Emperor. Somebody, however, declared that, if we would go to a place called Pedro de Rio, about twenty miles distant on the main road, we should probably meet with great results, especially as the roadside inn was kept by a Frenchman reputed to be a *grand chasseur*, thoroughly acquainted with the Brazilian sport to be found in his neighbourhood. I had very little faith in the scheme myself, for when on a former occasion I had been to the paradise of sportsmen on the Pampas and rivers of the Argentine and Oriental republics, I had not only observed the great scarcity of birds in forest-covered lands like the Brazilian hills, but had also experienced the excessive difficulty of picking up in the jungle anything that might happen to be shot among the trees. However, it was agreed that the attempt should be made, as we were sure of a pleasant day, even if the sport should come to nothing; and early one morning a carriage and four mules was waiting for us at the door, in charge of our favourite coachman, who had the reputation of being a German or Belgian nobleman, whose paternal estates had been sacrificed at the gambling-tables of Europe.

Unfortunately, it was a wet morning, and we hesitated about starting, till some one suggested that the weather might be much better as we left the vicinity of the sea behind us. It was a very sound idea, and Adolphe had hardly driven his team three miles from Petropolis before the rain ceased, the Itamaraty Mountain shone out brightly in the sun, and we had

every prospect of a perfectly fine day. We gave the mules a short rest at Correa, and then rattling down another stage of gentle incline, we found ourselves in good time at the hot and dusty station of Pedro de Rio, and pulled up at the door of a dirty little house which was pleased to call itself an inn. Opposite to it was the usual store, where everything was ready for sale, from claret to grindstones, and from mule-harness to a box of matches. Here we found the Frenchman presiding over his goods; but, to our great disgust, he disavowed the character of a sportsman, and gave a very poor account of the probability of sport. He, however, provided a black boy and a white one to show us certain paths in the forests, and while they were being sent for, we prepared for a kind of late breakfast in the little inn. Sure such an inn was never seen! The door opened into one filthy little room, which was invaded at pleasure by dogs, cats, poultry, and even pigs, without which no Brazilian household is complete. The pigs in these hill regions are perfect in form and rotundity, and, with a little care, would be worthy of an English agricultural meeting; but unfortunately, the heat of the climate prevents their being turned into bacon and hams. Corruption begins near the bone before the salt can have time to penetrate. The hostess was a very fat and voluble Frenchwoman, who had left the Pyrenees some eighteen years before, and seemed to have bitterly repented it. She busied herself in cooking for us to the best of her ability, and, considering the very limited extent of her *matériel*, we had no reason to complain. Her husband sent over a stock of beer from his store across the road, and we soon shouldered our guns and marched off with our barefooted boys. They led us up a rather steep path, from which we had a good view of the Piabanha River, until, turning rather to the right, we found ourselves cut off by dense forest from all distant objects. A bird about the size of a pigeon was seen among the boughs of a tree on the hill-side; one of the party fired, and the victim dropped. A rush was made down the bank by the eager sportsman, but the jungle was so rough and tangled that he could not penetrate far. The boys were called to his assistance, but all was of no avail; not a feather was to be found, and after wasting a very hot quarter of an hour, we went on our way. Uphill and downhill, sometimes in the deep shade of evergreen forest, and sometimes emerging on open scrubby spots blazing in sunshine, we wandered about for several miles; and if the sport were unsatisfactory, we had occupation enough in turning right and left in search of new plants wherever we could effect an entrance through the jungle. About half a dozen small birds were slaughtered, but I think only three were picked up, the largest of them being a lovely little woodpecker about the same size as an English kingfisher. The Brazilian way of shooting is to place the guns at certain spots which it is found that animals are likely to make for, and to make a pack of miscellaneous dogs hunt barking through the forest, and trying to drive everything before them. In this way they now and then get the anta or tapir, and the peccary or wild pig; but it is astonishing to see how little animal life generally shows itself in these boundless forests. We observed many trees and plants which were new to us, and amongst them we found the wild guavas, with the fruit nearly ripe, to the great joy of our two urchins, who certainly showed a courage which seemed to me almost incredible, by plunging with their bare feet among thorny thickets, where they had the additional risk of

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THE ORGAN MOUNTAINS, FROM THERESOPOLIS.

treading upon snakes and detestable insects. At last we thought we had gone far enough, and induced the boys to lead us homewards by another way, in the course of which we came to some swampy places with grand ferns and superb beds of *Begonias*. Further on, coming suddenly out of the woods into a comparatively open patch, we found ourselves among a group of gigantic aloes, twenty or thirty of them throwing up their candelabra-like flower-stems in full bloom to the height of about thirty feet, and all within the space of fifty yards square.

We were very glad of cooling fluids both within and without when we returned, hot and dusty, to a second repast at the Frenchwoman's dirty table, where we sat down to chickens and rice, an apology for soup, and the universal dish of black beans and *carne secca*, or dried beef of most revolting appearance, but not so bad as it looks when the mind is once made up to venture an attack upon it. Our coachman looked as if he had had a very dull day of it in this lonely spot, away from the gaieties of Petropolis's society, and he was by no means sorry to bring up the four-in-hand, which took us back at a lively pace to McDowall's, at the end of a day which, though shockingly unsportsmanlike, had been a very delightful variation from our ordinary life. About the time for going to bed, however, one of the party found he had reason to repent it. In pushing his way through the jungle, he had unluckily encountered a bush which must have been covered with minute insects, a species of tick, which bury themselves in the skin, and produce maddening irritation. His body was covered with them, and he was in a state bordering on frenzy, when the waiter advised him to rub himself with raw *canna*, and he did not venture to turn into bed till he had thus consumed a bottle of this powerful spirit, and made the hotel smell like a distillery.

DOWN TO RIO AND BACK AGAIN.

Before saying farewell to Petropolis, it is only right to give an account of how, after a week or two of rambles among hill and forest, in sunshine and in rain, I used to delight myself with a day's run to the city and back. Luckily, on the finest of these occasions I had one of my companions with me to increase my pleasure by sharing in it. We had only to ask the active and far-travelled waiter of the hotel to get tickets for us the evening before, costing ten milreis or a guinea, and to call us at five o'clock in the morning. The first dawn showed us the prospect of a perfect day, so we had no hesitation in getting up and taking an egg with a cup of coffee before the start. At a few minutes after six o'clock, the sky being still covered with stars, one of the coaches pulled up at the door and carried us off with some native passengers towards the Serra in the delicious coolness of the early morning. But so rapid is the approach of day within the tropics, that by the time we reached the summit of the Serra, and the mules had rattled round the corner at which the descent begins, the sun was already gilding all the mountains behind the city, and illuminating one of the most wonderful spectacles that I can remember having ever seen. The bay, vast as it is, seemed at first sight to have doubled itself in the course of the night; and, for a moment, I felt completely puzzled. However, we soon realised the fact that not only the bay itself, but all the ten miles' belt of low land between it and ourselves was covered with a sheet of pure white cloud, spread forth about 2,500 feet beneath us. All the islands of the bay were hidden by it, but the green-wooded tops of the minor hills below us stood

out exactly like real islands in a white ocean. It seemed as if a new sea had broken in upon the beautiful world below, and the illusion was completed by a little white cloud, which broke against the Sugar-loaf like the towers of spray bursting upwards in a hurricane. Then another image floated before my mind's eye as I thought of ancient glacial seas grinding their slow way over what are now among the fairest regions of this fair earth; and, at last, as I raised my eyes to the surrounding mountains glowing in the morning sun, I could not but think of that grand Trinity hymn which speaks of the saintly elders as

"Casting down their golden crowns before the glassy sea."

The sublimest thoughts were necessarily aroused by a spectacle of such astounding sublimity, and a sensation of pure delight took possession of us as the lively little mules spun round corner after corner of the twisting road among trees and flowers glowing in the sun, and banks of choice ferns about their feet still dripping with the nightly dew. As we drew near the bottom of this tropical Simplon, the white sea was fading before the mighty sun; it broke in twisting wreaths which melted as they whirled like gauze about our heads; and as we galloped up to the railway station in the plain below, the last vestige of mist disappeared and left us to the mercies of an unclouded sky for the remainder of the day.

There were plenty of busy people going into Rio with fruit and poultry and all sorts of small supplies, and a group of chattering negro women making laughing comments on the rest of the company as the train puffed out of the station at exactly eight o'clock. Half an hour later we were on board the steamer, and warned by a friendly passenger we joined him in securing one of the tables in the little cabin, and ordering some breakfast before the ugly rush. They did not condescend to give tea and coffee, but we had fish and cutlets very fairly cooked, and washed down with a bottle of 1834 port wine—not brandied for the London market—and sold in that favoured land at two milreis, or one dollar, a bottle. At ten o'clock punctually we landed at Rio, and had four hours to dispose of before the return. A friend suggests the loan of his boat, with its crew of four coal-black negroes in white jackets and trousers, and we gladly avail ourselves of the chance to make them row across to the mail-steamer, which is going to start for England next day, and on which we find some old friends ready to carry messages as to our well-being. Then back to the wharf near the Custom-house, whence we move once more into the noise and bustle of the Rua Direita, which seem more conspicuous than ever after our sojourn in the peaceful country. Bankers have to be consulted, the Royal Mail agent to be called on, or the Post-office to be tormented for its stupid obstinacy and mismanagement. At the usual luncheon hour a few friends were always sure to be gathered together at the Exchange Hotel, where, in spite of the excessive heat, there are few things more popular than bottled porter, with the inevitable dish of gigantic prawns.

At two o'clock the perspiring darkeys had carried their various burdens on board, the bell rang, and we started back across the bay, where the afternoon sea-breeze was briskly rippling the water which had been like a mirror in the morning. One little belt of white vapour was drawn across the flanks of the Organ Mountains, making their extraordinary summits look like a row of amputated fingers in the sky, but otherwise all was in a blaze of sunshine or soft purple shadow. On the line

of railway it was so hot that we wondered how anyone could exist there in the hot season; but as we once more mounted on the top of a coach and climbed up the familiar road, the sun dipped below the dark mountain in front of us, and we could coolly contemplate the infinite beauty of the still shining

scene of heat and bustle in which we had so lately moved. Gradually the shadows gained over that also, and it was nearly dark and rather cold when, after an absence of twelve hours of varied happiness and beauty, we were welcomed back into our mountain home.

Adventures in Lazestan.—III.

BY FREDERICK A. LYONS.

On returning to the café, I had a consultation with my faithful Temkali, the result of which was that we decided on undertaking the journey to Trebizond on foot, having been informed by the people there that the distance did not exceed nine hours' march—some twenty-five miles. We began our pedestrian journey, and followed the route which skirts the sea-coast. This route offers a succession of ups and downs—following the accidents of a steep and picturesque sea-coast—and passes through rows of hedges, thickets, bordering fields, and plantations. Where the steepness of the slope forbids access, then the traveller has no other chance left but to follow the beach, trudging over shingle for miles and miles.

COAST OF LAZESTAN.

On the whole, the aspect of the country is smiling and attractive. The localities through which we had to pass consisted of some isolated buildings like cafés or khans, serving the purpose of centres of population. The houses and inmates were concealed in the woods, and it was only occasionally that we could catch sight of some decent abode, which stood like a *kiosque* on a prominent and picturesque situation. The districts we passed through were Conata, Falko, Deirmen-dereh, &c. On the road we met every now and then with small arsenals, or dry docks, concealed within the numerous little creeks and bays which are to be found along this coast. The neatness of the structures, and the skill shown by these native naval engineers, were for me causes of surprise, as I had no idea that the inhabitants of Lazestan were so addicted to seafaring pursuits, and that they understood so well their business as sailors and constructors. Here everything is on a primitive footing, and the man who sets out to sea as a captain is the one who has built his own craft, being thus captain and ship-builder at the same time. By this it would be wrong to argue that the crafts constructed by such uneducated people are bad specimens. To this I can answer that the ships built on the coast of Lazestan are good sailing craft of two or three hundred tons; and that the workmanship bestowed on their construction is really astounding, when we take into account the fact that the poor Lazés are deprived of scientific training, and work by imitating such models of naval construction as they meet with.

My trip from Surmench to Trebizond would undoubtedly have turned out an agreeable excursion, had it not been for a deplorable accident which befell my boots shortly after I set out from Surmench. Such an accident affected me, of course, severely, putting my feet in one of the worst predicaments I ever experienced. My boots had been labouring for some

time past under a state of debility, which they chiefly owed to over-exertion; since the last ducking which they had to endure on my getting on shore, their condition had naturally grown much worse, a soaking of that nature not being calculated to improve shoe-leather. The stitchings were worn out; so that a little shock only was requisite in order to reduce them to tatters. This fatal shock, this *coup de grâce*, was imparted to my helpless boots by the action of the stones and pebbles on which I had to tread while travelling along the beach. After having tramped along a distance of three or four miles over such ground, my boots opened their jaws and breathed their last. In vain had I recourse to all sorts of ingenious expedients to enable my boots to prolong their existence to the end of my journey. At last, seeing that handkerchiefs, strings, and even ropes were of no use, I had no alternative left but that of flinging aside the boots and of walking barefoot. In this way I continued on the road, disembarassed of all artificial ties which might have impeded my march. I must say, however, that before I reached Trebizond I had to lament on many an occasion the death of my poor boots, which, had they been alive, would have spared me a vast amount of pain, and would have prevented the swelling of my feet. The tortures I had to endure on that memorable march were such, that on no account should I like to attempt once more a barefooted race like that.

TREBIZOND.

On reaching Trebizond I went straight to the governor's residence, who could not help laughing at seeing me in such a plight; the storm, the ducking in the sea, and the subsequent march, had had the effect of taking all the shine out of me; so much so, that I looked more like a man of the woods than an officer of his Majesty, and a civilised being. The old pasha was exceedingly pleased at seeing the zeal I had displayed in the execution of the orders with which I had been entrusted, and granted me as a reward a new suit of clothes and a handsome *bakhshish* in specie.

As for the object of my mission, the release of the alleged spy, Marcopulos, that was fully attained, thanks to the celerity of my march to Trebizond. As the French steamer had not yet left for Constantinople, the governor gave the orders necessary for preventing Marcopulos' departure, and had him sent back to Batum, where my general and the French consul carried on their diplomatic conflict like two trained fighting-cocks.

My mission having thus been brought to an end, I was employed to inspect the military establishments of Trebizond; such

as the arsenal, the depôts, the hospital, &c. These various duties obliged me to prolong my sojourn at Trebizond for a month; a period which was long enough in order to do the place thoroughly, thus acquainting myself with all that was worth knowing.

Though Trebizond is a city about which much has been written, I do not hesitate to say that our knowledge regarding it does not amount to much. The reason for this ignorance is, that those who have attempted to give a description of this interesting place have preferred to treat of its antiquities and bygone glory, while neglecting to describe its present state. For myself, I deem it labour well employed in endeavouring to present to the reader a faithful picture of Trebizond as it is in the present day.

Trebizond is built on a wooded slope, which rises rather abruptly from the sea, offering the aspect of an amphitheatre of houses, intermixed with gardens and trees. Trebizond derives importance from the fact of its being a commercial station, and an emporium of trade for Anatolia and Northern Persia. As a maritime station, it has little to boast of, and

of the population of Trebizond, who know that fish by the name of *hamsik*. The Trebizond people are so extremely fond of this peculiar fish, that all throughout the East the names of *hamsik* and of Trebizondese are considered almost synonymous; just as in the same way, amongst Europeans the words Maccaroni and Neapolitan are considered to represent one and the same object.

Coming now to the town itself, it is scarcely necessary to say that it derives its name from the trapezoidal shape of the hill on which it was originally built: this hill is limited on the south and on the west by a deep ravine, whose skirts are covered with bushes and gardens; a stream runs at the bottom, and serves to supply with water the factories of the tanners. The suburbs on the other side of this ravine are connected with the town by means of several lofty and narrow bridges.

Old Trebizond cannot boast of any remarkable edifice beyond the mosque of St. Sophia, and of one or two Byzantine buildings of no importance, one of which is a large square tower, employed by the Turks as a sort of iron safe, where the



COAST OF LAZESTAN.

that because its harbour offers little or no protection to shipping. The harbour consists of three bays; the principal one lies to the east of the fortress, and offers a bad anchorage, available only in summer time. The bay to the west is rather a sort of artificial basin, where the native boats enter which trade along the coast. It is from this harbour that the Trebizond market is supplied with provisions and with all that is requisite for the subsistence of its inhabitants.

Further to the west there is the Bay of Platana, which is at a distance of three miles from Trebizond. This bay serves as a sort of supplementary harbour to the principal one, as it is here that ships find shelter in stormy weather, and it is here that the ship-builders of Trebizond have established their yards. The bay and town of Platana is thus both a naval station and a market, in which a large portion of the Trebizond business is carried on, and where many well-to-do tradesmen have settled themselves, and transact profitable business. Platana is as much a suburb of Trebizond as Blackwall is of London.

The Black Sea off Trebizond is very rich in fish, as mackerel, dory, and whitebait are to be found in abundance. The whitebait, above all, is of a delicate sort, and constitutes the principal and most favourite article of food

natives deposit their jewels, documents, and other valuables. This building is close to the bazaar, and is known by the name of *Beusten*. As for the modern buildings, all that can be said is, that on the whole the houses of Trebizond are substantially built, and with taste, and that as far as solidity is concerned they are by far superior to the Constantinople houses. With respect to public buildings, all that there is worth noticing consists of a spacious bath, which was erected by one of the pashas, two khans, and the mosque of Osman Pasha. It is a striking and picturesque scene to view this mosque when filled with a crowd of Persian devotees, celebrating their national festival of *Ner-rus*, or New Year's Day.

The promenades of Trebizond are not very numerous; the best spot to which one can repair for the sake of fresh air and amusement is an open meadow to the west of the town, called Rabak-meidan, where the sight-seeker may enjoy a fine view of the sea and of the Bay of Platana. To the east there is another spot which offers some attraction, and that is the valley of Deirmen-dereh, with the adjacent sea-coast. Besides these two places of promenade, one must mention the Ghiaur-meidan Square, which is frequented in the afternoon and in the evening by the Christian and European inhabitants of Trebizond.

In point of climate, few places on the Black Sea can rival Trebizond, as here the air is reputed to be most healthy, while in winter, as well as in summer, the temperature is mild and agreeable. As for that other element of life, which is called water, Trebizond is more highly favoured than either London or Paris; here, without the help of Water Companies and Water Commissions, the inhabitants are abundantly supplied with a most delicious and wholesome beverage.

The population of Trebizond is a regular hotch-potch of nations; from the Persian down to the Frank there is every nation on earth. The Turkish population, for instance, is a mixture of Turks, Greeks, Koords, Circassians, and Lazes—a real Babel, living happily under the crescent, as they all consider themselves brothers in Mohammed. The Persians do not, however, form part of this happy family; as Shiites

they would consider themselves contaminated if they were to join their less orthodox brethren. They are, therefore, crammed inside the khans and shops of Trebizond, forming a separate population, which fluctuates according to the impulse of commercial exigencies. The Persians here constitute a wealthy and powerful society, which holds in its grasp the transit trade between the Black Sea and the Persian frontier.

As for the European colony, there is not much to say; it is composed of some few German, French, Italian, and Levantine families, the male members of which civilise the place through their commercial efforts, while their females spread civilisation by means of chignons and Grecian bends. Their evening set-out in the Ghiaur-meidan is a regular parody of the Bois de Boulogne, or of Hyde Park.



THE HAUNT OF THE BUFFALO.

Life in a South African Colony.—III.

TRADING IMPROVES—NATIVE BEER-DRINKING—ROCK RABBIT—QUAGGA—VISIT A CHIEF—APPROACH THE COAST—CHANGE OF SCENERY—KATLE—“EKENI”—“ODDERPORE”—AMATONGA-LAND—RETURN THROUGH ZULULAND—CHAMELEON, LEMURS, BABOONS, IGUANA—BEAUTIFUL BIRDS—SECRETARY BIRD, “TICK BIRDS,” HAWKS—ZULU ON HORSEBACK—AMUSING INCIDENT—RETURN TO THE COLONY—START FOR THE BERG—VULTURES AND CROWS.

As we gained the more remote parts of the country, trading became brisker, and our goods began rapidly to diminish. The wagon constantly “trekker” hither and thither, as we heard from time to time of localities in which cattle for barter were plentiful. During our wanderings in the uplands, we arrived at a kraal upon a great beer (malla) drinking occasion. About a hundred of the Zulus were assembled, and some of them had become considerably intoxicated, and several fights ensued; however, as the more sober members of the company had con-

trived to deprive the combatants of their weapons, nothing disastrous occurred.

Some of the uplands of the Zulu country appear to be almost destitute of four-footed animals, and at times we found even the smaller winged game very far from plentiful. Some of the varieties of quail are to be found throughout the whole country, and are often very beautiful in plumage.

Upon one occasion, while wandering about during an out-span, we discovered a large colony of rock rabbits, or “klip das,” as they are called by the English and Dutch settlers; *Hyrax* is the naturalist's name for these animals. A rather steep and stony bank seemed to be completely tunnelled by their burrows; and, by watching the face of the little cliff from a place of concealment, we managed towards the close of the day to shoot several of them, as they scrambled and frisked

among the stones and boulders. The rock rabbit is about equal in size and weight to the English warren rabbit, and is clothed with a soft fur of a grey colour. In form it is remarkably similar to a guinea-pig. We found them very tolerable eating, although some people have a strong prejudice against them. We also shot two or three hares, very similar in appearance to those found in England; though, I think, very inferior as to taste, and perfectly uneatable when in the slightest degree "high."

At times we met with troops of quaggas and shot several of them. The quaggas have a very pretty appearance when galloping or frisking. At one time they are seen in a troop running together, and at another trotting sharply along in single file; but the time at which they are to be seen to most advantage is at the close of day, when watched from an ambush near the water, as they troop down to drink, indulging in a number of playful antics upon the banks. Their neighing has a most singular sound, totally unlike the neighing of a horse; it resembles a shrill mocking laugh, more than any sound to which I can compare it.

The different individuals among a troop of quaggas often vary considerably in colour, some being much darker than others. Though not nearly so fast in their paces as a moderately good horse, they are very active, and the line of country which they take when pursued often renders it impossible for a horseman to ride up to them. The first quagga I ever shot, a very large mare, ran more than three miles up hill and down dale though heavily wounded, and was turned from her course repeatedly by the dogs, who at last brought her to a stand-still; when she continued snapping both her jaws, and lashing out vigorously with her heels, administering such a violent kick to poor old "Tigelli," that for some considerable time afterwards we supposed him to be dying. One of the Kafirs then threw an assegai at close quarters and with great force; the weapon entered behind the shoulder, and she fell dead before the elastic shaft had ceased to quiver in the wound.

Quaggas are decidedly gregarious, and there seems to be a strong attachment on the part of the males towards the females, evinced particularly by their protecting them in the hour of danger. I have several times seen the old male of a troop of quaggas which we have been pursuing turn back, and, with teeth and hoofs, drive the dogs from a wounded mare which had fallen behind. Anyone who has examined the hoofs of a wild quagga must have noticed the jagged roughness of the sole, and wondered how the animal could travel over rugged country at a swift pace. The natives were always much delighted when we could be induced to shoot quaggas in the neighbourhood of their kraals, as these animals are very destructive to the maize gardens, and are far too swift and too wary to be often speared by the assegai. Those of the Zulus who are possessed of firearms, prize such ammunition as they are able occasionally to obtain, too highly to use it in the destruction of any game which they do not consider eatable.

While among the highlands of Zululand, we paid a visit to the kraal of Oham, chief of one of the largest districts. Oham is one of the sons of Umpanda the King of the Zulus, and is a man of easy and indolent habits and ideas, appearing to be friendly in his disposition towards Europeans. During our stay we found him quite a jocular savage, and far less grasping than we had expected; being perfectly contented with some very

trifling presents, and supplying us most liberally with fresh beef.

While in the neighbourhood of the rivers called Black Umfeloze and White Umfeloze, from the respective colours of the stones in their beds, we endeavoured to stalk some *Koodoo*, but did not succeed in getting a shot. The *Koodoo* is a handsome antelope of large size, of a light brown colour, marked with transverse stripes of clear white. The horns, which are often three feet or more in length, are spiral in form. We were astonished to find, while in this locality, the ground trampled and broken like the edges of a farmyard pond, at some of the spots where game drank at sundown.

Travelling with a wagon over rough country is very slow work, especially when trading has to be pursued along the route. Having a considerable number of goods still unsold, we "trekked" down towards the Zulu coast, having abandoned our project of entering the country of the Amaswazi from the information that lung sickness, the most fatal and contagious of all diseases to cattle, was rife among their herds. The Amaswazis in appearance, manners, and customs, are very similar to the Zulus, though not so powerful a tribe.

Upon approaching the Zulu coast from the uplands, the scenery changes considerably, the high hills, the steep, and in some cases perpendicular, banks give place to an undulating country, well clothed with bush and luxuriant vegetation. Small game upon the coast we found sufficiently abundant to afford us a continual supply of fresh meat. In the more open lands we killed a good many of the small *stein-buck*, or *eken*, as they are called by the natives; pretty little active antelopes of a reddish brown colour. The *stein-buck* are gregarious, being found in small troops of generally six to ten.

On one occasion, when drawing a piece of scrub with our own and a number of Kafir dogs from a kraal where we were endeavouring to buy cattle, we were surprised to hear a tremendous barking varied by dismal howlings. Having pushed our way to the spot whence the sounds came, we found the whole pack busy with an animal in form something like an English badger. The belly and legs of this creature were black, the back of a dirty white. The "honey ratel" (for such is its name) proved a most formidable antagonist to the dogs; whose teeth seemed to make no impression upon his thick hide, while he, whenever they approached him, threw himself among them, and rolling over and over inflicted terrible wounds both with teeth and claws. Had he not been shot, he would certainly have beaten off the dogs, and made his escape. The honey bear or ratel is believed to subsist almost entirely upon honey. The Kafirs state that the *insale*, as they call the animal, will fly upon a human foe when pressed, and inflict the most frightful wounds; and I cannot say that I am inclined to doubt the story.

An evening's *odderadore* shooting, though hardly to be called sport, was certainly exciting, and provided us with an abundant supply of good food. Secreting ourselves a short time before sunset among the bushes which clothed the banks of a rivulet, we awaited the arrival of the birds, which made the larger trees overhanging the water their regular roosting-place. After a very short watch, we began to hear their hoarse cries: "Um-un kun-kahn! um-un kun-kahn," as they approached in detachments flying at a considerable height, and generally in single file. Within a few minutes they were wheeling overhead and pitching among the boughs in all directions, and we knocked

them down as fast as we could load and fire. At every shot they rose *en masse* in the air, but almost immediately alighted again, sometimes within a dozen yards of the guns. Soon wearying of this shooting, we gathered up our booty and carried it into the camp. These birds are, I believe, a species of ibis. In form, they are very similar to the curlew, though about twice the size. The plumage is of a glossy dark metallic green; when skinned and stewed with a few condiments, these birds make an excellent dish, although the natives utterly despise the flesh. The Kafir name for the bird is *umunkunkahn*, so named from their cry or note.

Taking a short journey into the land of the Amatonga (a tribe whose country lies to the north of the Zulu coast-land), we bartered most of our remaining cotton goods for the skins of a kind of wild cat and those of a peculiar kind of monkey, these skins being much prized by the Zulu people.

The Amatonga are very similar in appearance to the Zulus, and their language is almost identical. The people are not by any means warlike, and keep no cattle. The Amatonga are very thievish in their propensities, and in their huts a heterogeneous collection of property is to be found, sometimes numbering articles utterly useless to savages—such as forks, metal candle-snuffers, thimbles, &c.—these articles, of course, having been stolen from their employers during servitude in the colony of Natal. Large gangs of the Amatonga visit the colony from time to time, and hiring themselves out among the planters and farmers, work for several months, and then return to their tribe with their gains, passing through Zululand. Doubtless they have a very rough time of it during the journey, and it is said that they are frequently plundered, if not sometimes murdered, by their more warlike neighbours, who hold them in the utmost contempt. In consequence of the dangers and difficulties of the route through Zululand, many of them now prefer taking passage by the small coasting vessels plying between Natal and Delagoa Bay, situated on the northern confines of Amatonga-land, where there is a Portuguese colony inhabited by Portuguese and Amatonga.

Returning from among the Amatonga tribe, we depended upon the extraordinary memory and knowledge of locality of our Kafirs, in retracing our steps over the country through which we had traded. In this particular we found old "October," who had (as was anticipated) long since engaged to stay with us for the whole trip, invaluable. Picking up cattle upon the return journey is very slow and wearisome, and the rows with the savages many and great. The cattle, also, are most troublesome. Wild and attached to the spot where they have passed their lives, they are constantly breaking away from the troop and making their way homeward, having to be spoorred after sometimes for days together before they are recovered. The Kafir sheep—an animal which looks like a hybrid between a sheep and goat—travels tolerably well, but goats soon become footsore and lame. The Kafir sheep breeds freely with the European sheep, and, after crossing, the wool becomes saleable. Goats have a great dread of crossing the rivers, and have to be fairly dragged through the water. Goats and sheep must be carefully watched at night in those districts where hyenas and jackals abound, and whenever practicable are placed within a kraal fence.

Trading among savages is, at best, a vexatious and precarious pursuit, and one which requires great knowledge of the habits, customs, language, and prejudices of the people.

Travelling through the wilds "on the back track," it is usual to fall in with various traders, also returning to the colony with their mobs of cattle, sheep, and goats. On these occasions the white man's Kafirs often present, amongst the almost nude savages, a very grotesque appearance, being dressed in all manner of cast-off European garments.

Our faces once turned towards the colony, little time was lost upon the road, as we all began to feel a strong longing for the comforts of civilisation, and upon each day a good "trek" was accomplished. Among the cattle we had traded were a number of heifers, and some of our Kafirs were most anxious to perform an operation upon them which we had often seen carried out at the kraals. The heifer is thrown, and a hole is bored, by means of a piece of hard wood sharpened to a point, through the cartilage dividing the nostrils; a cord of plaited fibre is then passed through the incision, and fastened at the top of the head behind the horns. Whenever the *incalla*, as this head-stall is called, is held, the animal becomes controllable, consequently the arrangement is very useful while cows are young and troublesome to milk. Zulu cows will only yield their milk while the calf is standing beside them. The calf is allowed to suck for a short time, and is then held by one of the children close to the cow while a man draws off the milk into a wooden vessel, so skillfully made, though with the roughest tools, as to appear like the work of a skilled wood-turner rather than that of a savage.

In these wild journeys many curious animals are of course met with; amongst them the chameleon, which the Kafirs persecute in an extraordinary manner. They seize it, force its mouth open, and fill it with some of the pungent snuff which they always carry. The chameleon, after changing colour several times, falls lifeless from the bough upon which, after the operation, it has been replaced. The natives, it appears, have a legend that at some unknown time the lizard and the chameleon had each to gain a certain point. If the chameleon arrived there first the Zulu race were destined to be immortal, but if the lizard arrived first it was decreed that the race should continue mortal; the chameleon loitered and slumbered on the way, and so immortality was forfeited. The chameleon, notwithstanding its power of changing colour (which, by the way, is often much exaggerated), is an ugly reptile. Its eyeballs are covered with a skin, the pupil only remaining bare, and it has a habit of moving one eye while the other remains fixed. The chameleon lives on trees and bushes, always assuming the colour of the object upon which it rests, and subsists upon insects, which it secures by darting out its glutinous tongue. In length the chameleon is about four or five inches.

Another of these animals is the lemur. During the night, in the bushy coast-district, we were frequently disturbed by the sharp cries of the little grey lemurs, or "crying babies," as they are often called in the colony. The noise they make during a still night is most extraordinary, and strongly resembles that of an infant in distress. These little animals are exceedingly fond of the "pulp" which covers the coffee-berries while on the trees, and will sometimes almost strip the trees in the vicinity of the bush. They are not, however, in any neighbourhood sufficiently numerous to be of much real consequence to coffee-planters.

In some places we fell in with large troops of *babijans*, or baboons. Often we would hear the abominable noise they make for some time before we suddenly came upon them,

running upon all fours through the deep valleys, or noticing them upon the summit of some high, rough, bushy cliff we would endeavour to get within shot, when they, after watching us until almost near enough to level our guns, would, by their quick movements, seem to vanish from our sight. Whenever either baboons or the little bush monkeys are out feeding, they seem to have sentinels on the look-out to warn them of the approach of danger.

At times that hideous lizard, the *iguana*, is to be seen sunning himself upon some warm bank, generally among broken stones and boulders, and scrambling into some of the cracks and crannies before the dogs are able to pounce upon him. Many dogs seem to take to hunting the iguana quite naturally, and if they come upon him at a distance from any retreat, very

by a gorget of the brightest red, and the head is covered by a cap of brilliant gemmeous feathers, flashing and changing hue in the sunlight with every movement of the bird. The female honeysucker is of a dingy colour, without any variety of plumage.

Flocks of "blue birds," as they are called, are as common in many districts as they are beautiful. These birds much resemble the English starling in form and habits, and though they appear of a sable hue when seen from a distance, upon approaching them their plumage is found to be adorned with the richest purple, with blue and green reflections. The eye is of a bright orange.

The most beautiful birds in the country, doubtless, are the secretary bird and the "tick bird." The secretary bird is



THE HAUNT OF THE SEA-COW.

soon make an end of him. Loathsome as this reptile is in appearance, yet some parts of the flesh, when dressed as a curry, are hardly to be distinguished from chicken; in fact, I have known the one meat mistaken for the other.

Some of the birds met with in South Africa, especially upon the coast, are of singular beauty, although as songsters they are certainly deficient. Among the most striking of these birds I may mention the emerald cuckoo, a small bird about equal in size to the lark, and whose plumage, as its name implies, is of a lustrous green; the golden cuckoo, of a beauty scarcely inferior, is of a mixed green and bronze, rather than gold colour, the belly white, barred with black. The epithet "flying gems," which I have heard applied to hummingbirds, would well describe either the emerald or the golden cuckoo.

The little honeysucker of South Africa does not belong to the same family as the hummingbirds—although similar in form, and having the same long, curved, slender beak. The plumage of the male is of a velvety black, the throat marked

admirably adapted by nature for the life he is destined to lead; his long legs lifting him far above the ground over which he stalks, thus in a great measure removing him from the danger of bites from the reptiles on which he feeds, while his powerful claws and strong hawk-like beak enable him to combat with his dangerous prey. The service these birds perform in the destruction of snakes is so very great and so well appreciated in most of the South African colonies, that in some of them a fine is imposed upon any person who shall wantonly destroy a secretary bird. The tick birds are about equal in size to the English blackbird, and constantly haunt the cattle at pasture, where they may generally be seen in numbers perched upon their backs, or climbing about their sides and bellies, engaged in tearing away and devouring the ticks which, especially during the summer months, infest the live stock along the coast. The cattle submit to their good offices very contentedly.

Hawks of various kinds are very numerous throughout

Zululand and the colony. One variety, about the size of a sparrowhawk, is a very pretty bird; the back and wings are of a light ashy grey, the breast and belly white, the legs and the eyelids are yellow. These hawks, were not their flight dissimilar, might be taken when on the wing for sea-gulls.

A rather large short-winged hawk, called by the natives *isipumangati*, carries upon its head a crest similar to that of a cockatoo, which it is capable of erecting or depressing at pleasure. This bird, when perched upon the summit of a tree, turning its head slowly from side to side as it contemplates the surrounding country, has a very solemn appearance. The Kafirs, when searching for strayed cattle, seeing one of these birds upon a tree, are generally heard to address him,

with a party of three white men, who were entertaining themselves by imposing upon the superstitious credulity of a number of Zulus. Having assured them that they were "rain doctors," and could bring down rain within a certain time—giving themselves a good margin, two days if I remember—these men were going through some most ridiculous ceremonies, one of them gravely reading in a loud voice from an old tattered novel, while another was blowing continual blasts with a small pair of hand-bellows at the sun. The unavoidable laughter which these performances produced among us convinced the savages that they were being trifled with, and though they all endeavoured to appear to join in the merriment, some of the older men were evidently much annoyed.



SHOOTING RHINOCEROS.

"*Isipumangati! isipumangati 'eapi na?*" (*isipumangati! isipumangati!* where are they gone?) and seem to have a belief that the hawk will turn his head towards the direction which the cattle have taken. The *isipumangati* appears to prey entirely upon rats and mice.

During one of our outspans two young Zulus rode up to our wagon to inquire whether we had any wild-cat skins to barter. The appearance of these fellows, seated upon some bundles of skins girthed upon their horses' backs, with their naked legs dangling, was supremely ridiculous, more especially as they showed evident pride of their position. One of them was armed with a long shaft surmounted by the blade of a sickle. Horses are not often met with among the Zulus, who are certainly not an equestrian race, though I have seen some of the tribe, brought up in the colony, who rode well. We succeeded in buying several head of very choice cattle with the skins which we had brought from Amatonga-land.

Among the amusing incidents of our journey was meeting

It was with a feeling of pleasure that, at length, after one of our longest day's trekking, we again saw the Tugela, looking like a silver thread from the heights over which we were travelling. By noon the following day, having seen wagon, Kafirs, cattle, sheep, and goats safely landed in the colony of Natal, we forthwith started on horseback for Greytown, leaving the Kafirs to follow us with the wagon and cattle.

Along the route we heard much of a war then waging between the Orange Free State Boers and the Basuto tribe. Rumours were rife among the Natal Kafirs that the Zulus were about to join the Basutos.

Reaching Greytown, I met a friend, who had for some time past been making trading trips; taking over the Drakensburg Range (which mountains are the boundary between the English colony and the Dutch Republic) wagon-loads of goods to be exchanged for cattle, horses, sheep, and ostrich-feathers. He was now *en route* for the frontier, where he had left some horses and cattle, the proceeds of one of his expeditions,

having heard that the Basutos had carried them all off. I was easily prevailed upon to accompany him, though I stipulated for two days' rest in Greytown for myself and horse. My fellow-travellers in Zululand having agreed to attend to the sale of the cattle, I started in company with my friend, before daybreak on the third morning after our arrival in Greytown. For the first mile or so of our journey, the morning proved misty, and the air felt chilly, as we rode quietly along the broad Government road. Quick riding was, of course, out of the question, especially at the commencement of the day, as our horses had a long journey before them, and we were heartily glad when the sun, appearing above the horizon, dispelled the mist and filled the whole scene with warmth and clear light. During the day we frequently rode on for hours together, meeting no human being—black or white. Not a tree or even a stunted bush was visible, mile after mile, and

the plains were for the most part blackened from the grass fires, lighted for the purpose of burning off the "old fog" (dead grass), and thus procuring an early supply of fresh grass for the stock. Where the grass had not been burnt, the face of the country was of a dingy brown, varied by little verdant spots, generally along the banks of some *spruit* (small stream), or near some marsh, of which we took advantage for watering our horses at the end of each stage. The only signs of life we met with during the greater part of the day were the flocks of bustards, which we occasionally saw in the distance, seeking their food upon the burnt grass, and once or twice we disturbed the disgusting orgies of troops of vultures and carrion-crows, which had gathered over the putrescent carcass of some ox which had succumbed to one or other of the many diseases to which cattle—and especially South African cattle—are so constantly liable.

A Trip up the Trombetas.—I.

FIRST SIGHT OF SOUTH AMERICA.

As the morning broke, Cape Maguary was in sight on our port bow, while, far off on the larboard beam, we could distinguish white-crested waves, which we knew to be breakers on the Tijoca, or Braganzas Bank.

Our steamer forging on, we soon entered the grand estuary known as the Pará River, and were within the shore line of the South American Continent. This Pará River offers a hydrographic question of much dispute among Amazonian travellers, some of them asserting that it is one of the embouchures of the Amazon, while others maintain it to be but an estuary into which empty the Tocantins and other Brazilian streams, connected with the Amazon by a network of lateral, canal-like ramifications, but not to be strictly considered as part of it. The latter view is held by Bates, the "Naturalist on the Amazon," and it is hardly necessary to say that his experience of an eleven years' residence upon the great river is worth more than the hasty speculations of all the steam tourists that have yet ascended it. Mr. Bates supports his view by observations that are sufficiently confirmatory of it. The fact that the waters of the Pará are quite different in colour from those of the Amazon, proves incontestably that the estuary in question belongs to a distinct river system, and that the main river empties itself into the ocean north of Marajo Island. Were this island of alluvial formation there might be probability in supposing it a delta-land. But Marajo, as many of the adjacent isles, rests upon a rocky base, of the same geological structure as Guiana.

THE CHIEF CITY OF AMAZONIA.

A few hours after entering the Pará River, we steamed into the beautiful Bay of Goajará, and cast anchor in front of "Santa Maria de Belém do Gram Pará," for such is the full title of the chief city of Amazonia. The aspect of the place is striking—church domes and spires rise over rows of well-built warehouses, with the government buildings in the midst; a verdant tropical forest forming a frame around all, here and

there mottled with white shining *rocinhas*—the suburban villas of the more affluent merchants. In front, another forest—not green—consisting of the masts and spars of ships, brigs, schooners, and steamers, flying the flags of many different nations, give evidence of the commercial prosperity of the place. All this at the entrance of the Amazonian Valley, which up till the appearance of Bates's great book, the world believed to be little better than an uninhabited wilderness. Scarce more than a quarter of a century ago the city of Pará was but an unpretending village, though as a settlement it dates from the days of Shakespeare. At the time of Bates's visit, or rather of his leaving it (1859), it was a town containing 15,000 inhabitants. Its population at present cannot be much under 40,000; this constantly increasing.

It is not my purpose to dwell descriptively on the city of Pará, or any other of the Amazonian towns, however interesting it might be to give some account of these places lately so little known, and now constantly increasing in importance.

A PROJECTED EXPEDITION.

The object of this article is to relate the incidents of an expedition up the Rio Trombetas, one of the affluents of the Amazon, which has its rise in the Tucumuraqua Mountains, one of the main chains, or *serras*, that separate the Guianas of Great Britain, Holland, and France from that of Brazil.

My motive for making this expedition was partly a love of adventure, coupled with some ambitious ideas of distinguishing myself as an explorer. I had a companion, however, who was led by a different lure, a Portuguese gentleman with whom I had become acquainted while staying at the Diana Hotel, Pará. Perhaps it would be more proper to say that I was his companion; since Senhor N— was in reality the projector of our "Trip up the Trombetas," his object being to search for gold among the Tucumuraqua Mountains—to reach, if possible, the country of the "Gilded King."

It may appear strange, but it is not the less true, that the belief in this story still holds good among very many South

Americans, and nowhere is the faith stronger than in the minds of a certain class of Brazilians. There are at the present time many of these people who feel firmly convinced that the "El Dorado" was, and still is, a fact, and that somewhere among the mountains of Guiana there exists a grand city, having houses and temples tiled with plates of gold!

A LEGEND OF EL DORADO.

Senhor N—— was no romantic dreamer, to be led astray by this glittering legend. On the contrary, he was a man of sound practical views, having a good education, combined with a thorough geographical knowledge of the whole Amazonian region; and he had made especial study of that part of it lying to the north of the great river's mouth, known as Brazilian Guiana. This he had done, so he told me in confidence, for a particular purpose, to which his studies had impelled him. In the Imperial Library of Rio Janeiro he had come across some old book, which gave an account of a party of Spanish miners who had entered the Tucumuraqua Mountains, and there established themselves, more than two centuries ago. They had built a town, and collected vast treasures of gold in dust and nuggets, when they were attacked by the Indians, and their town and themselves destroyed. Only one or two had escaped to tell the tale of their disaster. These dying soon after, and other El Dorados attracting the attention of the Spaniards, the mines of Tucumuraqua were no more thought of, and at length dropped into oblivion. The book that had chanced into the hands of Senhor N—— said, that the miners, before being surprised and slaughtered, had concealed their accumulated treasure, and it was believed that the Indians had not discovered it. Unacquainted with its value, they would scarcely care to make much search for it.

On the strength of this story Senhor N—— was organising an expedition to ascend the Trombetas River, supposed by him to be the stream spoken of in the Spanish record. The arrangements were nearly complete on my arrival in Pará. He needed not money, but men—men of the do-or-die, dare-devil kind; and taking, or mistaking, me for one of these, he asked me to be his associate in the enterprise.

As the expedition promised geographical exploration, hunting adventures—in short, everything I had come to South America in quest of—it exactly met my views. To Senhor N——'s proposition I said, "Yes," and in less than a week after, we both stepped on board the Brazilian steamer *Tapajos*, and were steaming away from the city of "Santa Maria de Belém do Gram Pará," with prow turned west, towards the waters of the great river.

INDUSTRY ON THE LOWER AMAZON.

Passing the mouth of the Tocantins, which runs in from the south, we soon after forsook the wide estuary, and entered one of the natural canals that connect the Pará with the Amazon. That usually taken by steamers is called *Tapajurá*. It is of variable width, from fifty to a hundred yards, its shores on each side showing a primeval forest, unbroken save by a hut here and there, with the least bit of clearing around. The gigantic trees, standing on each side, at places approach so near as almost to interlock the topmost twigs of their branches. The ascending smoke from the funnel, and the steam of the escape-pipe, chased the climbing monkeys from their perch, obscuring the brilliant plumage of the parrots and macaws, at the same time that their joyous chattering gave relief to the monotonous silence.

In all parts of the Amazon Valley the india-rubber tree (*Siphonia elastica*) grows to great perfection, and many of the solitary "shanties" seen standing on the river's banks are inhabited by *seringueiros*, that is, men who collect the sap or gum of this tree, and manufacture it into the caoutchouc of commerce. As the valuable product was first chiefly used for syringes, the South Americans gave the name of *seringa* to the tree, hence *seringueiros*.

From the thousand and one uses to which india-rubber is now applied, it has become an important branch of Amazonian industry and commerce, while the steamers that ply upon the river derive considerable profit from its freight. From hundreds of places far apart it is carried down to Pará, thence to be shipped to every civilised country on the globe.

Besides the india-rubber, the indigenous items of the Amazonian commerce are of a most varied kind. They include cacao—as the seed from which chocolate is made is called—with coffee, cotton, sugar, sarsaparilla, vanilla, copaiba, sapucaia, and Brazil nuts, farinha, or cassava, tapioca, palm fibre, tobacco, and rum, with hides, fish, turtle-oil, parrots, macaws, and monkeys.

Of course the introduction of steam upon the Amazon has of late increased this commerce, and developed the industries that supply it. Not so much as might, and certainly would be, were the Brazilian Government not blind to its own interests in still adhering to that curse of all national industry—a system of high tariffs. This, carried to the extreme throughout the whole Amazonian region, is in reality the influence that retards its development.

Soon after entering the narrow stretch of river between the Pará and Amazon we stopped at Breves, a little village on the Island of Marajo. Breves derives its support from the india-rubber trade, most of its inhabitants being Portuguese; though there is also the usual admixture of races found in the towns of the Lower Amazon, such as mulattoes, *Mamelucos* (half white and Indian), *Caetés* (half negro and Indian), the last-mentioned being in most parts of Spanish America styled *Zamboes*. There are also many pure-blooded Africans and Indians in the settlements of the Lower Amazon. The Indians around Breves manufacture some handsome articles of earthenware, as also *cuyas* (vessels of the bowl and cup kind) from the fruit of the calabash-tree (*Crescentia cujete*). These bowls are patterned and painted in many elegant and ingenious devices.

A SPURIOUS DISCOVERY.

Having passed through the natural *bayou*, or canal, which separates Marajo from the mainland, we first saw the true channel of the Amazon. At this part it does not exhibit that wonderful width for which the great stream is celebrated; a labyrinth of islands separating its channel into several distinct ramifications. It was only after getting above these islands, and opposite the mouth of the Xingu, that the breadth of the noble stream was displayed in its full magnificence—from bank to bank a ten miles' stretch of clear unbroken water!

Here also the eye rests upon the first high land seen since leaving Pará—the table-topped hills of Almeirim, whose summits rise 1,000 feet above the level of the surrounding plain. This elevated land is observable here and there for nearly a hundred miles up the left or northern bank of the river, terminating in the Serra Eréré, near the town of Monte Alégre. Mr. Bates is of opinion that this highland is a southern prolongation of the Guiana mountain chains: while the Swiss-

American Professor, Agassiz, pronounces it as the remnant of a glacial deposit that once filled the whole Valley of the Amazon! In this speculative assertion Professor Agassiz is at least original, which cannot be said of several other discoveries to which he has laid claim. For example, he has succeeded in appropriating the credit of having discovered that multitude of species of fish in the waters of the Amazon to which he laid claim, the vast diversity of fish having been mentioned by Bates, and made known also by Wallace full fifteen years before the celebrated American professor had ever thought of making the mighty river the scene of a vacation tour.

This author seems to have a habit of making a sensation by announcing striking discoveries, some of which are no discoveries at all. The *Times* newspaper, quoting lately from an American journal, gives us a paragraph, headed, "A Strange Story of the Sea." In this we are told that Professor Agassiz, now on a scientific tour through the Straits of Magellan, has discovered a seaweed, of 800 to 1,000 feet in length, growing in immense beds, and giving nourishment to a great variety of animals. Have newspaper editors not read Charles Darwin's "Naturalist's Voyage round the World," or the voyage of almost anyone who has sailed through Antarctic seas? Or have they not heard of the *Fucus giganteus*? It is all very well for hasty newspaper readers to listen to the stories of Professor Agassiz and believe them curious. Curious they may be, but certainly not new.

A RIVER OF VAST EXPANSE.

The Xingu is the last large tributary which the Amazon receives from the south, since below it, and on towards Pará, the channels of navigation cannot be considered as belonging to the same system as the great river. It is even an undetermined question whether the Pará runs *out* of the Amazon, or *into* it. If the latter be the fact, then the Tocantins contributes some of its overflow to the Amazon, which would make it also a partial tributary to the mighty stream. This is not at all unlikely, and will be an interesting point left for the solution of future hydrographers.

Opposite the embouchure of the Xingu the Amazon presents the appearance of a grand lake, or, indeed, an inland sea. When winds are strong, it is lashed into waves with foaming crests resembling those of the ocean. At such times the *cabertas*, *montarias*, and other river craft are in great danger of getting swamped, and are compelled to seek shore-shelter as speedily as possible.

Passing Prayinha, a village situated on a sandy bar, or *praya*, devoted to "turtling"—that is, collecting the eggs of the chelonian, and converting them into oil—we soon after made stop at Monte Alégre, a town picturesquely situated, and one of the most prosperous of Amazonian settlements. It is backed by the hills of Almeyrim, already mentioned, the Serra Ereré being the name of its most conspicuous elevation. Here these highlands have their western termination; and a traveller going up the Amazon will see no other land so elevated until he comes in sight of the Andes themselves—nearly 2,000 miles further west.

Around Monte Alégre are open plains, that afford pasture for cattle; and these, with india-rubber, cacao, and fish, form the exports of the place.

SANTAREM.

Steaming up stream, in ten hours after leaving Monte Alégre, we arrived at Santarem, after Pará the largest town upon the Amazon. It stands at the mouth of the Tapajos, a tributary running in from the south, about 500 miles from the sea. The whitewashed houses, with their tiled roofs, look pretty, embowered amid tropical trees. The country around Santarem is more open than in the regions of the Amazon lower down. There are *campos*, or bare grassy spots, intermingled with the tree-covered districts; the former affording good pasturage for horses and horned cattle. The soil is generally poor, but cacao plantations on the low lands of the neighbouring islands are in plenty, and pay well. Cattle *fazendas* are common in the neigh-



CAFUZO GREL.

bourhood, and their product is exported to other places on the river, where the bovines cannot be conveniently reared.

Santarem may be termed the port—at some no very distant day it will be the seaport—of a large extent of interior country, through which runs the Tapajos River. Down this comes a great variety of indigenous productions—sarsaparilla, seringa, copaiba, Brazil nuts, and cassava.

The celebrated Mundurucu Indians, once a warlike and dangerous tribe of savages, now peaceful, dwell upon the Tapajos, and are the sources of much of this commerce.

Travellers have remarked upon a singular custom of these Indians, assimilating them to the Dyaks of Borneo. It is that of taking the heads of their enemies in battle, as the savages of North America do scalps. In a malocca, or village of Mundurucus, these grim trophies are seen carefully preserved, and often adorned in a fanciful fashion.



RIVER SCENE, BORNEO.

A Visit to Borneo.—II.

BY A. M. CAMERON.

THE SOIL.—HEALTH.—CLIMATE.—FLOWERS.—VEGETABLES.—FRUITS.—
SPICES.—PALMS.—COMMERCIAL PRODUCTS, INCLUDING INDIGO AND
COTTON.—AN EXCURSION TO THE WEST.—MALAY NAVIGATION.—
THE SEA DYAK VILLAGE OF LUNDU.—RECEPTION BY THE ORANG
KAYA.—PICTURESQUE SITUATION OF THE VILLAGE.

THE isles of the East Indian Archipelago boast of an abundant flora. Forests of woods and grasses, bearing the most lovely flowers and the most delicious fruits, intermingled with spice and gum-bearing trees, cover the face of nature with one dense green and variegated carpet, from the edge of the sea to the mountain top. Nature here revels in her own peculiar domains. The soil on the surface is either a rich black vegetable mould, produced from the constant decomposition of fruits, leaves, wood, and grass; or a strong red earth in which iron enters largely. This red earth is sometimes found many feet deep, but the black vegetable mould is generally in a layer of one to two feet in depth. Under this upper layer is generally found a yellow loam from two to four feet in depth, and it is this which is believed to prove so destructive to nutmeg-trees. Beneath this yellow loam is often found a gravelly stratum, in which may be found rock-crystals, rubies, emeralds, and other cognate stones. Whatever the deficiencies or excesses of the soil, there can be no doubt that, being virgin, it is excessively rich, and abundantly rewards cultivation.

The climate is such that the European, though living under the Equator, never feels the oppression due to heat or damp, which is so commonly experienced in India. Where the soil is dry and well drained, and where the jungles and forests have been partially cleared, the climate is exceedingly temperate and healthy. Notwithstanding the presence of malaria in particular localities, there is little inconvenience experienced. The few Europeans who fall ill are those who have either destroyed their constitutions, or have imprudently exposed themselves.

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The only illnesses we noticed among any Europeans were rheumatic affections and agues; and these are supposed to be brought on by exposure to the southerly breeze, which blows only during the south-west monsoon. The Malays, Dyaks, and other natives suffer from a variety of disorders, which are, however, very amenable to treatment. Cholera in a mild form has sometimes made its appearance; but it is not half so dreaded as the small-pox. Malays, Chinese, or Dyaks will never take its name on their lips when they speak of it. They call it, in common with the natives of India, "the Goddess;" and when it appears in the country the Dyak sorcerers, called *manangs*, who are also the "medicine men," find their callings no easy matter. A few cases of elephantiasis occur now and then, caused, doubtless, by much walking barefoot through the mud. Glandular swellings of the groin assume a curious phase here, and not seldom turn into an epidemic. Intermittent fevers are the only other order of complaints to which these natives appear to be subject.

Showers of rain fall throughout the year, about once or twice a week; from March to October more often than from November to February. During the rainy months small streams swell into torrents, and any one living in the vicinity of mountains cannot fail to hear the incessant roaring sound of numerous waterfalls. The ingenuity of the Dyaks is never at a loss to span the small streams which thus increase in volume every year at stated seasons, and advantage is taken of the proximity of high trees on the banks to construct a very strong bamboo bridge. Sometimes the bridge is supported on posts run into the bed of the stream, but these generally require renewing every year, as the floods are sometimes very strong. The larger rivers seldom rise higher than ten feet as the result of the rains. During these days the paddy rapidly shoots up, and by the time that the rains come to a termination, the seed is ready to be

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harvested. During the drier part of the year the thermometer, which averages about 70° Fahr. during the other period, rises to about 80°. The nights, especially during the rains, are exceedingly pleasant. There is none of that chilly weather here, as in the plains of India, unless one happens to be up a high mountain.

In the capital there are some very creditable flower gardens. On low grounds it is easy to rear the Edouard and other roses. We may also name the sweet and powerful scented *Michelia*, which grows into a lofty tree; the *Gardenia florida*, with its powerful perfume; the *Jasminum grandiflorum*, commonly called by the Malays *melur*, and by their poets *sundal malam* (the enchantress of the night); the *Jasminum sambuc*; *Hibiscus rosa-Sinensis*; the honeysuckle; the tuberose; the delicate balsam; the convolvulus; and the blue clitoria. Orchids and air-plants cover the trees which line the bank of rivers and creeks, and hang out the most lovely and, in many instances, the most odorous of flowers of every beautiful hue. A few exceedingly rare and lovely varieties of the rhododendron may be found without going far to seek. In the rays of the morning sun, when fresh with dew, these flowers sparkle as if diamond, sapphire, or gold dust had been liberally sprinkled over them. We have seen very pretty bouquets of flowers (for the East) in Kuchin. In the evenings Dyak and Malay ladies come and beg for flowers (their chief favourite is the *Jasminum grandiflorum*) from their European sisters; and as permission is never refused, they may be seen awhile after with wreaths of roses and jessamines entwined among their dark clusters of hair. The flower of the areca-nut palm emits a most powerful and delicious perfume, and Dyaks and Malays often carry one with them when they go to see their friends and sweethearts of an evening.

There are not many vegetables, but such as they are, they are sufficient to supply the wants of the scanty population. Sarawak has not as yet grown anything in the shape of cabbages or cauliflowers, as the climate is too moist and warm for them. But French and other beans; cucumbers, wild and cultivated; radishes; brinjals (or the egg-plant); yams of various kinds; greens, of which the best liked and most common is from the tender shoots of a large species of fern which grows plentifully in the open places; pumpkins or squashes of various kinds; and sweet potatoes. The young and tender shoots of the bamboo-tree are also used as a vegetable. The substitute for cabbage is quite a delicacy compared to the common European vegetable: it is the tender heart of the young cocoa-nut palm. Few would destroy a growing young cocoa-nut tree for the sake of its cabbage, however sweet; but there are always young trees being destroyed by wild pigs at night, who seem to delight in uprooting them, and, if possible, ripping out the sweet cabbage inside. The cultivators of vegetables are the Chinese, that race who, no less in the Archipelago than in Australia, in North and South America, are fast peopling the wilds. They take up a plot of ground, raise a small hut on it in a couple of days, cut down the jungle, set fire to the heaps, distribute the ashes and burnt earth over the soil, sow their seeds, raise their plants, and manure them with pigs' dung, of which there is always a supply from the animals they own, and which they fatten with paddy, and the green shoots of the sweet potato. Fences are raised round the plots to keep off the wild pigs at night from rooting up beds, plants, and possibly even the hut; for these brutes are very destructive. We remember one night volun-

teering to watch with two other Europeans, and shoot any such intruders into a garden. As the night was dark, and there were plenty of trees about, and we three had separated in different directions, on the notice of the arrival of the pigs being given (their approach is easily heard), we managed, instead of shooting the pigs, to nearly shoot each other. One bullet whizzed remarkably close to the writer of this. Very often these Chinese gardeners have to keep watch through the live-long night.

There are many and various kinds of the most luscious and rich fruits in Borneo, which are common to the Archipelago. The prince of fruits here is doubtless the *durian*, which may be freely rendered the "thorn-apple." There are two varieties of it, the elephant, or large-sized, and the common, which is as large as a green cocoa-nut in the husk. The rind or shell is hard and tough as wood, and covered over with stiff spines of thorns extremely sharp. The fruit opens in five or more longitudinal lobes, each division containing a mass of the richest and most luscious imaginable substance, resembling rich cream in taste, form, and colour, wrapped in folds round large seeds. This fruit is much sought after by the natives, who attribute, and not unjustly, extraordinarily nourishing and invigorating powers to it. It may be found distributed all over the Archipelago, the Malayan Peninsula, the southern provinces of British Burmah, and we have seen it introduced lately into and thriving vigorously in Ceylon. It refuses, however, to bear fruit north of the latitude of Maulmain, or on the continent of India. The King of Burmah, from his far-off capital of Mandalay, imports these fruits from the Tenasserim provinces in whole steamer-loads. Its price in Maulmain averages four shillings each for a good specimen; in Penang and Singapore one shilling and sixpence; in Borneo we always had them for nothing. The Dyaks used generally to collect them in quantities in the jungles. The inferior kinds have a disagreeable onion-like smell about them, which smell has made some Englishmen quite dissatisfied with it. But we think we can say, after having tasted the finest and best fruits of most countries, that next to a really good Indian mango, not the usual and common kinds sold in the bazaars, but, e.g., the *Akbari* (so named after the Emperor Akbar), only one tree of which we have come across in all Bengal, and that was at Dacca in an old garden (which shows what little interest and attention the subject of good fruits receives at the hands of the Hindoo of the present day); we say, that next to a really good Indian mango, probably the durian should be assigned the highest place among the fruits of the East. In his late work, Mr. Wallace declares enthusiastically that to eat a durian is to experience a new sensation! The first place is contested by the *mangosteen*, another of the rich fruits of the Archipelago, and which also is found in abundance in Borneo. Its size, including its dark purple rind, is that of a small apple, but the rind is very thick, and when opened presents four or five small white flakes, quite soft and juicy, of a sweet and sub-acid taste. Unlike the durian, the mangosteen is most refreshing, can be taken during fever to quench the thirst, and may be eaten in any quantity without the least risk to the health. That it should be preferred to the rich, luscious, cloying, and heating durian, we can readily understand; and, generally speaking, we ourselves would prefer it. The shaddock or pumplenose of Java, and the rich pine-apple of Singapore, however, are equally good simply as juicy fruits. The Java

shaddock especially, which is exported in steamer-loads to Singapore, is a fruit which stands very high indeed in our estimation. We need not go into detail with the other numerous fruits of Borneo, but we may name the *lansat* (which is found in India under the native name of *lutko*), almost like the mangosteen, but smaller and less sweet; the *rambai*, which must be the southern form assumed by the rich Indian *lichi*, covered over with soft spines, and of a bright crimson colour; the jack-fruit; the orange; the *averrhoa bilimbi* (called *blimbing* in Malay); several kinds of *jambus*; an inferior kind of mango; the pomegranate; and various kinds of earth and other nuts.

It was a mistaken notion with most of the first residents of Sarawak, that the soil was eminently adapted to grow all kinds of spices, especially the nutmeg. Of all spices, the nutmeg requires the very richest soil; and this probably has not been considered by those who, at much expense, have laid out nutmeg plantations in Borneo, as well as in Singapore and Penang. In Malacca, of all the extensive plantations which were once in existence, there remains only one solitary—the largest, however, and most flourishing of any—specimen in the beautiful little State-garden at the back of the ancient and picturesque *Stadt-haus*, to tell the tale that there were once extensive nutmeg plantations in the district. In Penang there are some remarkably fine plantations, but every year hundreds of trees unaccountably dry up and wither away. It is the same at Singapore, where nutmeg gardens form so pleasant and agreeable a picture about each European's bungalow. At Kuchin the bishop laid out some acres under nutmeg cultivation; but we have never seen more miserably yellow and stunted plants anywhere. We believe cinnamon, too, would not succeed; but it has never been tried. A few clove plants thrive remarkably well. Pepper grows largely in the western districts of the island; but it is found to utterly exhaust the soil of Singapore. As for cardamoms, it is a peculiarly Indian spice, and is not seen in Borneo, or anywhere else in the Archipelago.

As may be expected, Borneo is peculiarly rich in palms. There may be found varieties in the interior quite new to the world. Those generally known and the most imposing in appearance and useful in trade, &c., are the cocoa-nut palm, the areca-nut palm, the sago palm, the *nibong* palm, and the *Nipa* palm. We have already described the last as growing plentifully along the rivers, and have mentioned the various uses to which it is put. The *nibong* palm is useful for its straight, round, hard trunk, which furnishes posts for building houses, and for its sweet cabbage. There is another variety called the *gomuti* palm, from which the juice is extracted to make *toddy*; its bunches and tufts of hair-like excrescences very much resembling horse-hair. At present cocoa-nuts have to be imported from neighbouring islands, but the palm thrives beautifully. It is found growing in and near villages and settlements. A tree is calculated to produce one hundred nuts, or a dollar's worth (4s. 6d.) every year. It begins bearing from its sixth or seventh year, and continues fruitful for upwards of half a century. Many may be seen nearly a hundred feet high. In Malacca we have seen cocoa-nut palms upwards of a hundred feet in height, and reported to be more than a century old. The principal reason why more ground is not placed under cocoa-nut cultivation in Sarawak is the difficulty experienced in guarding the young and tender plants from the wild pigs. These brutes in entire herds break through

the strongest fences and uproot whole plantations. We learnt that an entire plantation of 4,000 plants at Lundu had been thus utterly laid waste. An agent of the Borneo Company stationed at the western, or Santubong, entrance of the Sarawak River, owns a small island about two miles out at sea, and this he had planted out with cocoa-nuts. After one or two years, when the plants could be described from the level of Piggy's vision on shore, hundreds of these animals would cross over by night, and after their work of destruction, would recross towards daybreak. Imagine a hundred or two of bristly pigs breasting the wild waves of ocean in search of tender cocoa-nut nibs! Yet this is a fact. The plantation was gradually being thinned, and the owner suspected some Malays or Chinese to be the agents of the destruction, till one night the true cause was found out, and an immense number were captured alive after a gallant resistance on the watery element. A few men were then thrown into the island, and this garrison served to keep out the foe henceforward.

Master Pig is an animal of the highest consideration in Borneo. Not only is he the scavenger of Dyak and Chinese settlements, or the useful animal that furnishes a meat diet; but he is the dangerous enemy of the cultivator, and keeps Dyaks and Dyak dogs and Chinese quite alive. Even *theologically* he comes in as the arbiter of the faith of Dyaks and Chinese; for these would have long since been converted to Islamism, but that they loved pork better than circumcision. Therefore, but for the pigs, Christian missionaries would probably never have had a Chinese or a Dyak convert. An extensive cocoa-nut plantation, as in Singapore and Penang, brings in an large annual fixed income. After planting out the nuts, and taking care of them for four years, there is little further trouble or expense. One year's produce of a large plantation pays off all the expense previously incurred. A plantation of 50,000 trees brings in a sure annual profit of \$50,000, or £11,250, not a small amount, and land may be had in Sarawak for nothing.

Like the cocoa-nut, the areca-nut palms are few in number in these parts. The nuts are larger than what are usually seen in Penang (which word means the *areca-nut* in Malay) or in India, and a tree produces about a half-crown's worth every year. This would give a high profit, considering that the tree takes up less than a fourth of the space required for a cocoa-nut palm.

The sago-palm thrives very well in these parts. The tree is most handsome, among a peculiarly handsome race. The stems spring up, nearly straight from the ground, to a height of more than thirty feet, and are not at all so slender as the stems of the cocoa-nut palm. The fronds are of a rich dark green, which shows off very well either on a sunny, or on a rainy, day. The trunk is wide in circumference, and stands about eight feet high for a full-grown tree, and presents a solid and firm appearance. A tree produces numerous young shoots from its root, forming quite a colony of little palms about it. These shoots early acquire a defensive armour, of long tough thorns, which preserves them effectually from the pigs. This palm is only cultivated in the Millanow country, to the extreme east of Sarawak and south of Brunei. The tree usually attains perfection in six or seven years, and the time for cutting it down is known by the appearance of its single but monstrous (eight to ten feet long!) sheath of flowers. When cut down, the trunk is split up, and the soft pith taken out; it is then

ground and rubbed down fine, well washed several times, and then dried and sold in the shape of flour to traders. In Borneo the flour is taken to the Borneo Company's factory at Kuchin, there dried and made up into pearl-sago, which is then exported to Great Britain. One tree produces nine shillings' worth of the sago-flour to the cultivator. Muka, the principal outlet of the Millanow country, is the chief sago-port on the north-west coast of Borneo.

Among the chief commercial products may be enumerated the following:—Rattans, timber, vegetable oils, gums, ebony, rice, sugar-cane, gutta-percha, cocoa or cacao, coffee, vanilla, gambier, opium, tobacco, sago, edible birds' nests, indigo, and cotton. Of these we have described the sago cultivation and its trade. Rattans (called *rolang* by the Malays) may be found in the greatest abundance, and of every kind, throughout the country. At Sarawak the cane is sold at a tenth of the price which it commands in China or Bengal. It is cut down in the various scattered settlements and carried to Kuchin, whence hundreds of tons of it are exported to England. We have seen some canes nearly thirty feet in length after they had been cut down! It may be imagined that timber is especially plentiful in a country over-spread with primeval forests. The most valuable kind is the camphor-wood, for which there are saw-mills owned by the Borneo Company, who export entire shiploads of it to China. Several kinds of vegetable oils are extracted from various kinds of nuts, all of which grow wild, and in abundance. Some of these oils harden into the consistency of spermaceti, and would make excellent candles. Others would be useful for machinery. Others, again, may be used in cookery. The Malays, who will not, like the Dyaks, cook their food with lard, use one of these vegetable oils. *Dammar* is a vegetable gum found abundantly in the splits and crevices of old timber trees; but the only use to which it is put is to make torches, which burn through the night in the Dyak houses. It emits a fragrant odour while burning. Camphor, the gum of another tree, is found in great abundance on the extreme north and east of the island. It is not the produce of the camphor-wood tree already mentioned, which is so named from the fragrant smell of the wood, much resembling that of camphor. We may remark in passing, that these trees are the giants of the Borneo forests, often rising as high as 150 feet. On our way across a forest we saw one of these trees, which had been cut down, to cross which required one ladder on each side. Along the trunk, one could either have galloped a horse or driven a carriage! A dining-table made of a single plank of a large camphor-wood tree, off which forty persons can dine, is one of the "lions" of Sarawak, in the late Rajah Brooke's house. Black ebony (there is a brown variety in India) is the heart of a forest tree, and is found towards the west of the island.

All the low-lands of Borneo are eminently adapted for producing rice. The return is generally two hundredfold. Sarawak exports rice to all the neighbouring small islands, especially to the Natunas, in return for cocoa-nuts and areca-nuts. Borneo could be converted into a vast rice-granary for the Indian Archipelago. There are numerous varieties of the grain. The *pulut* rice is very rich, and so is the scarlet-red rice. These two kinds are absent in Bengal. The sugar-cane—so well is the soil suited to it—is grown without the least care. It thrives like a rank weed. A few days after laying down the cuttings, in and among weeds, the canes shoot up vigorously,

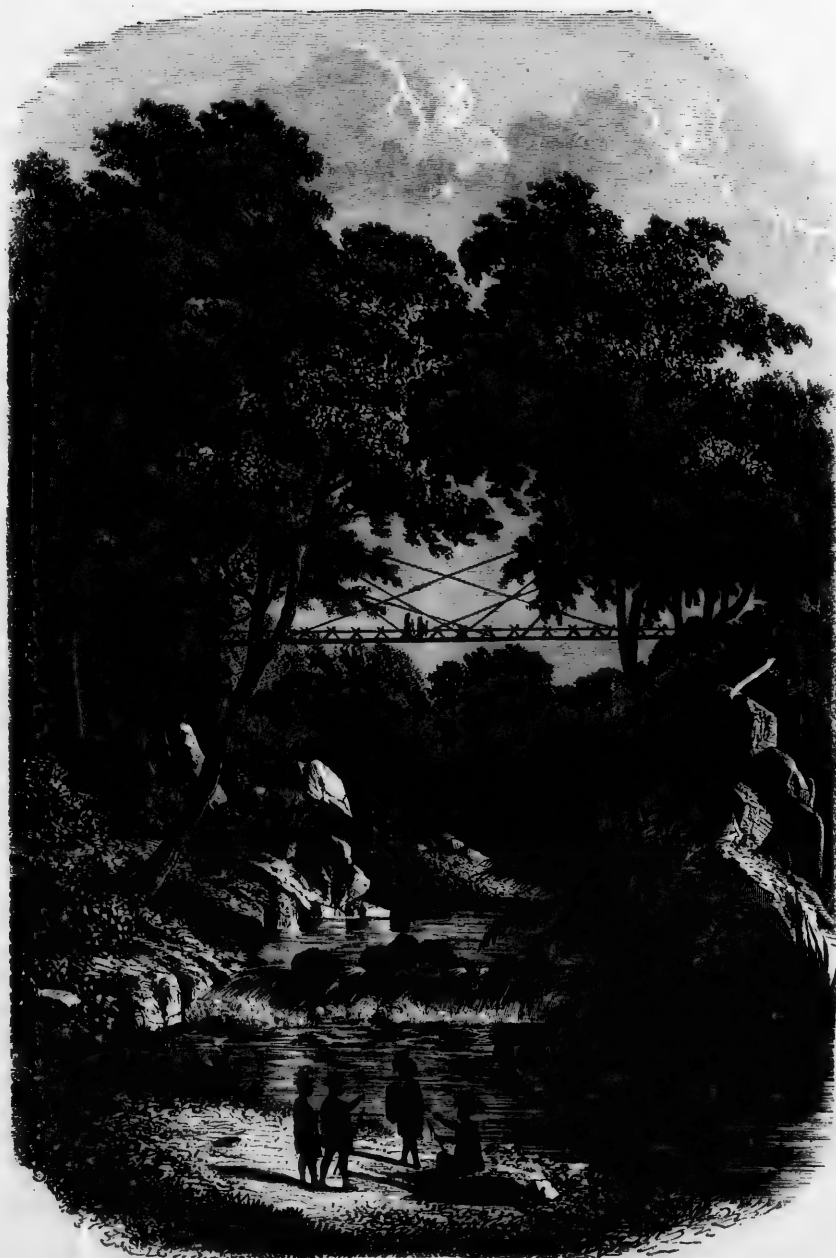
throw out strong deep-green leaves, and speedily attain to an enormous size. We have seen these canes from sixteen to twenty feet in length after they had been brought to the market to sale, and they were thick and juicy in proportion. In Bengal the size is not half the above; and yet there is profit on the manufacture of sugar there. Here it is grown throughout the year, but the rainy season is the best time for it. Gutta-percha (called *gutta* by the natives) is collected from a middle-sized tree in the forests. To save a little trouble in examining the tree previously, it is generally ruthlessly cut down; and this process will soon close the supply. After cutting the tree down, incisions are made into the branches, and the gutta, if the tree have any—not always the case—flows out, and is collected in leaves. This is boiled down till it acquires its consistency. It is generally brownish-red when exported. It commands a very high price, more than £9 a *picul*, and a tree seldom produces more than eight or ten *catties*—the last is an extraordinary quantity.

The cacao-tree, already largely grown in Luzon and Java, would, from what we know of the plant and the soil it loves, and the climate and weather that nourish it, thrive most luxuriantly. But it has not yet been introduced. We have seen flourishing trees loaded with the heavy scarlet pods, which appear so rich and pretty, in the gardens of Malacca, and they were said to flourish there as well as in their native Brazil. The Indian Archipelago, after Brazil, is the greatest exporter of coffee to the world. Java, Luzon, and Celebes export it largely. The pea-berry variety of Celebes is the very best in the world, not excluding the famous Mocha. The Ceylon berry is inferior to what is grown in the Archipelago. The vanilla plant, which thrives so luxuriantly in Luzon and Bourbon, ought to thrive in Borneo. All the circumstances of rain, heat, shade, and soil, are in its favour. It is possible that the plant may be found growing wild in the interior. *Gambier* is a juice extracted from the leaves of a plant allied to the genus *Nauades* (the Indian *cadamba*), and grows largely in Singapore and other adjacent islands. It is much used for dyeing and tanning purposes, and eaten with *sirih*, or the betel-leaf. It is superior to the Indian *katha* or catechu. It is grown in Borneo only for home consumption, and is known to exhaust the soil. There being no restriction on the manufacture of opium, the Datu Bandar (hereditary lord treasurer) hopes to see poppies cultivated in Sarawak. China being near, the profits would be large.

Of edible birds' nests, there are found the pure—which bears a high price—and the impure kinds in great abundance on all the rocky islets near the coast, and in the caves and fissures of rocks and mountains on shore. The Government charges a duty on this article, and yet it leaves a large profit to the collector. Parties of four or five Dyaks or Malays usually go out together; and they sell their collections to Chinamen, who export it to Singapore, to be sent on to China. This edible nest is boiled and taken in the form of a soup which, according to the Chinese, "expands and strengthens the chest;" the taste is unpleasant, and if largely used, it produces cutaneous disorders. The nest is the inner lining of the habitation of a species of swallow, found in great numbers in the Archipelago. There is a large export of it from Java. There are three kinds: (1) the pure white, which is the sort most prized—this fetches a very high price, and is reserved for the tables of Chinese mandarins and governors; (2) the brown, which is found in great abundance; (3) the black, which has numbers

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BAMBOO BRIDGE OF THE WESTERN DYAKS.

of feathers attached to it. The nests are generally of the same size as the saucer of a coffee-cup, both in thickness and circumference. The average weight of a nest is about six drachms avoirdupois. The white kind is as pure as isinglass, and few feathers are attached to it.

Tobacco, which has been found to thrive so well in Java that we know of people there who began life a few years ago with a couple of hundred dollars (£50) in their pockets, and who have made their fortunes solely through the cultivation of tobacco, would prove equally profitable in Borneo. In Luzon it forms the main source of Government revenue. We have smoked Java tobacco of a flavour quite equal to that of the best Manilla, and we see no reason why Borneo should not furnish equally good. In Sarawak a few Chinese grow a plant or two merely as an ornamental addition, as the plant thrives luxuriantly and sends forth innumerable pretty, pale pink, trumpet-shaped flowers. We attempted to lay out a piece of ground with some 200 plants, though it was not just the season. The plants came up very well till they were a foot high, when they were attacked by a green grub. We had to leave the plantation to the worms, on being called away to another part of the country. One plant, of which we had taken special care, had attained in one month a height of two feet, and had numerous leaves on its firm straight stalk fifteen inches long by eight inches broad! We never saw a more flourishing tobacco plant. Among other things, the grape vine grows luxuriantly, and we extended the sphere of its growth by planting out cuttings in new parts; and there not being one date-palm in Sarawak, we had the good fortune of growing one from seed, and thus introducing it into the province, the first attempt probably in Borneo.

Borneo would grow indigo like rank weed. It was thus we wrote on the subject to an Indian indigo-planter:—"While walking about in this village, I was not a little surprised to see a few indigo-plants thriving most luxuriantly in front of the Dyak houses. The plants were of three or four months' growth, were about six feet high, very bushy, and densely covered with leaves. On inquiring the purpose for which they were planted, I was told it was for the colour. If one had capital to begin with, he might reap an immense profit. The land is easily had—thousands of acres if you want—for the mere asking it from the Government, and felling down the timber. It then becomes your land in perpetuity, or as what I imagine is termed in Bengal *lakhiraj* land. The forests, though primeval and dense, are easily cut down; the timber then allowed to dry, is set on fire after a fortnight or so. The ashes become manure to the soil. The only difficulty would be in procuring labour. The men here are few, and care little for wages; but as hundreds of coolies go out yearly from Calcutta and Madras to the Mauritius and the West Indies, I do not see any reason why they should not come here too. Pioneers have generally more obstacles to contend with than those who follow afterwards, and what is the use or where lies the virtue of being a Briton, and especially a North Briton, if he does not overcome obstacles? The first indigo-planter of Sarawak would have to get with him about a hundred coolies, a quantity of good seed, and some dozens of ploughs. Buffaloes to draw them could be had in abundance from Singapore. It only requires capital and a dozen years' work to make an immense fortune in this place." We omitted to mention in this letter that Chinese coolies may be procured in any number, from

200 to 2,000, every year in Singapore, where they arrive in junk-loads from China. The indigo-plant does indeed thrive in Sarawak. We have seen it thrive nowhere so luxuriantly, even in Bengal. About four Sarawak plants would go to make a Bengal *bundle*, usually consisting of a hundred or more plants. Not the least care had been taken of the few plants which we saw. They were scattered here and there in twos and threes, surrounded by hedges, in front of the Dyak houses. After plucking the leaves they soak them in wooden troughs, beat them up till the leaves and water form a thick mass, take this water and boil it down, for the dye, which is used for colouring cloths.

Cotton is also grown in several parts of the country to the north and east, for home use. I saw of very superior quality, judging from specimens which were seen. The staple is long and firm, and the plant thrives luxuriantly without much care. The wool is made up into coarse strong cloth for native use, and exported to adjacent parts. The manager and agent of the Borneo Company assured us that it was the very best cotton he had ever seen, though we have seen better (the best in the world) in the Dacca district of Eastern Bengal. Sarawak might supply millions of pounds of very superior cotton to Liverpool. The Sarawak Government may well direct its attention to the cultivation of cotton.

We had received an invitation to see Dyak life where it best could be seen, in their native villages; and as the Dyaks to the west of the province bore the best character, we determined to see them in preference to those settled east. The largest tribe on the west was the Sebuyu—that on the east being called the Saribas; and the former were represented as one of the finest tribes, and quite the favourite one of the "Rajah." We may mention here that Dyaks are very seldom seen at Kuchin, the capital. It is only when they are wanted for the military service of the State that they may be seen there in any numbers. But it is just possible that one or two members of various tribes may be found who have come up with some article of trade, such as gutta-percha, and who hurry back to their own homes as soon as they can. Now and then some come to see the bishop; and very rarely a specimen from the far interior, who has been attracted here by rumour, may be found wandering about the streets, so markedly different in outward appearance from other Sarawak Dyaks, that he becomes an object of prominent attention with the Chinese and Malay inhabitants of the town. At the time we were going, we found a Sebuyu Dyak ready to leave for Lundu. There are very few roads in Borneo, as the country is covered with forests, and water-way communication is made the most of. The rivers of Sarawak all flow out to the sea, and there is no communication between one part of the province and another, except by going out to the coast and crossing an arm of the sea to get into another river. The boat in which we were going was one of the usual native *grahus*, about thirty feet long and five feet in beam. It was covered with *kadjangs* or mats to serve as a protection from sun or rain, and three men manned it. There are no oars to be seen in any of these prahus. Only paddles are used, and it is remarkable how fast a boat can go when propelled by Dyaks with paddles. We took a Malay servant to act as cook, and it will be seen that this scoundrel attempted to murder us afterwards. The distance was put down at ninety miles, thirty miles by the Sarawak River, thirty miles by sea, and thirty more miles by the Lundu River. We were expected to reach Lundu on the second day, and accordingly

provided ourselves with a couple of chickens. The boat had delivered her little cargo, and consequently was well out of water, and with our three obliging Dyak friends we left the hospitable banks of Kuchin rather late in the forenoon. As we were going to the west, we took the western mouth of the river, called the Santubong entrance, and by the evening anchored opposite the Borneo Company's steam saw-mills at the mouth. Here we noticed two square-rigged vessels awaiting cargoes of timber and rattan for the Chinese market. The hill to the east, called Santubong Hill, is nearly 3,000 feet high, and a landmark for a considerable distance around. At its foot is the residence of the hospitable agent of the Borneo Company, who was glad to see us, and asked us about "Sarawak news!" Considering how remote this island is from the civilised world, Kuchin, the capital, acquires a vast importance in the eyes of the few Europeans scattered over the province in the out-stations. When you go from a large capital like Calcutta in India to an out-station, the inquiry is, not "What are the Calcutta news?" but "What's the latest telegram?" Borneo, however, is out of the way of telegrams, though perhaps in time she will have her own line, and be connected with either Java or Singapore.

As the passage of the arm of the sea, which was rather a wide bay, was a more difficult work than paddling along a tranquil river, we set sail early the next morning. Three small islands, about ten miles off shore, lay in our course, and at about midday we touched at one of them, and got ashore. It was a rocky islet about a couple of miles in circumference, but covered with rich mould, and apparently occupied, though we could see no one. There was here and there a hut, but they were unoccupied. The island was covered with the cocoa-nut palm, bearing numerous large clusters of fruit. We were told that parties living on the mainland owned these islands and plantations, and came over occasionally to take the fruit. The ravages of wild pigs, which abound in the Bornean forests, are so extensive, that advantage is taken of these small islands to plant out the cocoa-nut palm where there are no wild pigs. After roaming about for nearly an hour, and cooling ourselves with the grateful water inside the cocoa-nut, we set sail again. We had now occasion to congratulate ourselves on the excellent seamanship of our Dyak boatmen, for of a sudden a Chinese Sea squall, no light matter under any circumstances, came on. The sea became very rough, and made our little bark rather uncomfortable. We never, however, took in any sail, and dashed along, roughly knocked about, at a most rapid rate. The old man at the helm kept a firm hold of his tiller, and steered the boat most dexterously. It is remarkable how very much safer these small Eastern boats are on the water than those we usually see in Europe. We do not refer to Madras *marula* boats and *catamarans*, which would seem made to defy the wildest war of the elements, but to the small Malay and Dyak boats, Chinese *sampans*, and Cingalese outriggers. These last, indeed, though only narrow and dangerous-looking hollow logs of wood, are about the safest things out at sea one could wish to have. Chinese sampans are ugly and queer-looking tubs, but we were in one of them crossing a part of the sea in a squall off Province Wellesley, on the Malayan Peninsula, and it was remarkable how we weathered it, though we were in considerable danger. It would be absurd to overlook the scientific construction of our English boats, but it is possible that we may take a leaf out of the books of savages and semi-

civilised people in this matter, and that they have a good deal more of science in their boat-building than we may at first view be inclined to credit them with. As may have been inferred, we weathered the squall beautifully, and by the evening found ourselves moored within the mouth of the Lundu River, here more than a mile broad. The two chickens we had brought had both been cooked and eaten, but we expected to arrive at Lundu early the next day. There were no hills here near the mouth, as at the entrance of the Sarawak River, but the land lay a perfect level, so that we could not see many yards behind the dense jungle and forest which lined the banks down to the water's edge. The nipa palm here, too, presented a dense ornamental fringe to the river on both banks. In the far distance to the south and west some chains of high hills were visible. Early next morning, with the tide in our favour, we went up the river rapidly. At a distance of eight or ten miles from the mouth we began to see cultivation—always of paddy—along the banks, and, before we were aware, found ourselves opposite a densely palm-shaded settlement—which was the large Dyak village of Lundu—and had anchored.

Here were numbers of canoes of all sizes, from the big war-canoe, which admits of the evolutions of sixty or eighty men, with a couple of light guns, down to the small *sampan* or shell which can float only one man. A few large sea-going prahus were anchored off in the middle of the stream. We had just arrived at the Dyak bathing hour, and the scene of merriment in the water which we witnessed almost baffles description. There were men bathers, and women bathers, and children bathers, old and young of both sexes on every side. They were rushing here, tumbling there, diving away out of sight, and suddenly reappearing at a considerable distance; they were shouting, and laughing, and talking, most earnestly and vehemently as only people exerting themselves in deep water can. Most of them were naked.

Immediately on learning our arrival, the *Orang Kaya* (which means literally *rich man*), or chief of the tribe, came down and invited us to go up to his house and partake of his hospitality. The rise and fall of the tide being very considerable, sometimes even ten feet, and on account of the mud and slush on the sides, the dry bank is reached by huge, long, floating logs, which are attached to the bank by a rattan tie, the logs rising and falling with the rise and fall of the river. The village is one mass of palm-trees, cocoa-nut and areca, shady and cool beyond expression. Footpaths run in various directions; and a small detached house, occupied either by a Chinese shopkeeper, who sells tobacco, beads, glasses, and other like articles in great request; or the village blacksmith's forge and smithy may be seen here and there; while the great Dyak "long-houses," peeping from amid the trees, form the background of the picture. The entire settlement is surrounded by an ironwood wall (a wood that is almost indestructible) from eight to ten feet high, very roughly but solidly constructed. This wall, built by the joint labours of the settlement, serves to keep off the wild pigs of the forest behind, and is intended to be of use even against a human enemy in time of war. To get over this wall there are notched trunks of trees placed on both sides, and these ladders are removable at pleasure. As we went along we met numbers of Dyaks who all gave us a smile of welcome. They are always pleased when an *orang puteh* (white man) visits them, and their hospitality is so sincere and hearty that one wishes he could always stay with them.



RETURNING FROM A TRADING TRIP.

Life in a South African Colony.—IV.

THE DUTCH SETTLERS—WEENEN—LADYSMITH—OSTRICHES—A COMMUNICATIVE AND INTELLIGENT TRAVELLER—THE BASUTOS—START FOR THE COAST.

THE African crow is of a jetty black, the neck surrounded by a clear white mark, whence they have obtained the colonial nickname of "parsons." These obscene birds rise lazily, flapping their wings upon our approach, and hover over their abominable banquet, croaking loudly, or alight again upon the ground at some little distance, as we pass. The *Aas vogels*, as the Dutch call the vultures, are far more shy than the crows.

During our journey to the frontier, owing to the scarcity of hotels, we had to put up at night at farmhouses, English and Dutch. At both we experienced (as is usual up-country) a thoroughly hospitable reception. The poorest man among the Boers would consider the offer of payment for a night's entertainment and lodging an affront, provided the visitor arrived on horseback, though so kindly a welcome would not be vouchsafed to a foot passenger. A small sum in payment of the forage for the traveller's horse is sometimes accepted, but as often refused.

The "Africander" Dutch are a people simple in their habits, their chief wealth consisting in their flocks, herds, and troops of brood mares. These Dutch, as a rule, marry young, and bring up large families. From time to time, about once or twice in the course of the year, the Natal Boer journeys to Pieter-Maritzburg, or sometimes even down to Durban with his wagons, for the sale of his produce and the purchase of necessities. The Dutch seem to have but little idea of

improvement or advancement. A wealthy Dutchman, being recommended to procure a threshing machine from England, to thresh out the large crops of wheat which he annually raised, replied, with much scorn, "What should I want with a threshing machine, when I have such a fine troop of horses on my farm!" The up-country custom is to trample out the grain, by means of horses, upon a piece of smooth ground prepared for the purpose. The young Boers are great braggarts, incessantly boasting of their skill in the saddle and in the hunting-field. No doubt many of them are good shots and have firm seats on horseback, though they generally look very awkward when mounted.

Upon arriving at the house of a Boer, the traveller is requested to alight and "off-saddle." Entering the house, if he understands Dutch etiquette, he shakes hands with all present, commencing with the oldest woman, and ending with the smallest child. He is then asked whence he comes, whither he is journeying, and what is his business. Hot coffee is then placed before him, and tobacco is offered. The Boers smoke almost incessantly. The first pipe is lighted at early dawn, and the last only relinquished upon retiring for the night's rest. The tobacco, which they grow and prepare themselves, is twisted into a long cord, precisely like the "kanaster" which is to be bought at the tobacco shops in England.

Upon our route we passed through the towns of Weenen and Ladysmith. The climate of Weenen is far hotter than is usual in the up-country districts, and tropical fruit flourishes there. Within the town there is a large grove of orange-trees, for admission to which the owner makes a small charge, the visitor

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being allowed to regale himself to his heart's content upon the rich luscious fruit, never so delicious as when fresh pulled from the tree. A large orange-tree is a very beautiful object, with its shining dark green leaves, bearing at the same time, as it frequently does, the delicate white perfumed blossom and the bright golden fruit intermingled with the unripe green oranges.

Ladysmith is a compact little town. Here, as everywhere, conversation was about the war between the Free State Boers and the Basutos, and the consequent stoppage of the Free State trade. The town was full of "Overberg" men; traders, and transport riders—that is, carriers of goods by wagon. Here we saw some ostriches, which one of these "Overberg" men had brought into the colony with him. Young ostriches are of a dirty brown colour, the males more inclining to black. The plumage of the adult males is of a bright glossy black, with the exception of the white feathers with which we are all so familiar. The pace of the ostrich is exceedingly fast, and when killed by Europeans or natives, his death is generally effected by stratagem. The ostrich is capable of administering the most formidable kick—a blow from his foot being sufficient to kill the largest dog. Ostrich farming has long been talked of as an enterprise, but I do not think that it has ever been carried out on a large scale, though many half-tame birds are to be seen on some of the Overberg farms. The ostriches which we saw in Ladysmith ate maize freely enough, and were generally tame, although they had a propensity for running after horsemen, thereby terrifying their steeds in a most dangerous manner. All who have partaken of the flesh of the ostrich agree that it is poor and tasteless, but opinions are divided as to the flavour of the eggs. Those who have eaten them have generally told me that they were decidedly disagreeable in taste. The usual way of dressing these eggs is to cut off the top and to bury the shell among the hot embers, stirring the contents until sufficiently cooked.

My companion enlivened the road, as we travelled over the long series of plains towards the frontier, by accounts of his experiences over the Drakensberg (or "Overberg," as it is generally called), describing the enormous troops of wildebeeste, hartebeeste, spring-bok, bles-bok, and quagga which the traveller in these districts and towards the interior meets with. Large quantities of wildebeeste and quagga hides are at times sent down to the port of Natal for exportation, though I should say that "hide-shooting" was the reverse of a profitable speculation. He had also shot "kameel," as the Boers call the giraffe, and described the excitement of coming up with and shooting a large herd of this gigantic game, such as is portrayed in the

accompanying illustration. The giraffe is a very timid and inoffensive animal, and the only purpose for which it is hunted is for the sake of the hide, which can be made into "reins."

Meeting a horseman when about a day's ride from the foot of the "Berg," we naturally inquired concerning the war. What country claimed this man as her own I know not, but his only reply to our anxious questions was, "*I come yesterday!*" Beyond this very lucid answer we could obtain no information, though we addressed him repeatedly in English, and my companion in Dutch.

Arrived at the "Berg," we put up at a house where my friend had the gratification of hearing that all his horses and cattle had been carried off by the savages. We were told that on the previous day the Basutos had been riding about the mountain in large bodies, and had amused themselves by firing upon some cattle impounded in a kraal in the neighbourhood, fortunately for the owners without succeeding in hitting any.

During a Kafir war, as far back as 1852, this mountain was stormed by Sir George Cathcart, who attacked it from three sides at once, and carried off a great quantity of cattle. The killed and wounded on the side of the Basutos amounted to about forty, while those on the English side amounted to over fifty. After this very stout resistance, Moshesh sued for peace, begging the English leader to remain satisfied with the cattle he had taken; and peace was concluded.

The Basuto tribe, besides thus vigorously contending with British troops, has been at war with the Zulus and the Free State Boers at different times.

Moshesh, the chief of the Basuto at the time of my visit to the "Berg," is since dead, and his son, the present chief, has received an English education, having visited England within the last two years. I have travelled in the same railway carriage with him in the colony of Natal. He had at the time I saw him just returned from England, and was in the company of a French missionary. He was well dressed in European costume; but I afterwards heard that he threw off this apparel shortly after his return to his own people.

He expressed great contempt for the colonial railway accommodation, after his European experiences, and appeared to speak the English language freely. In appearance he was a brawny young man, rather over the middle height, full-fleshed, and reminding one very strongly of a black pugilist.

After a couple of days spent upon the border, during which nothing very exciting occurred, we saddled our horses, and started upon our long ride to the Bay of Natal; soon after my arrival at which place I settled down to quiet colonial life.

Notes of a Naturalist in the North-Western Provinces of India.—III.

BY CHARLES HORNE, F.Z.S. (LATE) B.C.S.

THE case to which I alluded in the previous part of these Notes arrived in the course of three weeks at Landour, and I leave my readers to imagine the airing all the books needed ere they could be used. We afterwards watched a musk-rat catching insects attracted into the house by our lights. These were chiefly grasshoppers and the like, and as they tried to jump up the

walls the animal sprang after them. He did not seem to mind us, and came night after night. As they always run along close to the skirting board, they used often to be caught by putting down a Wellington boot on its side, into which, of course, they ran, to (I should think) the utter destruction of the boot. But yet one more story, and I will leave them. About four A.M.

one morning I heard a pitiful squeaking sound outside my window in the grass. So I took a candle, and went to see what it might be. Again and again I heard the squeak—which seemed to be like that of a frog in pain—drawing nearer and nearer. Presently I saw a frog moving feebly along, with a musk-rat every now and then making a rush at it and giving it a bite, when it gave a squeak. The frog was nearly done for, and would undoubtedly have been killed and eaten by the animal had I not rescued it. But, hark! there is the dog at the bath-room door barking fiercely at some animal inside, which proves to be a bandicoot (*Mus bandicota*), a very large kind of rat, together with his tail eighteen and three-quarter inches long, and weighing one and a half pounds. These animals generally live in drains, but they make, as I know to my cost, very large burrows, and do much mischief. The animal looked as large as my dog, who had great difficulty in killing it, as it sat upon its hind-legs, and fought valiantly, grunting something like a little pig at the same time.

I ran for my thick oak stick, but on taking it up (it had been standing unused for more than a month in the corner) I found it only half its proper weight, and on examining it I perceived it pierced with holes in every direction, wood dust falling out in showers. It was a species of *Apat*, or boring-beetle, which had done it, and the old oak-stick was completely destroyed. These insects are very injurious to beams, but more especially to those made of light poor wood. These they speedily reduce to one mass of powder, leaving generally a thin film of wood, so thin that the finger may easily be pushed into the place formerly occupied by the heart of the wood. But I see the good dog has killed the bandicoot, and is now lying panting with her exertions. It is quite light now, so to the store-room, to see whether any rats are caught in the trap. See, the trap-door has fallen, but what have we here, a rat? Yes, and a fine "cobra" snake too! It would seem that the latter followed the former into the trap, and both were caught. The rat is dead from fright, and the snake will soon be killed otherwise. These snakes at this season are a great pest. Close under the window I found one, which had been killed by the guard as it was gliding along; they often enter the house, more particularly the bath-rooms, in pursuit of frogs, of which they are very fond. Having swallowed their prey, they are generally too large to return by the hole or under the door by which they entered, and so are killed. From the stomach of one I took

three beautiful white rabbits, unsoiled and uninjured, save that every bone was crushed. From another, three unbroken guinea-fowl eggs.

But enough of snakes. Here comes something far worse. What is that long dark streak on the horizon rapidly drawing near and widening as it approaches. Soon the sky overhead is darkened, and the rustling of millions of crisp wings declares that the locusts have come. Then what a row! Every man, woman, and child in the place getting hold of pot, saucepan, or kettle, hammers and beats and shouts to prevent their settling in the garden; and in a great measure they succeed, as only a few stragglers on this occasion alighted, and the main flight passed on to do damage elsewhere. The kites, crows, and other birds attacked and ate them greedily, and even my Mohammedan servants caught them for eating. I captured some and had them cooked for dinner, when I found them in flavour not unlike shrimps. Fortunately, they did not lay eggs at Manipuri, so that we did not suffer from them in their worst form, viz., the larval state. Then they eat up everything as they crawl along, and spare no green thing. No one who has ever seen a flight many miles in length, a mile or two wide, and several hundred feet in depth, can ever forget the sight.

The nests of the *Termites* or white ant have been giving indications of swarming to-day; and with a few lines about them I will close these Notes, although there are hundreds of sights and sounds left altogether unalluded to. The abodes of white ants are mostly concealed, being either underground or in mud walls, in which they have hollowed out for themselves large cavities. They make very small holes for exit, and from these they construct, only too visibly, covered galleries along the face of the wall in search of suitable food. Often there may be but one or two little holes not above one-eighth of an inch in diameter in a room, yet from this, when the time for swarming has arrived, will issue thousands upon thousands of large-winged ants, flying to the light, and covering the table with their wings, which fall off; whilst the wingless insects try to hide themselves under every spoon and knife-blade. I used to put large shallow vessels of water, with a candle standing up in the midst, and so drown many thousands attracted by the light; but in the daytime birds kill off enormous numbers. Every creature seems to eat them; yet enough escape to do infinite mischief, and so cause them to take first rank amongst the plagues of India.

A Trip up the Trombetas.—II

THE MUNDURUCU INDIANS.

WITH one or two exceptions the Mundurucus are the only Indians of South America who tattoo their persons. All the other tribes simply paint with various coloured pigments, whereas the Mundurucus puncture the skin with a thorn of the pupunha palm, and rub in the soot of a boiling pitch that imparts an indelible blue tint. The custom appears to be dying out, as among those seen at Santarem only a few individuals were thus "ornamented."

The Mundurucus have been long allies of the Brazilian

Government, having given it good aid in a local Amazonian rebellion. They have also assisted in subduing the Muras, a tribe of cruel and brutal savages, who formerly occupied the country lying between the Tapejos and Madeira. These, as also the Mauhés, a kindred nation, have been conquered, some of the latter being enslaved by the Mundurucus; while the former have retired to the inaccessible fastnesses of the Amazonian forest. Some may be seen living in a half-civilised state near Villa Nova, as also at Serpa, and other settlements of the Amazon up to the mouth of the Madeira. Their proximity is

not pleasant to the Brazilian planters, for although no longer dreaded as dangerous enemies, they are regarded as pests of the plantation, on account of their thieving propensities, often stealing the cacao fruit from the trees.

A SINGULAR MODE OF SNUFF-TAKING.

It is among these Indians that a very singular habit of snuff-taking is practised, and we had an opportunity of witnessing it at a landing-place on the southern side of the river, where the steamer stopped before reaching Obydos. The Muras are a roaming tribe, and a band of them—of the half-civilised sort—were encamped near. The snuff itself, and the process of taking it, are minutely and graphically described by the "Naturalist on

tive, sing, shout, and leap about in the wildest excitement. A reaction then follows; more drinking is necessary to arouse them from their stupor; and thus they carry on for many days in succession."

Mr. Bates says that the *paricá* is also a habit of the Mauhés as well as the Muras, while it is not practised by their conquerors, the Mundurucus. The Mauhés take it as a preventative against ague, and in a mode altogether different from the Muras. The former keep the snuff prepared in a paste, and when a dose is required, pulverise a portion of this paste upon a shell, then inhaling it through a pair of tubes tied together—usually the quills of the king vulture or caracara eagle. It is known that the early Spanish travellers found this practice of



A FOREST FESTIVAL.

the Amazon." He says, "The snuff is called *paricá*, and is a highly stimulating powder made from the seeds of a species of Inga, belonging to the leguminous order of plants. The seeds are placed in the sun, powdered in wooden mortars, and kept in bamboo tubes. When they are ripe, and the snuff-making season sets in, they (the Muras) have a fuddling-bout, lasting for many days, which the Brazilians call a *Quarentena*, and which forms a kind of festival of a semi-religious character. They begin by drinking large quantities of *caysuma* and *cashiri*—fermented drinks made of various fruits and mandioca—but they prefer cashacá, or rum, when they can get it. In a short time they drink themselves into a soddened semi-intoxicated state, and then commence taking the *paricá*. For this purpose they pair off; and each of the partners, taking a reed containing a quantity of the snuff, after going through a deal of unintelligible mummerly, blows the contents with all his force into the nostrils of his companion. The effect on the usually dull and taciturn savages is wonderful; they become exceedingly talka-

taking the *paricá* amongst the Omaguas, a tribe dwelling a thousand miles to the west of the present country of the Mauhés and Muras. Mr. Bates cites this circumstance in support of the theory that the Amazonian Indians have a community of origin. Many other facts tend to confirm this view of ancient kinship among the tribes.

OBYDOS.

Fifty miles above Santarem we reached Obydos, where Senhor N—— and I took leave of the steamer *Tapajos*—the boat continuing on to Mauáos, near the mouth of the Rio Negro, to "make connection," as the Americans naively term it, with another line of steamers that ply between that port and Tabatinga, the Brazilian frontier town. Thence such goods and passengers as were proceeding further up the Amazon would be carried to their destination by the Peruvian steamers that navigate that portion of the river running through Peruvian territory.

Obydos is perhaps the most picturesquely placed town on the Amazon River; its site being a bluff of pink and yellow clay rising a hundred feet sheer above the water surface. The houses are substantial structures, and the population containing a majority of whites, most of them engaged in cattle raising and cacao planting, the district adjacent having a soil favourable to the cultivation of the nut that gives chocolate.

Obydos boasts of a handsome church, school-house, and newspaper; while a fortress built upon the bluff carries some thirty pieces of cannon that command the river. The range required is not great, as at this port the mighty stream is con-

betas, the mouth of this river entering the Amazon about five miles above the town on the same side.

A few days sufficed for making preparations, which consisted in the purchase of a vessel, with the hiring of a crew of *Tapuyos*—the native boatmen of the country. The vessel was a *cuberta*, the usual kind of craft engaged in navigating the waters of the Amazon; having a *toldo*, or covered cabin on the quarter, and manageable by oars, as also by a sail when the winds should prove favourable. The crew consisted of six men, mostly *Mamelucos*, while two Indians, who had once made the ascent of the Trombetas, were engaged as guides.



MURA SNUFF-TAKERS.

tracted to its narrowest, being less than an English mile from bank to bank.

As Mr. Bates has stated, the whole of the river is not comprehended in this measurement, since a low alluvial tract extends along the southern shore, having a lake behind it, which might be regarded as a portion of the channel.

As the guns of Obydos have never been called upon to defend the passage of the river, it is not very certain whether they would prove efficient. They can throw shell across the stream easily enough; but placed as they are some distance back from the edge of the bluff, it is very evident they could not be sufficiently depressed to rake the nearer shore; and the American Admiral Farragut with his wooden ships might have passed under the muzzles with less risk than he encountered while entering the Bay of Mobile.

Obydos became our point of departure for the Rio Trom-

betas, the mouth of this river entering the Amazon about five miles above the town on the same side. For myself I had a negro, who acted as my personal attendant; a strong fellow, who could stand any amount of fatigue, and who had seen service both on ship and ashore. Pluto, as he was called—I am not aware that he had any other name—had once been a slave in the Spanish West India Islands, whence he had emancipated himself by taking French leave of his master. He had made his way to Pará, where I engaged him; I had then learnt to speak Portuguese, and the *lingua geral*, in addition to my previous knowledge of Spanish. As he could also talk a little “gumbo” English, with a smattering of French; could moreover cook, wash, brush a coat, and, if occasion required, handle a gun, he was likely to prove a valet of the most valuable kind.

I may here anticipate by saying that he did prove such, and that upon all occasions during my trip up the Trombetas, as afterwards in my Amazonian travels, I found him not only

efficient as a servant, but faithful as a friend, courageous, and honest.

BRAZILIAN JEALOUSY OF EXPLORERS.

Having thoroughly armed and equipped ourselves, and laid in our stock of provisions, chiefly consisting of farinha, salted fish (pirarecu), dried beef (charqui), some biscuits, coffee, and sugar, we started on our expedition; Senhor N— concealing its object from the citizens of Obydos, and cautioning me to a like secrecy. He imparted to me his reasons. They were—that being a Portuguese, and not a native Brazilian, the Brazilian authorities, averse to such enterprises, especially when undertaken by strangers, might take it into their heads to forbid ours, or in some way obstruct it. There was sense in what he said. Strange to say, in the wilderness world of Amazonia there is as much petty jealousy and political espionage as on the frontiers of a European Continental state, or even in China itself.

However, there was no obstruction offered by the officials of Obydos; and under pretence of a trading trip up the Trombetas, we took our departure from the place.

UP THE TROMBETAS.

A two hours' sail up the Amazon, and we entered the mouth of the Rio Trombetas, also called Orexemina, the stream on which Orellana encountered and fought his battle with the famous warrior women, giving its name to the great South American river he was the first to descend and explore. Notwithstanding its celebrity, the Trombetas does not rank as one of the streams of first magnitude in the Amazonian valley. There are scores of larger tributaries belonging to the same system, many of them three or four times its length and greatness as regards the volume of their water. For all this, it would be accounted a large river in Europe, much larger than any in Great Britain. Heading in the Tucumuraque range of the Guianese mountains, its sources interlocking with those of the Essequibo and Corentin, it has a course of about 400 miles before its waters become mingled with those of the Amazon. We ascended at first under sail, afterwards making use of the oars, as there were only rare occasions when the breeze blew in our favour. We went but slowly, as in most places there was an opposing current, much stronger than any encountered on the Amazon. From this, and the rugged nature of much of the country on its banks, I am convinced that Bates's belief in the Almeyrim Hills being a continuation of the Guiana highlands is correct—contrary to the speculations of the Massachusetts savant.

Contemplating the vast extent of the Amazonian region, and trying to realise Agassiz' theory, that these isolated *mesas* once formed a plain continuous all over it, one cannot help being struck with the absurdity of the idea. It is like asserting that half the earth's surface once stood to the height of some table-topped mound rising solitary in the midst of a prairie expanse. The theory of detrition has been elsewhere stretched far, but never to such a ludicrous extent as this.

A SPARSE POPULATION.

Like most Amazonian rivers, the banks of the Rio Trombetas are thickly wooded to the water's edge. In our ascent, after the first day, we saw no settlements of white men. Only here and there a hut, or *maloca*, which had been the abode of a family, or perhaps a small tribe of Indians. These appeared

to be abandoned; or, more probably, their owners were but temporarily abroad, hunting, or engaged in cultivating their little patches of cleared land. These are usually inland, and at some distance from the river's banks, for reasons sufficiently intelligible and sad to think of. The red aboriginal dreads the white slave-hunting trader, and rarely builds his dwelling-place upon the river's bank, or within view from the water. It is so on the Trombetas and other Amazonian tributaries, as well as on the main stream itself. And this is why, in ascending or descending one of these watercourses, the traveller sees so little of man, and may well fancy the vast valley an uninhabited wilderness. For ourselves, during the first four days of our navigation on the Trombetas we only twice saw Indians, and but once had converse with them. There were but two of them, belonging to the tribe of Apamas, a peaceful people who carry on occasional traffic with the citizens of Obydos, and speak the *lingua geral*.

After having passed through their territory, our boat voyage seemed suddenly brought to an end. We had reached a series of rapids up which the *cuberta* could not be taken. There seemed no help for it but to take leave of our boat, or return down stream swifter than we had ascended.

The latter was not to be thought of. Senhor N— was as determined as ever to continue his search for the long-deserted village of the Spanish miners; and I was resolved to accompany him. My companion inspired by cupidity, myself more by a desire of exploration with its attendant chances of adventure, there was no talk of returning till we had satisfied our respective passions. In view of this, we determined to abandon the *cuberta*, and pursue our exploration afoot.

A PARTY OF FESTIVE SAVAGES.

We had commenced packing for our pedestrian journey, when we were surprised by the approach of a party of Indians, whose dress and general appearance bespoke them of a different tribe from the Apamas. They were altogether of wilder aspect, wearing a costume more like that of the true aboriginal; feathered circlets around their heads, arms, and limbs, with short skirts reaching to mid-thigh. They were armed, some with bows and arrows, others carrying the *sarbatana*, or blow-gun. In all there were about fifty of them, both men and women, though at a distance it was difficult to distinguish the sexes; and it was only when they drew near that we discovered the party to be a mixed one. At first sight of them we were a little alarmed; but soon regained confidence on seeing the women. We knew that a hostile band of savages would not be thus accompanied, and we were right. They proved the very reverse of hostile, approaching us without fear, after being hailed by one of our guides speaking in their own tongue, some words of which the man fortunately understood.

In a few minutes they were around us, frankly extending their hands to be shaken, a mode of salutation they must have learnt from the whites. At the same time they gave utterance to friendly speeches, laughing and gesticulating like so many boys and girls just escaped out of school.

I never remember meeting a merrier crew; and, despite their warlike aspect, it was difficult to think of them otherwise than as the most innocent children of Nature. The exuberance of their spirits was accounted for, on our ascertaining that they were out on a frolic, it being a festive day at their village, that stood at no great distance.

Pluto was an especial object of their attention, he no doubt being the first negro they had ever seen, and of course a curiosity on account of the deep black colour of his skin, but more especially the kinky mop of wool that closely covered his skull. The women would cluster around him, catch hold of these kinks between their fingers, give them a pull, and then start back in mock affright, uttering loud cries, to be succeeded by peals of merry laughter. Pluto bore it with stoical forbearance, though once or twice he came near giving way to an ebullition of bad temper when the men attempted to take a like liberty with him.

THE WARRIOR WOMEN.

While gazing upon these savages a thought suggested itself, which has also occurred to others, that the resemblance between the men and women in their style of dress, but more particularly in the fashion of wearing their hair, may have led Orellana and his followers into the belief that they were fighting with women, when in reality it was men who attacked them on the Trombetas. The long uncut hair hanging loose down their shoulders gives them a singularly feminine appearance, and with the story of the Old World Amazons, known to the Spanish conquistadores as real history, it was but natural for them to believe there were like legions of warrior women in the continent they had just discovered. Of course this is but a surmise, and it is not beyond probability that a community of women living apart from men actually existed in South America at the time of the Spanish conquest. The Indians themselves, in different sections of Amazonia, held such a belief, when first spoken with on the subject; and there is some confirmatory evidence in the writings of the ancient missionary monks. But in the years immediately succeeding the discovery of the American continent, the existence of which was previously unsuspected, even a nation of warlike women would not be deemed a wonder. Hence the barrenness of the records regarding them, and the slight attempts then made to investigate the truth of the tale, which, in modern times, seems so remarkable as to be deemed not only doubtful, but altogether apocryphal.

WARNED AGAINST THE WOY-O-WAYS.

Our Indian visitors gave us an invitation to go with them to their village, which they stated to be only about two miles off, upon a small stream, a branch of the Trombetas.

As Senhor N—— was strongly under the influence of the "gold fever," and impatient to reach the scene where he had hopes of realising a grand fortune, he declined the proffered hospitality, promising, however, to accept it on our return, should we be fortunate enough to survive the perils and hardships that were before us.

That both were likely to be encountered we learnt from these friendly Indians, who, on hearing of the direction we intended to take, warned us against the Woy-o-ways, an Indian nation dwelling high up the river, and roaming over the country to the westward as far as the head-waters of the Rio Guatuma—a stream that runs probably to the Trombetas. Our festive friends, who were a branch of the Zummate tribe, represented the Woy-o-ways as ferocious savages, and especially hostile to white men.

The information was not of an agreeable nature, and had we put implicit faith in all they said, it might have induced us to abandon the expedition. For it was into the country of

these very Woy-o-Ways we were to penetrate in search of the ancient mining town, or rather its ruins. The old chart which Senhor N—— had studied located it in the Woy-o-way country, the name being spelt Woyawai; and, according to the account accompanying the chart, it was these Indians—that is, their ancestors—who had massacred the Spanish miners. The history seemed strangely confirmatory of the statements volunteered by our Zummate friends, and gave us good reason to pause in our expedition. But Senhor N—— had not embarked upon it in ignorance of what was before him, nor had he outlayed the large sum of money required for the equipment to retreat from the enterprise without carrying it to a more conclusive issue, whether of success or disaster. He was a man of rare courage as well as intelligence; the latter admonishing him to make light of the stories told about the Woy-o-Ways and their hostility to white men. He had obtained information of a different, in fact the very opposite, kind, representing these Indians as harmless, or at all events not any more hostile than other tribes dwelling beyond the pale of civilisation. In Pará he had met an old Portuguese trader that had visited them, and who said they had received him hospitably and rather in a friendly manner; that although there was a tradition of their ancestors having murdered white men and driven them out of their country, it came from the latter having misbehaved themselves towards their women, not an uncommon cause of many like tragical episodes in other parts of America. The trader affirmed that the Woy-o-ways, so far from repelling the approaches of the whites, would be but too glad to receive them, for the sake of traffic and trade. He himself would have returned thither, but for being ill and too old to undertake an expedition calling for so much vigorous exertion.

Fortified with the trader's account, as well as by knowledge elsewhere obtained, my companion scouted the cautions given by the Zummates, telling them that he had started to travel to the Tucumuraqa Mountains, and to the Tucumuraqa Mountains he was determined to go, even though it might be his misfortune never to return from them.

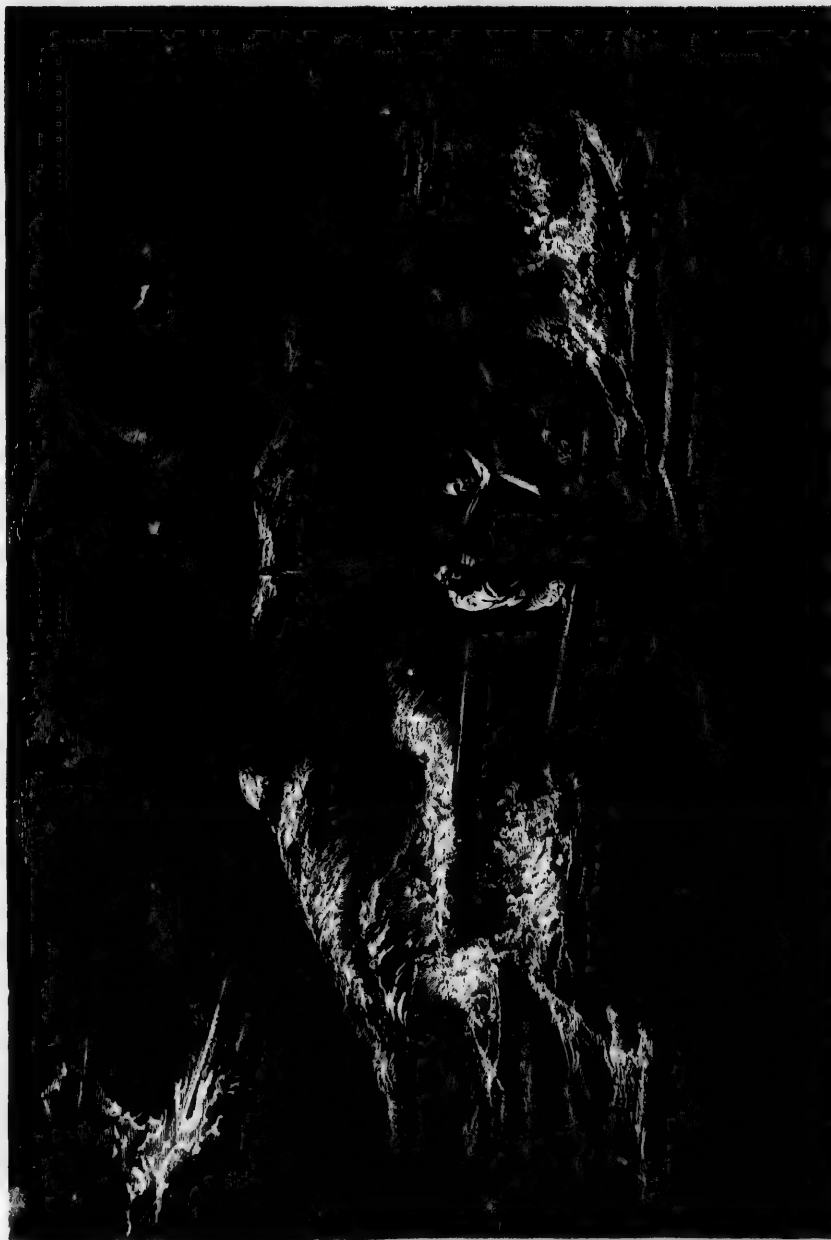
Seeing us determined to proceed, the Indians made no further opposition. But they would not let us pass without giving us some proof of their hospitality. While the talking was going on, several of their women had kindled a fire in the forest, and commenced cooking a repast, that was soon set before us. It consisted of various viands, mixed meats and vegetables stewed in an earthen olla. As our appetites were at the time sharp-set, we found it sufficiently palatable, and drawing from our boat stores, we were able to make some return by distributing to each of the Indian men a glass of rum—a drink they appeared greatly to relish.

A FRIENDLY LEAVE-TAKING.

As we were at length about to take leave of our copper-coloured hosts, Senhor N—— made a farewell address, telling them that, in the event of our returning that way, we would not only be pleased to accept the invitation to visit their village, but might be in a condition to receive from them still further hospitality. In either case we would be grateful, as we now were, for their good wishes.

To this speech, interpreted by one of our Tapuyos, was made the following rejoinder:—

"If you are going to the Tucumuraqa Mountains, why do you leave your boat behind?"



A STORM ON THE AMAZON.

Senhor N—— pointed to the rapids, saying: "For the best of reasons. You see it is impossible to take it further."

"No; not impossible," was the reply. "Up the main stream, yes; but there is a branch of the Trombetas that runs below. You may have passed without seeing it. By taking it you can make nearly two days more of water travel, and that will bring you nearer your destination. It will be easier by far. That way the forest path is very difficult. Between two moons you will not make as much way as a bird can fly, while you are rowing your boat from bank to bank. Follow our counsel. Return down the river, enter a branch you will see on the left

side. Go up it; on the second day you will reach a *maloca*. Do not be afraid of the people who will be there. They are our friends, and will be yours. They will tell you what to do, and where to go beyond. Like us, they will warn you against the Woy-o-ways.

With the friendly though discouraging counsel still sounding in our ears we took leave of the jovial band, and turned the prow of our craft down stream in search of the tributary that was to give us a free water-way two days' journey further to the north—that point of the compass towards which we were steering.

Northern Wanderings.—I.

BY FRANK USHER.

NORWAY—ITS CONNECTION WITH ENGLAND—DECAY—PROSPECTS.

ALTHOUGH Norway has long been known to the sportsman, it is only of late years that it has attracted the attention of the student of Nature's beauties. To the world at large, it is still practically a *terra incognita*. And yet there is probably no country which in variety of beauty can better repay the toil of the explorer; certainly there is no foreign land in which an Englishman feels sooner at home. Lapse of time and political convulsions have severed the close connection which formerly existed between England and Norway. By the Englishman this old connection has been well-nigh forgotten, but it is ever in the mind of the Norwegian, who glories in the traditions of his race, and in Norway its traces are still plainly visible. The centuries which have made England the greatest of nations have not been equally kind to the land of the Normans. As England grew in power and wealth, Norway retrograded, or remained stationary. The vicissitudes of war subjected to foreign rule the brave people who had conquered Europe; the daring spirits who, in their *Drager* and *Ormer*, discovered America centuries before Columbus sailed across the unknown sea. The trade of Norway passed into foreign hands; its wealth enriched the Dane. Plague and famine completed the devastation which war had commenced. Districts which had been fertile and populous lost all their inhabitants, and the bear and elk roamed unmolested through the forests which had usurped the place of smiling corn. The energies of the nation were paralysed; its spirit was crushed, and, for more than four hundred years, lay dormant.

Not until the beginning of the present century did brighter prospects dawn upon the unhappy land. In 1814 the country achieved its independence. Since that time it has advanced in wealth and importance with rapid strides. The population of its capital has doubled itself; its commerce has increased a hundredfold; roads have been constructed; mines opened, and factories established all over the country. Under judicious government Norway has grown into a prosperous state. At present the forests and fisheries are her greatest sources of wealth, but the land is of extraordinary richness in minerals, and it wants but the discovery of coal to make Norway one of the richest countries in the world.

VOL. IV.

SCENERY.

Apart from the historical and family connection which should ever commend Norway to the affections of an Englishman, its natural beauties must endear it to all lovers of the "dear goddess." Some idea of the mountainous nature of the country may be formed from the fact that of its area of 122,000 square miles, not more than 1,100 are under cultivation. A great chain of mountains runs from Nordkyn, the extreme northern point of continental Europe, through the entire length of Norway. Narrow valleys of great depth, and with thickly-wooded sides, generally with a lake nestling in their bottom, or a stream racing through them, traverse this chain in every direction. But it is not in the interior that the grandest scenery is to be found. The inland scenery, beautiful as it is in parts, cannot vie with that upon the western coast in wild magnificence. There is no range of snow-clad peaks to relieve the monotony of the round-topped granite mountains. Some of the summits are lofty—Galdhøpiggen is 8,300 Norwegian feet above the level of the sea, and there are other mountains of almost equal height, but they lack the majesty of even the minor Alps. It is upon the fiords of the western coasts that the Norwegian scenery assumes a grandeur that is at times almost terrible. These fiords, whose deep waters of dazzling blue never freeze, run scores of miles into the mountain-land; at times broad-bosomed and studded with wood-covered islands, with lofty mountains sloping gently down to their margin; at other times narrow and gloomy, flowing between precipices so lofty and so sheer as to almost exclude the light of day. In places these dark precipices rise to the immense height of 4,000 or 5,000 feet, and innumerable cataracts thunder over their brink, almost losing themselves in a spray before reaching the black waters of the fiord below.

In the wild districts of Hardanger and the Sogne Fiord are some of the grandest and most picturesque waterfalls in Europe. The finest of these is, perhaps, the Vøringfoss. The approach to the point whence this fall can be best viewed is not without danger, but the awful beauty of the scene from this particular spot, a hundred feet or more above the summit of the fall, more than compensates the toil and peril of getting

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there. The river has worn for itself a deep channel in the mountain, through which it rushes, with deafening roar, to hurl itself, in one sheer unbroken volume of water, 600 feet into the pool below. Near the fall, the rocks, forming a ravine but little broader than the main body of the fall, rise so perpendicularly from the water that scarcely a plant can find footing upon their surface. Higher waterfalls are to be found in Norway, and several with larger bodies of water; but none in terrible wildness of beauty can surpass the Vöringfoss.

In splendour of atmospheric effects no other civilised country can vie with Norway. The wonderful colours produced by the blending of the hues of sunset into those of the rising sun; the glories of the northern lights, now robing the face of heaven with a veil of emerald, or ruby, or sapphire, now bursting into a myriad quivering tongues of prismatic flame, these are wonders which can be beheld in no other land of temperate climate.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF NORWAY—TRONDHJEM—BEARS—CARRIOLES.

I was meditating a tour through Northern Canada when a friend tempted me to visit Norway by the offer of a rod on one of the most celebrated salmon rivers in that country. By an ardent disciple of the gentle art such an offer was not to be despised, moreover, I had been told that big game was to be met with in abundance in all parts of the land, so I closed with T——'s offer, and found myself one fine morning in early June sailing up the beautiful Trondhjem Fiord. Devotion to his country's interests prevented T——'s accompanying me, but his consolation lay in the knowledge that his river was a late one, and that it was hardly worth our while to fish it before July. We had agreed to meet at Trondhjem on the first of that month, so I resolved to devote the intervening time to an exploration of the country, and, if possible, the pursuit of a bear.

My first impressions of Norway, as I viewed it from the deck of the good ship *Tasso*, were decidedly disappointing. I had expected to find a wild, ice-bound country, upon the shores of which the seal and walrus gambolled, and the white bear played. How different was the reality from the fancy! The aspect of the houses upon the shore seemed thoroughly English; the dress of the people in the boats which we passed had nothing wild or savage about it; the fiord was full of shipping, and the spirit of progress and civilisation seemed to pervade everything. The very mountains which skirted the fiord, rugged and barren as they were, seemed to be tame and uninteresting. I had expected too much, and was disappointed.

One solace was, however, in store for me, ere we dropped our anchor in the Trondhjem Bay. I was gazing discontentedly over the side at the long row of war-houses which lined the shore, when a fellow-passenger, a Norwegian, approached me, and raising his hat politely, observed that we had reached the end of our voyage. I thanked him for his information, and, encouraged by this, he asked, "You come here to shoot bears?" With considerable diffidence I answered in the affirmative. "Ja saa!" said my new friend; "you see mountains there, over Trondhjem?" Following the direction of his arm, I observed a lofty range in the far distance, to the left of the valley in which Trondhjem was situated. "Bears are there," continued the excellent man; "much, many bears." I inquired eagerly what the name of the mountains was. "He

is called the Varsfeld," replied my informant. I made him write it in my pocket-book, and then, having collected my belongings and bidden our good captain farewell, I descended into the boat which had been secured for me, and was soon landed upon the wished-for shore.

I shall not here describe the city which King Olaf Trygvason founded in the tenth century, upon the ruins of ancient Nidaros, nor pause to mourn over its departed glories. Abler pens have told of the splendour of the capital of the old Scandinavian kings, and have lamented the faded grandeur of its magnificent cathedral, solitary monument of Trondhjem's former greatness. Suffice it for me to tell of the worth of the old city's present inhabitants, and to bear witness to a kindness and hospitality towards strangers which no city in either hemisphere can surpass.

It was my good fortune to make the friendship of one whom Sir Samuel Baker calls "the finest sportsman I have ever known," upon my arrival in Norway. He had been in the country for ten years, and knew its sporting resources better than any other man, native or foreigner, whom I have met. But good sportsman as he was, he had never slain a Norwegian bear. I fancy that he hardly thought them worth the time and trouble which it took upon an average to kill them. Some idea of the difficulties connected with bear-hunting in Norway may be formed from the experience of one who devotes himself almost exclusively to that sport. He is possessed of all the qualifications which go to make a good hunter, and is, moreover, the happy owner of that very rare animal, a good bear-dog. In the course of over two hundred days' hunting, at various times, he has killed five bears, that is, an average of one bear in forty days. P—— did not think a bear worth that waste of time; consequently, he turned his attention to other game, and left the destruction of the ursine race to more ardent spirits.

I had been in Trondhjem for two or three days, when great news was brought into the city. Bears had been committing havoc in the neighbourhood. They had descended from their caves on the Varsfeld, and had slain some cows. Confirmatory reports poured in. Seven bears had slain fourteen cows and twenty-eight sheep. Now was the opportunity for which I had been longing. I hurried off in search of P——, who, to my surprise, received the news calmly, without evincing the least disposition to accompany me against the aggressive monsters. "You know," he explained, "I have seen a good deal of this sort of thing, and have come to the conclusion that bear-hunting in Norway is a thing to be avoided." "You don't believe these reports?" I asked. "I don't say that," replied P——, "but you must take them *cum grano*. There may have been a bear, or bears, seen yesterday, and they may have killed cows or sheep, but it is utterly impossible to say how many miles they are now from the spot where they were seen. But if you have a wish to go, go by all means. You may see a bear, and, if you don't, you will see some fine scenery, so your pains will not be altogether profitless. You shall take my man with you. He'll be useful as you don't speak Norsk, and he can carry your provisions and cook for you. Take him, with my blessing, but pray don't ask me to go with you." In spite of this earnest request I endeavoured again to induce P—— to accompany me, but my endeavour was useless.

Nissen, P——'s man, was sent for, and my intentions communicated to him. His countenance did not betray symptoms

of the most intense delight, when he learnt that he was to go bear-hunting with me; but he was a good servant, and raised no objection to my wishes.

I had no great preparations to make for my departure. A small pocket-comb sufficed for my personal luggage. The locks of my rifle and gun were examined and passed, some patches were cut and greased, and a few bullets cast for the smooth-bore; then the cartridges for the rifle were minutely inspected: two bottles of cognac, some biscuits, and a few tins of preserved meat, were next procured and put into the bag which contained the ammunition, and my preparations were complete.

According to the reports which had reached Trondhjem, the bears had been committing ravages at a place called Grokan, in Guldal. P—— was, however, of opinion that I should not proceed straight to Grokan, for, he argued, the bears could not remain for any time in so populous and civilised a district, but must take to the mountains again, and in all probability retreat in the direction of Klæbo, a small hamlet up the mountains. Moreover, the ascent of the Varsfeld from Grokan would be difficult, but by going direct to Klæbo I should pass over a low ridge of the fjeld, and get round the mountains into the most likely country for bears, at a great saving of time and labour. Klæbo was, therefore, selected as my base of operations. I should start at once in order that I might reach it that night and be ready to go after the bears betimes the next morning.

I had purchased a *carriole* of my worthy host the landlord of the Britannia Hotel, but its fittings were not yet completed, so I procured a *carriole* and horse from a *skyds-skaffer* (post-master), whom P—— recommended as being the owner of good horses and traps. It is a curious-looking machine, this national carriage, but there is no vehicle better adapted to the difficulties of mountain roads, nor is there any more enjoyable mode of travelling than in *carriole*, when you are accustomed to its peculiar motion. It is a large-wheeled, spider-bodied vehicle, somewhat resembling the *carriola* of Italy. Its shafts are long and elastic, and serve instead of springs, the body, which is placed well forward, resting upon them by cross pieces. In driving, the legs are brought nearly to a horizontal position, so that there is no danger of being pitched out should one's horse come to grief down a steep hill. Not that the Norwegian ponies are addicted to making mistakes; you may look at hundreds of these hard-worked animals without discovering a broken knee. In sureness of foot they are, perhaps, unrivalled. The *carriole* is constructed to carry only one, but behind the driver's seat is a board upon which one's box or portmanteau can be strapped, and upon this the boy who accompanies the pony takes his seat. The strength of the *carriole* is wonderful. I have seen the wheel of one, coming down-hill at full speed, go clean over a large stone, nearly three feet high, by the side of the road. As the wheel rose in the air I held my breath, expecting to see the other wheel, upon which the whole weight of the *carriole* and its driver was thrown, shiver into pieces. My fear was groundless. The *folk* who was driving appeared unconscious of what had happened. But then a kind Providence protects people in a certain condition.

I had an excellent proof of the strength of the *carriole* before I got out of Trondhjem. The street was up, and heaps of paving-stones seemed effectually to prevent my further progress. "What must we do now?" I asked of Nissen, who was clinging on behind. "Go straight on, sir," replied he. I doubted the

possibility of doing so, but followed his advice. The pony knew its work. It stepped carefully over the obstructions. The *carriole* groaned as it passed over paving-stones, sand-heaps, mattocks, wheelbarrows, and other obstacles, but it passed over all without coming to grief.

SCENERY—POSTING—HORSES—KLÆBO.

The scenery on the Christiania Road, which we followed for a Norwegian mile—about seven and a half English—was extremely lovely. Before us, towards the south, rose the fir-clad mountains of Guldal, and the frowning range of the Varsfeld, the higher points of which were still covered with snow. Below us, to the east, extended the broad smiling valley of the Nid. In the background, bounded by lofty mountains, and stretching far out of sight, was the noble Trondhjem Fiord, its vast bosom dotted with craft of every description. At our feet, encircled by the troubled waters of the Nid, lay the old city, peacefully basking in the bright evening sunlight. On every side the evidences of prosperous industry were blended with wild scenery, the whole view, upon that clear June evening forming a picture to which no other land can offer a resemblance.

The fair inhabitants of the Trondhjem's Stift are justly celebrated for their good looks. We passed many of them jogging slowly from market to their homes in Guldal; plump, fair-haired maidens, with light blue eyes, for the most part with an ever-ready smile and a cordial "God dag" for the passing traveller. Very few of them were on foot, the use of horses being general amongst all classes of the people. The dress of these fair Norwegians was neat and simple, and in many cases picturesque. It is not near large towns, however, that the most striking costumes are to be seen. In some parts of the interior a different costume is to be found in almost every valley. The simple-minded mountain peasant is very proud of his holiday dress, and nothing delights him more than to don it at the request of a stranger.

A drive of about an hour and a half brought us to Heimdal, the first posting station out of Trondhjem. Here we were obliged to change *carriole*. Upon hearing that we were bound for Klæbo, the *Gjæst-giver*, or station-master, declared that all his *carrioles* were out. As Heimdal was a slow station, we were at his mercy. Posting stations in Norway are of two classes—those which are fast and those which are not fast. The masters of the former keep horses in readiness for travellers, for which they are entitled to a small additional payment per mile. To ensure horses at stations which are not fast, it is necessary to send a *Forbud*—an *avant courier*—to order them three hours before the time for which they are required. Horses have frequently to be procured from farms distant seven or more English miles from the station. This is very hard upon the farmers, who are compelled by law to lend their horses for posting purposes, often at times when their service is of the greatest value to them at home. The absurdity and injustice of the Skydt's laws cannot fail to strike the attention of every English traveller in Norway. In many cases it is difficult to determine which is the worst treated—the station-master who, for the small sum of four skillings, *about twopenny*, has to travel fourteen or sixteen miles, in all, to procure a horse for you; the farmer, who has to take his horse from the hay-cart, go seven or eight miles to the station, thence convey you nine or ten miles on your journey, and return sixteen or

eighteen miles home again, for the magnificent recompense of thirty skillings, a sum equal to *one shilling and threepence*; or the horse, which, after several hours' work in the hay-field, is compelled to undertake a journey of nearly forty miles. All one's pity would be for the horse, did he not thrive so well upon his constant toil. His endurance is amazing. His fare is of the scantiest, his work of the hardest, and yet he is never unwell, is always willing and docile, and will serve his master for more than thirty years. I have never heard a satisfactory explanation of the great superiority of the Norwegian horses in health and usefulness over others of European breed. What can be the secret of the equine longevity in Norway? Have we ever known a horse in England serve its owner well for forty years, as that one, the skeleton of which is to be seen in Bergen, is declared by the master of the cathedral school to have served him? Do we feed our horses too well, or work them too little? I trust that some philosopher will soon solve the question.

Nissen had to exert his powers of persuasion to the utmost before he could induce the *gjast-giver* of Heimdal to find a conveyance for us. Eventually one was discovered; it was not the most comfortable of traps, being but a small springless manure-cart; however, it was far better to avail ourselves of that than to be detained at Heimdal for the three hours specified by law, before which we could not compel the man to furnish us with a carriage. Accordingly, a horse, which matched the cart admirably, having been rolling about in the cow-stall, was brought forth and harnessed. A board was thrown across the sides to serve as a seat; we seated ourselves upon this, and, quitting the Christiania Road, turned our faces eastward towards the Varsfjeld.

For some distance after leaving Heimdal our new road was tolerably good, but when the ascent began to get steep, a great change for the worse took place in it. possibility, so I trudged on ahead



THE VÖRINGFOSS.

Riding became an im- watch I saw that, although the sun was shining, it was half-
with Nissen, leaving the past ten o'clock. In the latitude of Trondhjem the nights are

Skydskarl to pilot the cart over the deep ruts which the melting of the snow had worn in the road. I had expected to meet an unhappy peasantry fleeing from their mountain homes before the invading bears. No such sight greeted my eyes, nor were any signs of terror to be observed in the faces of the few people we met. Some of these I caused Nissen to question upon the subject of the bears. They had heard that cattle had been killed by bears at a *sæter*, or cattle pasture, up the mountains, but they were unable to give me any positive information, and being in hurry to reach my destination, I did not waste much time upon the stolid rustics. As we toiled up the narrow pass the sky suddenly darkened, and a rain cloud discharged its contents upon us, wetting me to the skin in a few seconds, and considerably increasing the difficulty of the ascent. Luckily the bag which contained my ammunition was waterproof, so no harm was done.

Half an hour's walking brought us to the top of the pass, where the road improved. Mounting the cart, we jolted on again until we came to a track which diverged to the right. We followed this for some distance, until it became so bad that further progress in the cart was impossible; but we were now near Klæbo, so, paying the *skydskarl*, I dismissed him, and we pursued our journey on foot. Nissen had been to Klæbo before with P—, and consequently knew where accommodation was to be obtained. Leaving the ruts which marked the track, we struck across an enclosed cattle-run towards a few small wooden houses in the distance. Our advent was soon made known by the barking of two or three hungry-looking dogs, which were prowling about the houses, and some of the inhabitants turned out to see who was coming. I marvelled at the costume of the said inhabitants, until Nissen informed me that in all probability they had just quitted their beds. When I looked at my

so light in June that one has no difficulty in reading small print at midnight. Four degrees further north the sun is visible at midnight for more than a month in the year.

We marched up to one of the small houses, the outer door of which stood open, and Nissen entered to parley with the inmates. In a few minutes he returned with an invitation to me to step inside. I followed him into the chief apartment—the house boasted two rooms—where an industrious old woman was busily engaged in spinning. Upon my entrance she addressed a few words of welcome to me, and, putting away her wheel, offered me the stool upon which she had been sitting. Various snores proclaimed that she was not the only

of the eighteenth century a son of Jæus married a daughter of Nils. This cupboard contained the plate, crockery, and other valuable property of the family. The walls were adorned with a few highly-coloured religious prints. To my great grief I have lost a copy which I made of one of these; it was entitled "De to Vejer" (the two ways). Upon one side of the picture was St. Peter, welcoming with bland smile a troop of good little children and sour-visaged adults, whom a jovial Lutheran clergyman, in full canonicals, had conducted to the gate of paradise; upon the other side, a crowd of those who had long ceased to be good little children, headed by the preachers of every religion not Lutheran, were rushing blindly into the



NORWEGIAN PEASANTS.

occupant of the room. Two small boys were slumbering upon a high-backed bench, placed along the wall, and in a corner of the room two other beings, whose sex and condition it was utterly impossible to guess, were sleeping under a pile of sheepskins. The general appearance of the apartment was of a most primitive character. The room was low, with rafters blackened by the smoke of ages, upon which were piled planks, tools, baskets, ropes, and a variety of other articles of industry. An old gun and a still older musket, hanging from one of the beams, showed that some member of the family was addicted to the pursuit of game. Beneath the one window stood a small table of unpolished pine. A few rough stools and two long, high-backed, box-shaped benches, one of which was occupied by the boys, served in lieu of chairs and sofas. Against the wall stood a large painted cupboard, the panels of which were covered with curious specimens of native artistic skill, and an inscription recording the fact that at some period

mouth of a huge serpent. Flames issued from the mouth of the snake, and Satan, armed with red-hot trident, stood by it to expedite the entrance of those who would fain have lingered ere taking the final leap. It was indeed an awful picture, and the loss of my copy concerns me deeply. Another mural decoration was the family looking-glass, about six inches square, hanging against the wall at an angle that rendered it perfectly useless. A large weaving machine, upon which was a heap of well-carded wool, stood in the centre of the room. Near the door, seeming able to defy the worst malice of the cruel northern winter, a huge iron stove had been erected upon a foundation of stone. This completed the furniture of the apartment.

Whilst I was inspecting my new quarters, Nissen was bestirring himself to procure something for my supper without dipping into our own slender stock of provisions. Alas! according to the old woman, there was nothing in the place,

for the husband had gone to town that very afternoon, taking with him all their produce for market. One egg, a few ounces of butter, and some *flad-brød*, a species of oatmeal cake, represented all their resources. By this time the two beings, who proved to be two young women, were roused from their lair in the corner. Having retired to rest in most of their clothes, they had no diffidence in getting up in the presence of strangers. Learning the cause of the goodwife's lamentation, one of them suggested that the Englishman should try some *grød* for supper. I had often heard of this celebrated Norwegian porridge, and, therefore, in spite of the old woman's fear that I could not eat it, I decided upon supping off the national dish. The household were now wide-awake; one went for milk, another lighted a fire upon an open hearth in the other room, which proved to be the kitchen of the establishment; the third brought forth and cleaned the three-legged porridge-pot, the fourth produced the butter and meal. The old woman acted as general superintendent, issuing her commands in a voice that proved she was not to be trifled with, and at the same time conversing with Nissen upon the cause of my coming to Klæbo. From her, at last, we learnt the truth of the reports which had caused me so much excitement. One bear, not seven bears, had been lately seen in the neighbourhood by several persons. It had killed a calf at a *sæter* within half a Norwegian mile of Klæbo, and was reported to have killed a cow somewhere over by Grokan. The old woman was pretty sure that there was not more than one bear, for she had seen the man whose calf had been killed, and had learnt the particulars from him. He feared that this bear might pay his *sæter* another visit, and had, therefore, been round to the neighbours and organised a grand *klap-jagt* for the next day. I had come in the nick of time, and could join the *jagt*, which was to start from the *sæter* where the calf had been slain, at six o'clock the next morning. Nissen explained a *klap-jagt* to me. It is a great hunt, in which a whole neighbourhood joins when a bear threatens the safety of its flocks and herds. Nissen did not think that it was often successful in achieving the destruction of the animal against which it was organised, but it invariably succeeded in frightening all bears away from the district in which it took place, for a time. Doubtless we should have had a much better chance of falling in with the bear had we been alone; but there was no help for it now. It would be useless for me to hunt the district after the *klap-jagt* had been over it. I must go with the others and trust to my luck for coming upon the game. One cheering reflection was the thought that my chance in the hunt would be as good as anybody else's. I could not, however, help feeling grievously disappointed to learn the exaggerated character of the reports which had reached Trondhjem. The same animal had doubtless been seen by many people, and their different accounts had given rise to the rumour that many bears were about. It was still more provoking to think that my chance of killing this one *bonâ fide* bear was to be shared by fifty or a hundred others. But I did not indulge in dispiriting thoughts for long, for I was *calidus juvenis*, this was my first bear hunt, and the more I thought the matter over, the more certain I felt that I was destined to avenge the murder of the calf.

Meanwhile the *grød* had been prepared for me, and placed steaming upon the little pine table. My worthy hostess, whose wrinkled face shone like a Hottentot's, from the heat of the fire over which she had stooped to give the finishing stir to the

porridge, begged me to be so polite as to partake of it, a request which I was extremely happy to comply with. There are few better dishes for a hungry man than a bowl of well-made *grød*, with a lump of good butter in it, as I soon found out; but its concomitant, the *flad-brød*! the less said about that very flat bread the better. Some one has likened it unto the bottom of a hat-box from which the leather has been stripped off—no bad simile for *flad-brød* in general. I have tasted the delicacy in all parts of Norway. Occasionally—here let Finmark be mentioned most honourably—I have come across some which was really good; at times I have eaten a variety the principal ingredient of which was birch bark; but, whatever the goodness or badness of other *flad-brød* might be, in eating it I could never divest my mind of the sad reminiscences connected with my first experiment on it at Klæbo.

Supper over, and its digestion facilitated by a dram, and a pipe of bird's-eye, I ventured to inquire about the sleeping arrangements. It was with considerable hesitation that I put the question, for the only thing in the place at all resembling a bed was the pile of sheepskins which the young women had quitted. The two high-backed benches, however, proved to be beds of an ingenious construction. The sides were drawn out, and the backs lowered across them; upon these mattresses and bolsters were laid, and some sheepskins spread to answer the purposes of sheets and blankets. I divested myself of my coat, gaiters, and boots, and tumbled in. I think that the old woman expected Nissen and me to sleep together, for I heard her voice upraised in indignant remonstrance when he took possession of the other bed. Poor old soul! I wondered where she and the boys could sleep; but refreshing repose soon put an end to my speculations upon that point.

The sun shining full upon my face roused me from my slumbers at four o'clock the next morning. The family were up and breakfasting, seated round a large wooden bowl of *soyr* milk, the contents of which were rapidly disappearing beneath their united attacks. Nissen was boiling some eggs, and preparing a basin of coffee for me. It did not take me long to make my toilet that morning, although, in the opinion of the family, I wasted my time sadly by going out of doors to wash at the spring, no lavatorial requisites being procurable in-doors. I was suffering from the effects of my indulgence in *flad-brød* the previous night, and could do but scant justice to the repast with which Nissen's skill had provided me. To my surprise I found that the coffee, which had been obtained from our hostess, was first-rate. All over Norway coffee of excellent quality is to be found, but it is necessary to prepare it oneself, if one has no servant to make it, for the thrifty housewives are in the habit of eking it out with strange substances. In the far north ground beans are used in the proportion of three of beans to one of coffee; in the southern *Stifts*, corn of various kinds is used as a substitute for chicory. As I was engaged upon my breakfast, two *bønder* (peasant farmers) dropped in on their way to the meet, and hearing that I proposed to join in the *klap-jagt*, offered to wait for me and show me the way, a kindness which I rewarded with a dram.

Whilst Nissen was taking his breakfast I loaded the gun very carefully, and filled my spirit-flask. It was thought that we should return to Klæbo that night, so we decided upon leaving the bag there, and, following the advice of one of the *bønder*, I likewise left my waistcoat, which was rather thick, in the old

woman's charge. The provident Nissen made a small parcel of some biscuits and the eggs which I had not eaten at breakfast for me, and some fladbrød for himself, and when we had pocketed this, we started off. A path led from Klæbo towards the mountains; we followed it until it lost itself in the thick wood which covered the base of the Varafjeld. I think that we were rather late for the rendezvous, for our guides hurried on as fast as they could, in as straight a line as possible, now clambering on hands and knees up steep rocky banks, now wading over marshes, the shaking surface of which threatened to engulf us. No rest; no delay; higher and higher we climbed. It was splendid exercise, but I had cause to envy the condition of our guides before; after an hour's hard walking we reached the sæter.

About twenty men and lads were assembled at the sæter when we arrived. News travels fast in Norway; my visit to Klæbo was known to all of them. They welcomed me very cordially, and proceeded to look me over, and interrogate Nissen about me. The lightness of my rifle caused considerable astonishment. From the fond glances with which they regarded their own weapons, I fancy that they rather despised the skill of English gunmakers. But what a collection of arms they had! Some carried old muskets which must have been handed down from father to son from the days of matchlocks; others had rifles of home manufacture, the barrels of which were hooped to the most primitive of stocks by thin iron bands, and in one instance by string. But the gem of the collection was the most modern; it was a Kongsberg rifle, one of the earliest of military breechloading weapons—an excellent weapon its owner declared it to be, save for a few peculiarities. I learnt afterwards what its few peculiarities were. The breech had a great objection to opening, and a still greater objection to closing, when open; it required no ordinary skill to get the cartridge in, and, when it was in, you might wager ten to one against your being able to explode it; still, when it *did* go off, it went off well, as its owner proudly boasted, with a tremendous report, for which reason it was invaluable in a klap-jagt, the object of which is to scare away the bears it cannot kill.

A quarter of an hour or so after my arrival at the sæter, the signal for a start was given by an old fellow who had been invested with the supreme command of our forces. Evidently the bear was not suspected of being near the sæter then, for our party advanced in no sort of order, and with a noise which might have been heard half a mile off. It did one's heart good to see my companions as they strode gaily along. A fine, big-shouldered set of young fellows they were for the most part, with cheeks ruddy and weather-beaten, and eyes sparkling with excitement. Everybody seemed to be in the best of spirits, and to entertain no doubt that that day would witness Bruin's death. Very few of our party though had ever had the luck to see a bear, as I learnt from their conversation, which the indefatigable Nissen translated to me as we went along, but all of them were longing to meet one, and to cover themselves with glory at the expense of the ursine foe. They brandished their ancient weapons, and chattered away in a manner which forcibly recalled to my mind Mr. Shandy's celebrated discourse on the use of the auxiliary verbs—"Have you ever seen a bear? Shall I ever see a bear? Have your relations ever seen a bear? If not alive, have you ever seen one stuffed or painted? Is the bear wild or tame, gentle or terrible? How should we behave if we saw a bear? How would the bear behave? Oh, that I might see a bear!"

A march of forty minutes brought us to one of the narrow thickly-wooded valleys common to Norway, through which ran a little stream. The foremost of our party suddenly halted by the stream, and betook themselves to a close examination of the bank. The bear's spoor were plainly visible upon the moss which covered the rocks, and a careful scrutiny of them proved these tracks to be fresh. Order was now commanded, and plans of action arranged. The eastern side of the valley ran up into a shrub-covered summit, straight towards which the tracks seemed to lead. We were divided into three parties, one of which was to make a *détour* round the height to the right, another was to skirt the height to the left, and the third was to follow up the tracks. It fell to my lot to have to accompany the second detachment.

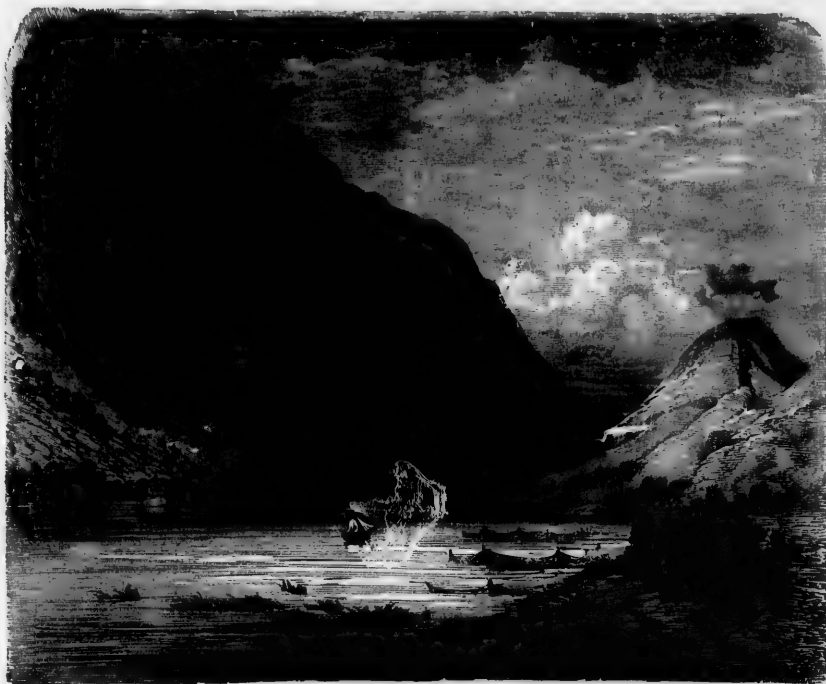
Having received the necessary directions from our leader, we proceeded down the stream for some way, and then commenced the ascent of the valley side. We moved forward in line very cautiously now, keeping a sharp look-out for the tracks of the bear, and peering anxiously into every bush and behind every rock which might serve Bruin as a hiding place. It was exciting work for most of us, for we might come upon the bear at any moment, or learn, from the crack of a distant rifle, that our chance of distinguishing ourselves was destroyed for that day. Our way was far from being easy, but we toiled up the rocky side of the mountain at a good pace, fearing that we might be anticipated in killing the bear by the others. We had passed over the crest of the ridge without having come upon any tracks, and hoped, therefore, that we were gradually encircling our enemy. How pleasant that hope was! Soon the pace at which we were moving began to tell its sad tale. The height which we were skirting seemed to be of far greater extent than we had supposed. We must have gone considerably more than half way round it, but as yet could see nothing of the two other parties. Could they have fallen in with and slain the bear? That thought made us hurry on faster. At last we viewed one of the other men sitting upon a conspicuous rock, calmly smoking. He was awaiting our coming; the others had had an easy time of it, for the bear, when about half way up the side of the valley, had turned off suddenly to the right. What a confounded nuisance! We, unlucky wretches, had been toiling like slaves to no purpose. But repining could do no good; the day was still early; we had still a chance. Our directions were to follow the tracks up; the other parties had gone on to "prospect" to right and left. After a few minutes' rest we started again down the side of the valley. Owing to the rocky nature of the ground, we had some difficulty in striking off the tracks, but eventually we got upon them, and followed them up as fast as we could. The walking was made easier now, and at times, when the ground was hard, we had a check, for which I felt uncommonly thankful. The bear had, however, travelled very straight along the mountain-side, so we had not much difficulty in taking the tracks up again when they passed over softer ground.

We found the others waiting for us at the top of the valley. They had been unsuccessful in tracking the course which the bear had taken after quitting the cover, the ground upon the open field being very unfavourable. It was evident, from the signs plainly visible for some distance, that the bear must have quitted the valley; nor could the most careful search discover any back tracks. Doubtless he had passed over the open field to one of the numerous valleys in the neighbourhood, which

would afford him good cover. We must make for the most likely of these valleys; but first of all we must recruit our energies. The prudent Norwegians had brought provisions with them; huge lumps of brown bread and little pots of cheese and butter. I blessed Nissen for his foresight in bringing the eggs and biscuits—a thousand pities that he had not brought more—for I speedily finished the supply. Having washed them down with brandy and water, I lighted my pipe. Surely pipe never tasted so good before! But I was not

But my companions did not pause for long to admire a scene with which they were doubtless familiar. After a brief consultation we again divided into three parties, and proceeded to search for the lost tracks. Nissen and I were deputed to examine a large valley which ran in the direction of Guldal. The two other parties started off for valleys on the Sælbo side of the fjeld, and we saw no more of them.

It would be monotonous to describe all the details of our search in quest of the wily beast we were pursuing. We saw



VIEW ON THE TRONDHJEM FJORD.

destined to smoke it out, for in a few minutes my companions had finished their frugal repast, and were girding up their loins for a fresh start. With a sigh of interrupted enjoyment I put my faithful pipe away, and prepared to resume the hunt.

The view from the open fjeld would have amply repaid me for the toil which it cost me to get there. We were high up the mountain now, upon one of the highest points of the fjeld. Around us lay great patches of snow not yet melted by the summer sun, and on every side extended a glorious view. The lofty, snow-capped range of the far-distant Dovre Fjeld was clearly visible towards the south. Nearer to us, the country presented a series of lesser mountains, rising one behind the other, some covered with forest, others bleak and bare. Lakes and streams, and the far-winding Trondhjem Fjord gleamed in the distance like sheets of burnished silver.

many tracks of bears that day; and, although they were not fresh, these served to re-animate our drooping spirits. For hours we toiled on. It was, as even the others confessed, fearfully fatiguing work to clamber up and down the rocky hills. At times I fancied that I could not hold out for another quarter of an hour, but the disgrace of having to give in was, happily, spared me. I had just gained the crest of a difficult ridge, over which we had to pass, and was sitting down to rest my aching shins, when bang went a rifle a few hundred yards on the left. "The bear at last!" I thought, as I sprang up, forgetting my fatigue, and cocked my rifle, in the fond hope that he might come dashing by me. I paused for a few seconds; then, hearing nothing, off I rushed in the direction of the shot. I soon reached the place, and saw that the man who had fired was the owner of the wonderful breechloader,

but I looked in vain for a bear weltering in his gore. Presently Nissen and the others came up, and then I learnt that the rifle, indulging in one of the freaks for which it was so celebrated, had gone off of its own accord. Luckily nobody was in the way. From the faces of my companions I could see that they were as disgusted as myself at the false alarm. They all cursed the cause of it most bitterly. The wretched man vainly endeavoured to conciliate them, calling upon those who knew him and his rifle best to testify to the fact that

generally the fault of his weapon was that it would not go off at all. This apology failed to appease their righteous wrath, and a resolution was unanimously carried, that he had spoiled all our chance of finding the bear, just as we were getting on so well. In my heart, though, I believe that all were rather glad to have a decent excuse for abandoning what now seemed to be a hopeless hunt. What was to be done? After some discussion it was decided that, as the day was waning, we should relinquish our search, and return to our different quarters.



FARM IN BRAZIL.

Rio de Janeiro and the Organ Mountains.—V.

BY THOMAS W. HINCHLIFF, M.A., F.R.G.S.

THE grandest expedition from Petropolis is, without doubt, the ride across the mountains to Theresopolis, which is a very hard day's work for a hot climate. It requires two or three days' absence, and involves the hiring of mules or horses, in company with a competent guide. The best plan is to send the animals forward to Correa on the evening before, and take the morning coach next day to meet them. Armed with a certain amount of creature comforts and a few necessities packed in a saddle-bag, the little cavalcade starts at about eight in the morning, along the line of the old Minas Road, which is unfortunately no longer enlivened with countless mules laden with the treasures of the interior, and showing their consciousness of power by indulging in all kinds of vagaries and eccentricities by the way. The railway has *changé tout cela*. But it has not affected the sublime scenery as we rise over mountain

passes and cross rippling streams, whose banks support *Daturas* with snowy trumpet-flowers more than a foot in length, and where, while your thirsty horse takes his fill, you can touch great plants of *Abutilon striatum* covered with delicate pendulous bells, or gather a bunch of scarlet passion-flower as it twines round a green bamboo. Only once on that day did I execrate that monarch of the grasses, the bamboo. My horse chose to come down with me on a steep and slippery and very narrow path, so contrived on the hill-side that it was impossible to remount him till we got to the top. Presently the narrow path was with difficulty preserved through a complete jungle of small bamboos on each side, which kept off every particle of air; and, as it was the hottest part of a hot day, I was nearly suffocated in the course of pulling the animal up by sheer force, as he insisted on stopping to eat

the young shoots of the bamboo. We got up at last, however, though rather exhausted, and the view was quite calculated to make one forget any small inconveniences in the attaining to it. So we rested, and were very thankful. Recent wet weather had made the path very bad on the other side; but, after many ups and downs, as the afternoon drew on, we reached a point which showed us the higher summits of the Organ Mountains, glorified in a hazy mantle of purple and gold. No painting can give any idea of such a scene: we were almost breathless with admiration as we moved down the last hill to Theresopolis. Here is a rough but habitable inn, from near which is taken the large illustration on page 277 of this volume. It gives an accurate view of the most remarkable summits of the group. The steepest, on the left, is commonly called the Finger Mountain, from its extraordinary form. Further to the right is the Cabeça de Frayde, or Friar's Head, so called from its resemblance to a stooping figure, of which the head is represented by a huge and apparently detached rock on the summit. Such forms as these are, of course, inaccessible to the boldest of our Alpine friends; but some years ago Dr. Gardner succeeded, by dint of severe labour, in penetrating the forest, and reaching a summit which he found, by the boiling-water experiment, to be about 7,800 feet above the level of the sea.

After staying some days at Theresopolis with some very hospitable friends, and enjoying riding parties in the neighbourhood, I returned to Petropolis by the same route over the mountains. It is, however, a far better plan to do as one of my friends did, and descend at once to the country near the Bay of Rio. The road commands magnificent views of sea and land, and decent sleeping-quarters are to be found at the bottom. The third gives a very interesting ride through the luxuriant vegetation at the base of the Serra, and it is easy to reach the Matã railway-station in time to ride up to Petropolis by the coach, and let the horses be sent afterwards.

FAREWELL TO PETROPOLIS.

When the time came for leaving Petropolis, I looked very dismally at the prospect of packing up and clearing out of the room which had so long been my comfortable home. It was like having a favourite tooth pulled out. The only consolation was that we were going to the *terra incognita* of Palmeiras, which was described to us as a lovely place, on the line of the Pedro Segundo Railway, where we should have the advantage of improving our acquaintance with Dr. Gunning, a Scotch physician, who has built himself a residence there and founded a sort of colony of his own. For this purpose we were to go by the great road of the Union and Industry Company to Entrerios, about fifty miles from Petropolis, sleep there a night, and then go on by the train. The coach starts at six every morning for Entrerios and Juiz da Fora, but this was a very inconvenient hour for us, as we were a large party in all with a very considerable amount of baggage. The thoughtful kindness of Mr. Morritt was equal to the occasion. He remembered that they had a capital omnibus stowed away somewhere, and he arranged that we should have this useful vehicle all to ourselves, and so be able to start at any time we pleased, with ourselves and our goods. The relays of mules were ordered all along the road for us; and after rather a sorrowful parting with the little establishment at Macdowall's, we started one fine morning in July with a capital team of

four, in charge of the same German coachman who had driven me over the same road ten years previously. We rattled merrily over the beautiful road, and waved farewell to the shining peak of Itamaraty, the vast precipices of the Retiro Mountains, and the grand old fig-tree at Correa, which is perishing so fast that I fear I shall see but little of it, even if I am happy enough ever to revisit the spot. Another long stage took us to Pedro de Rio, where we had a passing glimpse of the fat Frenchwoman who had entertained us on the occasion of our shooting party, and who still had the usual group of pigs and poultry in attendance at her hospitable door. Soon afterwards the German drove a particularly lively team of mules over a short stage of six miles in *twenty minutes*. This was in the middle of the day, but the plucky little beasts did not seem in the least distressed; and the whole distance to Entrerios was done in less than four hours and a half.

The further we travelled on this road the more predominant appeared to be the coffee plantations. Far and wide the hills had been cleared of splendid forests, many of which I had seen but a few years before; and in some of the youngest plantations the gaps between the infant shrubs were planted with maize, so as to get some immediate return from the land; a false economy, probably, because the coffee would be all the better for having the ground to itself. The full-grown plants look very much like trimmed Portugal laurels, but are seldom allowed to grow more than about twelve feet in height, so as not to get out of reach of the pickers. In the province of Rio de Janeiro they are generally cut down every fifteen years. When covered with their pure white star-shaped blossoms and laden with perfume, they are for a short time most charming to the senses of sight and smell, but during most of the year there is nothing at all attractive about them. There are three pickings of the fruit every year, and a negro is supposed to gather an *arroba*, or thirty-two pounds, in a day's work. I have before alluded to the enormous production of this article in Brazil, the exports of it from the capital alone amounting to about 250,000,000 pounds in the last year; but Messrs. Kidder and Fletcher, in their work called "Brazil and the Brazilians," have given some curious statistics about the rise and progress of coffee-consumption, which are worth referring to. It appears that the coffee-tree is not, as generally supposed, a native of Arabia, but it comes from Abyssinia, and particularly from that district of it called Kaffa, whence its name. It was not taken to Arabia till the fifteenth century, and was then cultivated with great success in Yemen, and exported from Mocha. The earliest notice of it in France was in 1643; and it first became fashionable under Louis XIV. In the year 1699, plants were cultivated successfully in Java by the Dutch, and one was established in the Amsterdam Gardens, whence Louis XIV. contrived to grow a plant in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris. In 1720, three plants were sent from Paris to Martinique, in charge of Captain Declieux: the voyage was long, and the vessel short of water; two of the plants died, but Captain Declieux shared his ration of water with the remaining one, which he thus succeeded in introducing to the West Indies; and that plant is said to be the ancestor of all the coffee plantations in America. The same authority states that the honour of planting the first coffee-tree in Brazil belongs to the Franciscan friar Villaso, who, in 1754, placed one in the garden of the Convent of San Antonio, in Rio de Janeiro. Exactly a hundred years later, in addition to the enormous consumption

in the country, Brazil exported more than 500,000,000 pounds.

As we approached Entrerios, I rejoiced to see that some magnificent forest scenery was still left to charm the eye of the "uncommercial traveller." An immense quantity of a very delicate species of bamboo made waving clusters of brilliant green among the masses of large timber trees; and many of the latter were, besides the usual amount of ferns and orchids, decorated with gigantic climbing *Arums*, carrying their shield-like leaves of five and six feet long far upward towards the spreading branches. About a mile from Entrerios the broad river Parahiba is crossed by a fine iron bridge, sent out from England, and the last part of the road is shaded by an avenue of immense clusters of bamboos, which wave their green and elegant festoons far above the head of the dusty wayfarer. Thus far the road declines more or less all the way from Petropolis; but from Entrerios and the Parahiba, the country rises again gradually to Juiz da Fora, the terminus of the great road, of which Entrerios is the centre. On the present occasion we did not travel over this second half of the road, but I had done so before, and can safely say that no one ought to go to Brazil without seeing the whole of it, and staying a few days at Juiz da Fora for the purpose of seeing the beautiful residence and fazenda of the great man of the province, the president of the Industry Company, Senhor Mariano Lage. To his activity and intelligence the success of this great enterprise is in the first place due, and before beginning his work he travelled in Europe and America, to learn the latest improvements. He has since built himself a delightful villa, with grounds, in which art has been lavishly used to assist the luxuriant hand of nature, and artificial springs are overhung with the choicest orchids and parasites of the country. The road is kept in perfect order throughout the whole way, the stations are neat and clean buildings, somewhat in the fashion of Swiss chalets, and the terminus hotel at Juiz da Fora is an excellent establishment, now kept by George Beresford, a most praiseworthy and intelligent Englishman, who, till last year, was Macdowall's head waiter and factotum at Petropolis. Here is the focus to which all the mineral and vegetable treasures of Minas Geraes gravitate, to be transported by road to Entrerios, and thence transferred by railway to Rio de Janeiro for distribution through the whole world.

ENTRERIOS.

A little while before our departure, Mr. Morritt had invited me to go with him to Entrerios, to meet Captain Carpenter, of H.B.M.'s training ship *Bristol*, with some of his officers and a large party of youngsters whom they were treating to a cruise on shore. It was amusing to see how sorely the gravity of the serious Brazilians was tried as these lively young Britishers emerged from the train and rushed to the coaches waiting to convey them, hauling one another down, and carrying the most desirable seats by the process of boarding. Then came an animated struggle for which coach should have the only discoverable horn, and the winners performed unearthly blasts upon it all the way to Petropolis. They jumped down to hunt pigs and poultry by the roadside; they even contrived to put one of the pigs inside, and carried him some miles, when they dropped him to find his way back by himself. It was a day of skylarking, and I thought I could perceive a quiet native thinking to himself, "If these are the eccentricities

of youth, no wonder these Englishmen become so mad as they grow older." The excursion was a great treat, and it gave me the opportunity of making a reconnaissance of the Entrerios hotel and its means of accommodating our own party for a night. The result was tolerably satisfactory, and when we arrived with our omnibus we found the hosts ready to do their best for us in their not very elegant rooms. They are two brothers, rejoicing in the Christian names of Sergius and Seraphin, and were assisted by a French cook, who proved himself an invaluable member of the establishment, which, with this exception, consisted of the blackest of blacks. With his aid as a fluent interpreter we were at length settled down while he went to prepare for the unusual ceremony of a late dinner. Considering his limited materials, M. Simond distinguished himself; and, when ultimately we turned into not very luxurious beds, we slept a peaceful sleep, which was only interrupted by the nocturnal scream of a railway engine, which jarred strangely on my feelings, as I reflected that I was in the uplands of Brazil. The next morning, with brilliant weather, we got up early and started for a scramble among the woods, which was to last till the usual breakfast-time, about ten o'clock or half past. We followed yesterday's road back under the bamboo avenue nearly to the bank of the Parahiba, where, close to the side of the road, we found by far the best plants we had yet, or I may say, ever since, seen of that charming fern, the *Gymnogramma tomentosa*. It was in absolute perfection of freshness and beauty in the cool shade of overhanging trees. Then we took advantage of a forest path rising rapidly to the left, and found ourselves again among *Guavas* and some curious *Mimosas*, now out of flower, but covered with enormous woolly seed-pods, about three times the size of broad beans. The path soon led us into the dense shades of the virgin forest, among which we forced our way through the usual array of large dead trees and huge living ones, connected together by every variety of creepers, climbers, trailers, twisters, and rope-plants. The ground mainly consisted of excessively steep slopes, and after pushing down one of these, we found it very hard and hot work to pull ourselves up again amongst a decaying vegetation that was peculiarly irritating to the legs and feet. Moreover, we had to keep a good look-out, and carefully observe every remarkable tree or plant that we passed, so as to be sure of getting back to the spot from which we had started. I should be sorry to lose my way entirely among jungles and forests, where the chances are very much against a successful exit without an incredible amount of labour and exhaustion. We soon found the vasculums filling with new and choice species of ferns; but the discovery of the day was undoubtedly that of the *Adiantum lunulatum*, by my companion. Of this exquisite fern we never elsewhere found a single specimen; and even here it was excessively rare, in a little space of a few yards. It runs along near the ground, rooting itself again from the end of the rachis at intervals of from six inches to a foot. As I was helping him to look for more of it, my foot disturbed some dead leaves and sticks, and in the half-darkness of the forest I thought I saw a pair of very brilliant eyes looking at me from the ground. Stooping down, I found myself in possession of a magnificent moth, just hatched, and too torpid to resist capture. Each of its large brown wings was ornamented with a circular spot of intense blue, and the effect was exactly that of wondrous eyes glaring out of semi-obscurity.

We tore ourselves very reluctantly from this prolific forest, and got back to Sergius and Seraphin a good deal later than we intended. Breakfast was hardly over when we had to prepare for departure by the train, which was due soon after noon. Matters are so arranged that the coach from Petropolis meets the returning one from Juiz da Fora at the station of Entre-rios, where the passengers of both conveyances have an opportunity of eating stewed chickens and black beans in company; just after their arrival a train comes in from each end of the railway; and the place, which at twelve o'clock is as tranquil as Grosvenor Square in September, becomes in a quarter of an hour later a scene of the wildest confusion. In all my experience of foreign travelling, I never passed such a *mauvais quart d'heure* as that which preceded the departure of our train. The natives have no idea of luggage. A small tin box which preserves things from rain and ants is the usual total of incum-

brance carried by passengers in Brazil; and as some exceedingly slow and stupid negroes crawled along with our goods, I thought we should never get them all to the platform. Meanwhile I had to get tickets for the party and the baggage, and as each fresh article appeared on the scene some fresh demand was made for it. Each instant seemed to bring up some fresh difficulty. The heat was intense; and the guard, flourishing his watch, declared he could wait no longer. How that last portmanteau was dashed into the train I am sure I hardly know: I dashed in after it myself, completely done for the moment, and to my intense delight the huge engine dragged us out of the Entrerios station. No doubt I have no right to seem out of temper at the reminiscence; the Brazilians did what they could: we had only ourselves to blame for being a rather large party, and having the requirements for six months to carry about with us.

The Finding of Dr. Livingstone.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE public interest in the greatest of all African travellers has reached a climax in the excitement aroused by the return of Mr. Stanley, the adventurous American, who, dispatched privately by the proprietor of the *New York Herald* for the discovery of the missing explorer, has brought an account of his successful journey, with all the stirring incidents attending his meeting with him in the heart of the African continent. Many circumstances have combined to heighten the interest thus created. Among these may be mentioned the simultaneous collapse of the richly-equipped English expedition, sent out by public subscription on the same errand, the state of destitution and emaciation in which the stout-hearted hero-traveller was found, the thrilling narrative of his labours and sufferings, and the brilliant discoveries of lakes, rivers, and unknown tribes of men, published in Livingstone's own letters and despatches, brought safely home by the courageous American; and, lastly, the genuine enthusiasm in his work displayed by Mr. Stanley himself.

Readers of the ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS have been kept informed from time to time of the principal incidents of the great exploration on which Dr. Livingstone has been for so many years engaged; but the accounts of his progress have reached England at such long intervals, and have lately been mixed up with so much misrepresentation that a brief recapitulation may be found useful in this place.

Livingstone's present expedition originated in a suggestion made to him in the spring of 1865, by his devoted friend, Sir Roderick Murchison, to undertake another journey, for the "Exploration of the Watershed of Inner Southern Africa." The great traveller was then for the moment an idle man. He had just completed writing his book on the "Zambesi Expedition," which had terminated the year before, and gladly welcomed an opportunity for resuming active work. It is necessary to observe, however, that a purely geographical

expedition was contrary to Livingstone's tastes. His published letters about this time show that his heart was in Africa, less on account of the new discoveries to be made, than from the hopes he entertained of being still able to further his great object of the amelioration of the condition of the native tribes. This explains why his communications have been always so incomplete on the subject of his geographical discoveries, and why his zeal is always more manifest when he discourses on the wrongs of the Africans and the iniquities of the slave-traders. On this account, probably, he did not ask for an exclusive commission in the service of the Royal Geographical Society, but addressed himself equally to the Government, both of which authorities subscribed £500 towards the cost of his undertaking, the remainder of the funds for the heavy expenses of the expedition being obtained by subscriptions in Bombay, or provided out of his own private means.

Sir Roderick's suggestion about the watershed had at that time a great geographical meaning. Speke and Grant's discovery of Victoria Nyanza was not accepted by competent critics as a final settlement of the sources of the Nile. There were three other great central lakes whose limits were unknown, and some geographers thought it possible that the more northerly, *i.e.*, Tanganyika, and *Lake N'gige* (since named by Baker, Albert Nyanza) were also connected with the Nile, bringing the sources of the still mysterious river much farther to the southward; whilst others believed, on the contrary, that Tanganyika and the southern lake, Nyassa, were connected, and that the former lake was therefore not within the Nile Basin. Sir Roderick believed that Livingstone was the man to solve this complicated problem, and that in doing so he would reach his *acme* of glory as a discoverer.

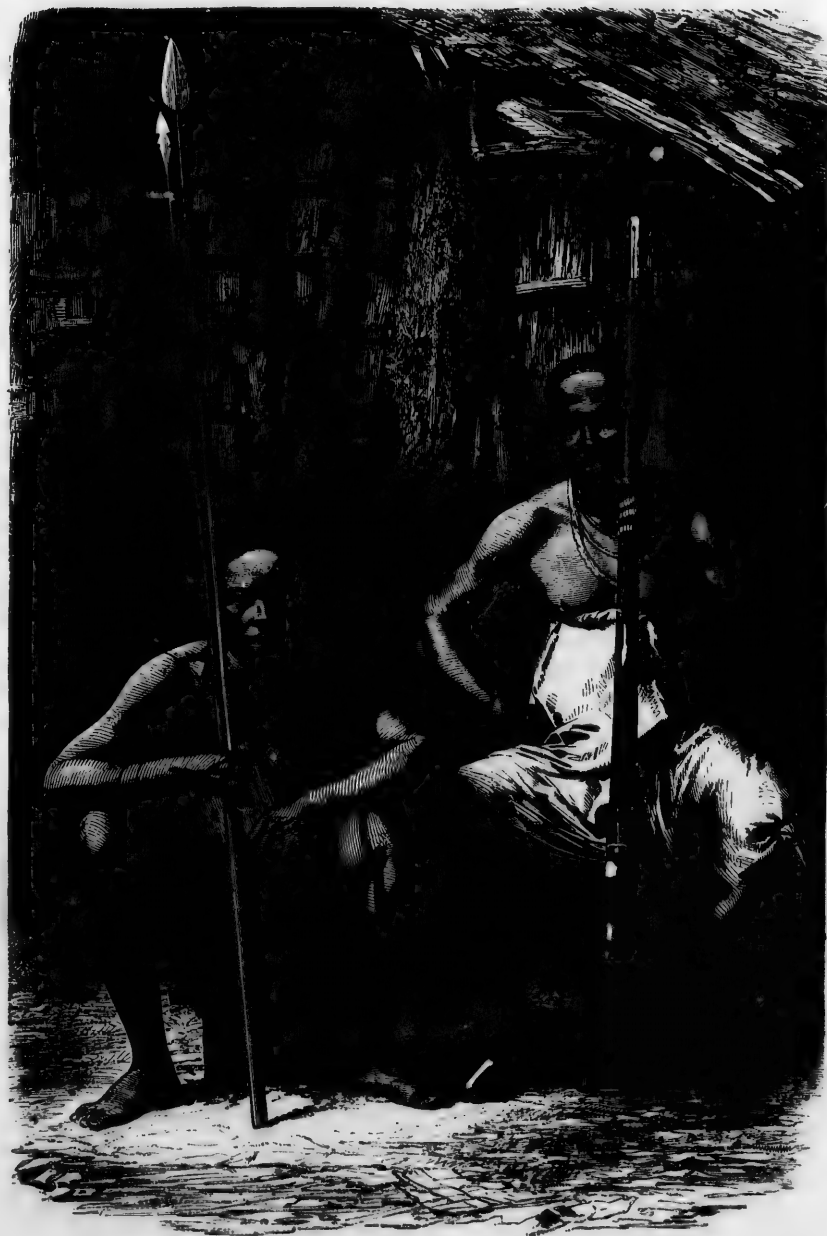
Livingstone left London quietly in August, 1865; spent the winter in Bombay, where his friend, Sir Bartle Frere, was

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NATIVES OF THE ROVUMA.

then Governor, and where much aid was obtained for his expedition; proceeded to Zanzibar in February, 1866, and entered the mainland of Africa, further south, at Mikindany Bay, in April of the same year.

His expedition was on a large scale; but he himself was the only white man in it. He had a body of Indian sepoyas as guard, a gang of Comoro islanders as porters, and troops of buffaloes, camels, and asses, as beasts of burden. His course was along the northern bank of the Rovuma River, which he described as encumbered with dense jungle, through which a path had to be cut for his progress by hired gangs of negroes. From Ngomano, at the confluence of a tributary river with the Rovuma, he wrote home in May, 1866, and from this date, for about two years, he was lost to the outer world, buried in the vast interior of the most impracticable of continents.

During this interval he found himself compelled to dismiss his Sepoy guards, who had proved themselves worse than useless, and who, after they left him, slowly made their way back to Zanzibar. Afterwards, his Comoro islanders (the notorious Johanna men) laid down their loads and deserted him in the most cowardly manner; taking to Zanzibar that circumstantial and lying account of his murder by the *Mositu*, which caused so much commotion afterwards in England. This desertion happened a little to the west of the southern extremity of Lake Nyassa; for Livingstone had, for some reason not yet fully explained, abandoned what was supposed to be his original plan of marching for the northern end of this lake (if end there be, in the latitude marked on our maps), and had directed his course straight for the eastern shore of Nyassa, where, finding no vessel to take him across, he had resolved to strike southwards, and double its lower end.

These wholesale desertions, to which was afterwards added that of one of a party of young Christianised negroes, who were his most faithful attendants, did not retard his progress. He had now reached a part of the African interior which the slave-trader—whether Portuguese from the Zambesi, or Arab from Zanzibar or Quiloa—had never reached. The negro tribes were trustful and hospitable. He had reached the western border of the Nyassa basin, and a steep ascent was before him, leading to the lofty uplands, where he hoped to find the watershed he was in search of. Numbers of willing porters, including the stalwart wives of a negro chief, shouldered his baggage, and conveyed it some stages up the declivity, and he soon found himself in a region, the like of which was never dreamt of in the interior of tropical Africa. For many days he trudged over a cool and humid table-land, where the forest-trees were clothed in drooping mosses, and the damp ground bore crops of mushrooms, which helped the daily sustenance of his party. This broad upland he described as lying at an elevation of from 4,000 to 5,000 feet above the sea-level, and between the parallels of 10° and 12° south latitude. It had been crossed by two Portuguese expeditions, one thirty-five years previously, and the other at the end of the last century; but these had brought back only vague accounts of its elevation and general character. It formed the commencement of that extensive stretch of well-watered and fertile country which Livingstone has discovered on his present expedition, and which has opened the eyes of the wondering world as to the true physical character of the African interior.

On the northern slope of the table-land Livingstone fell in

with numerous streams, flowing generally towards the north-west. He descended to a lower elevation, and was next heard of from the native town of Bemba, whence he wrote in February, 1867, dispatching his letters to Zanzibar by the hands of traders from that place. Before those letters reached England, an expedition had been sent by Government, at the solicitation of the Council of the Royal Geographical Society, to inquire into the truth or falsehood of the account of his death. This expedition, under the command of Mr. E. D. Young, reached the southern end of Lake Nyassa, by boating up the Zambesi and Shiré Rivers. It was most expeditiously and successfully carried out, and brought perfectly satisfactory evidence that Livingstone had passed on in safety after his desertion by the Johanna men. Subsequent to this, not even a rumour reached the coast that anything serious had happened to the great traveller, and the very general belief entertained in England of his death showed how little the public troubled themselves to keep *au courant* with the facts of the case, notwithstanding their great interest in Dr. Livingstone.

The innumerable streams which Livingstone found flowing from the northern slopes of the highlands he had traversed, had next to be traced. The more easterly join the Chambezi River, which turns westward and enters the great Lake Bangweolo, a sheet of water upwards of 150 miles in length, and lying at an elevation of 4,000 feet above the sea-level. This was explored by the undaunted traveller, who soon discovered that a great river flowed out of it towards the north—the now celebrated Lualaba. Livingstone appears at once to have made up his mind that this river continued its course to the north and joined the Nile, so that the springs he had seen so far south as 13° south latitude would be the ultimate sources of the Nile. In these terms he wrote home from Cazembe, in December, 1867, and from Lake Bangweolo on the 8th July, 1868. Many a long tramp he made to and fro, to establish the connection between the upper and lower courses of the rivers he had discovered; resolved that there should be no doubt this time about the ultimate southern sources of the Nile. He states himself that he examined 600 miles of the watershed, leaving only 100 unexplored. Faithfully and doggedly he worked at the solution of the problem his friend, Sir Roderick, had propounded.

Livingstone appears for many months to have made the capital of King Cazembe his head-quarters. This large native town had been the furthest point north reached by the Portuguese expeditions, which had shown so little curiosity about the ultimate course of the many rivers and streams they had crossed in this well-watered region. Livingstone's continual inquiries after the rivers and lakes perplexed his good-natured host the king, who asked him why he should trouble himself further about them, seeing that there was "plenty of water here." A few miles to the west (and probably a little northward) of Cazembe's town our traveller discovered another great lake, Moero, little inferior in size to Bangweolo, and into which flowed the Lualaba. In one of his tramps to the eastward, he discovered also, to the south of Lake Tanganyika, a beautiful sheet of water which he calls Lake Liemba, embosomed in magnificent mountain scenery, and which, according to Mr. Stanley, he afterwards found to be joined to the southern end of Tanganyika.

Before tracing further the course of the Lualaba, Livingstone was compelled to make his way to Ujiji, to establish his communications with Zanzibar and the outer world; Ujiji

being the port on Lake Tanganyika to which the Arab trading caravans from Zanzibar annually resort. He had written from Bamba to Dr. Seward, at that time British Consul at Zanzibar, to send him stores, medicines, books, and letters to that place, and he intended to write for more supplies, and a fresh escort of guards and porters, to enable him to continue his explorations through the untrodden country of the cannibal Manyema, far to the west of Tanganyika.

From Cazembe he proceeded to the south-west coast of the lake, and thence took boat to Ujiji, whence he wrote to Zanzibar and England on the 30th of May, 1869.

From that time down to the month of April last he was again lost to the outer world. A series of untoward accidents prevented the supplies forwarded by Mr. Churchill and Dr. Kirk (successively acting consuls at Zanzibar) from reaching the traveller. We may all remember with what feverish anxiety the English public received from time to time, throughout the years 1870 and 1871, the unsatisfactory scraps of news and rumours, communicated through the columns of the *Times* by Sir Roderick Murchison. In the spring of 1870 a strong representation was made, by Sir Roderick and the Council of the Royal Geographical Society, to the Government regarding the destitution of the traveller, and praying them to send him effective succour; and a grant of £1,000 was somewhat grudgingly allowed by the Treasury, which was to be expended by the consul in stores and men to be sent up under the command of native agents to Ujiji. The decision to send these supplies under the care of native leaders, rather than of some competent Englishman, turned out to be an unfortunate one. Had it been decreed otherwise, the glory of finding and relieving our great explorer would probably not have been gained by a traveller of another nationality; although Englishmen cannot but admire the generosity which accompanied the American expedition, and the splendid ability with which it has been carried out. Of three caravans sent under the care of natives from Zanzibar, only one reached Ujiji, and only a small portion of the supplies sent by this one really reached Livingstone, the rest being plundered or squandered by the Arab to whom they were entrusted. The other caravans were hindered, soon after leaving the coast, by the cholera, which broke out with great severity in Eastern Africa towards the end of 1869. They never passed beyond Unyanyembe, or two-thirds of the distance between Zanzibar and Ujiji.

Meantime the magnanimous traveller, amidst difficulties physical and moral greater than any he had yet had to contend with, was perseveringly carrying out the main object of his mission. After recovering from an illness under which he had suffered subsequent to the dispatch of his letters in May, 1869, he had re-crossed Tanganyika, and boldly entered the country of the Manyema cannibals, whom he found not so bad as the Arab traders had painted them. He was delayed again here some months, and before continuing his explorations received a portion of the supplies and twelve men, that had in the meantime arrived at Ujiji. He then took up the course of the Lualaba, which he had found trending far to the westward, after issuing from Lake Moero. It was this great westward bend of the river which had given rise to the doubts he had expressed, in his letters of 1869, that he might be on the track of the sources of the Congo as well as those of the Nile. In the despatches brought home by Mr. Stanley he now says that soon after leaving Lake Moero, the river makes a great bend,

to the west, of at least 180 miles, and that, lower down, after a northerly stretch of some distance, another great sweep of 120 miles is made to the westward and southward. After this, it bends to the north-east, and receives a large westerly tributary, the "Lomame or Loeki which flows through Lake Lincoln;" the combined waters running north into a great lake which he was unable to reach, owing to the bad conduct of the men who had been sent from Ujiji to help him.

The Manyema country is described in Livingstone's despatches to the Government as wonderfully picturesque and luxuriant, although difficult to travel over. "Mountain and valley are all clad in a mantle of different shades of green. The vegetation is indescribably rank. Through the grass—if grass it can be called—which is over half an inch in diameter in the stalk, and from ten to twelve feet high, nothing but elephants can walk. The leaves of this megatherium grass are armed with minute spikes which, as we worm our way along the elephant-walks, rub disagreeably on the side of the face where the gun is held, and the hand is made sore by fending it off the other side, for hours. The leaves were loaded with moisture which wetted us to the bone. The valleys are deeply undulating, and in each, innumerable dells have to be crossed. The mud is grievous; thirty or forty yards of the path on each side of a stream are worked by the feet of passengers into an adhesive compound. By placing a foot on each side of the narrow way, one may waddle a little distance along, but the rank crop of grasses, gingers, and bushes, cannot spare the few inches of soil required for the side of the foot, and down one comes into the slough. . . . Some of the numerous rivers which in this region flow into the Lualaba are covered with living vegetable bridges—a species of dark, glossy-leaved grass, with its roots and leaves, felts itself into a mat that covers the whole stream. When stepped upon it yields twelve or fifteen inches, and that amount of water rises up on the leg. At every step the foot has to be raised high enough to place it on the unbent mass in front. The high stepping fatigues like walking on deep snow. . . . Between each district of Manyema, large belts of the primeval forest still stand. Into these the sun, though vertical, cannot penetrate, except by sending down at mid-day thin pencils of rays into the gloom. The rain-water stands for months in stagnant pools made by the feet of elephants; and the dead leaves decay on the damp soil, and make the water of the numerous rivulets of the colour of strong tea. The climbing plants, from the size of whipcord to that of a man-of-war's hawsers, are so numerous that the ancient path is the only passage. When one of the giant trees falls across the road, it forms a wall, breast-high, to be climbed over, and the mass of tangled ropes brought down makes cutting a path round it a work of time which travellers never undertake."

The picture of Central Africa thus drawn—the same continent which, nearer the sea, contains vast deserts like the Sahara and the Kalahari—is the most wonderful feature in these despatches. In the heart of the most arid of the continents we now find sweltering jungles, similar in all respects to the forests of the coast-lands of Borneo or Brazil. To add to the picture, gorillas, called by the Manyema "sokos," are found in the dense thickets. The question whether the Lualaba is the Nile or not, is of little interest to the physical geographer, compared to the surprising new region thus revealed. Botanists and zoologists, besides geographers, will

have their curiosity excited, and will long to know what marvels in the shape of new forms of plants and animals are concealed in the luxuriant wilds of Manyema.

Whilst Livingstone was thus engaged, and year after year passing without any reliable news of him reaching the coasts, his friends in this country were somewhat indolently relying upon the consul at Zanzibar, for procuring that information for which everybody longed. At length the Council of the Royal Geographical Society resolved to put an end to the suspense, by dispatching an expedition, under the command of Englishmen, to the shores of Lake Tanganyika. This resolution was come to on the 11th of December, 1871; but, by that date, Livingstone had been found and relieved at Ujiji by the enterprise of Mr. Stanley and the proprietor of the *New York Herald*.

Intelligence had been received in England of Mr. Stanley's expedition during the autumn of 1871. Although he had kept his plans secret until he had quitted Zanzibar for the interior in February, 1871, they became known before he reached Unyanyembe three months afterwards, and the British consul then sent up letters for Livingstone to his care. Mr. Stanley, however, became involved in a war in Unyanyembe, between the Arab traders and a native chief named Mirambo. He joined the Arabs in a hostile attack on Mirambo and lost several of his men in a battle which took place, and which was exceedingly disastrous to the Arab party. It was the news of this disaster, and the very slender hope that then remained of Mr. Stanley's eventual success, that encouraged and warranted the dispatch of a Search and Relief Expedition from England.

The chief circumstances of Mr. Stanley's great exploit are now well known to the world. When he reached Ujiji, after a most difficult and hazardous journey by a new southerly route from Tamboro in Unyanyembe, which he was forced to take to avoid Mirambo's dominions, he luckily found Livingstone had arrived there a few days previously. The grand old hero-traveller had been compelled, by the exhaustion of his means, to return to Ujiji, and had there found all the reserve of supplies, on which he had relied, sold and squandered by the Arab in charge. Worn by famine and toil in the jungles of Manyema, Mr. Stanley found him reduced to a mere "ruckle of bones," but still respected by the Arab traders of the place, and attended by a few faithful servants. The pathos of their meeting, as related by Mr. Stanley, has struck a sympathetic chord in all hearts, and the popular love of Livingstone and admiration of his character and deeds, have been greatly enhanced by these later incidents in his career.

The following account of the meeting, given by Livingstone himself in a letter to his friend Colonel Webb, of Newstead Abbey, is interesting as corroborating that of Mr. Stanley, especially on the point of the material assistance rendered to him by the *Herald* Expedition:—

"One morning my man dashed up in great excitement, and gasped out, 'An Englishman! I see him!' and off he darted again. The American flag at the head of the caravan revealed the nationality of the stranger. It was Henry M. Stanley, travelling correspondent of the *New York Herald*, sent by James Gordon Bennett, the son of the editor, at the expense of over £4,000, to ascertain if I were living, and if dead to bring home my bones. He heard of my being here only at the Malgarazi, two hours' journey off. He had come

with boats, horses, goods, men in abundance, and made me free to all. The good Samaritan had come truly. The news he had to tell me made my whole frame thrill, and the kindness I felt to be overwhelming."

This happy event, a few days' intercourse, and the fresh supplies, restored Livingstone's health—as to his courage and energy, we never hear a word of his ever requiring restoration in those points. A pleasant geographical episode was the journey of the two travellers in company, by water, to the northern end of Lake Tanganyika, to settle the vexed question of its union or otherwise with Baker's Albert Nyanza; a question which they decided (against the union) with a celerity and ease which appears extraordinary to those who remember Burton and Speke's failure, although, after a toilsome journey of many months they reached to within thirteen miles of the debatable point. Ujiji and Tanganyika have been described with graphic power by Stanley. Tanganyika is a magnificent mountain-lake of sweet water, 3,000 feet above the sea-level, and about 400 miles in length. The shores in its northern part form a succession of bold, precipitous headlands, and sandy bays and inlets; and mountains tower up on both sides to a height of 3,000 and 4,000 feet above the level of its waters. The climate is humid, and the vegetation of the lake shores gloriously beautiful.

Soon after their return to Ujiji, the two travellers set out for Unyanyembe; Stanley on his way to Europe, and Livingstone to recover the supplies which had for many months been detained at the Arab settlement of Tamboro, in that district. He had not thought himself of returning to England, and claiming his reward for work which he judged to be yet unfinished. He had only examined 600 out of the 700 miles of the watershed of Inner Southern Africa, which Sir Roderick had commissioned him to explore. He must finish the odd seventh hundred, although it would necessitate a tramp of many hundred miles, partly over old ground, and through Cazembe's dominions again. Then he had not yet reached the great lake into which the united waters of the Lualaba and Lomame discharge themselves; he would, therefore, trudge back a few hundred miles to Unyanyembe to pick up his stores, receive a fresh supply of men for his escort, which Mr. Stanley would lose no time in sending up from Zanzibar, and then bury himself in the heart of Africa for a year or two longer.

It only remains to state that Mr. Stanley, on reaching the coast on the 7th of May, found the English Search and Relief Expedition fully equipped and ready to start for the interior. Its leader, Lieutenant Dawson, had already resigned, on learning the news brought by *avant-coureurs* of Mr. Stanley's success; his plea being that, as Livingstone was found, the main object of the Expedition, the "Search," was forestalled, and the simpler task of "Relief" did not require his services. In this view of his duties the British public appear indisposed to coincide. The entire collapse of the "Relief" occurred a few days after the leader withdrew, for the other members of the Expedition, on learning that the stores that had been purchased were not of the sort required by Livingstone, also abandoned the intention they had formed of taking them up to Unyanyembe. A small portion of the goods was handed over to Mr. Stanley, together with payment for the men he was sending, the rest were sold at Zanzibar, and all the members set sail for England.



SULTAN OF DJOKJOKARTA, JAVA.

A Visit to Borneo.—III.

BY A. M. CAMERON.

A DYAK "LONG-HOUSE"—HOW THEY RECEIVE A EUROPEAN—THEIR HOME LIFE—INDUSTRY—CULTIVATION—HUNTING—FISHING—DOMESTIC ANIMALS AND FOOD—AN ATTEMPT BY A MAD MALAY TO MURDER US—AN EXCURSION INLAND, AND JOURNEY BY BOAT AND ACROSS THE FOREST—A TRIBE OF LAND DYAKS—THE COCK SACRED—A PRETTY DYAK MAIDEN, AND HER WILES—THE OLD CUSTOM AND DYAK FEMALE FREEDOM—DYAK TRIBAL GOVERNMENT—THE COSTUME OF MEN AND WOMEN—PASSION FOR ADORNMENT AMONG FEMALES.

THERE are several "long-houses" in the village of Lundu, the longest one being 200 paces, or nearly 600 feet in length. All these houses are strongly and substantially built, and are raised about ten or twelve feet from the ground on rough posts. The vacant and unenclosed space beneath is used as sties for pigs, of which every family owns a number, as poultry-yards, and as

receptacles for all sorts of rubbish and dirt. The walls are formed of matting, held firm by bamboo supports and ties fixed with rattan slips, and the roof is formed of the leaves of the nipa palm, which we have noticed before. This palm-leaf forms a most durable and excellent protection from the sun and rain. The "long-house" is built in a straight line, and of uniform breadth throughout its length. The breadth is generally about forty feet, twenty feet of which form an immense open hall in front. This is the common council-hall and gossip room of the tribe. Here, in times of great emergency, councils, in which the entire tribe participate, are held. Here the harvest thank-offering is made, and public feasts are celebrated. Here strangers are entertained. Here infants toddle about, and children run about and play. Here young men court bashful

maidens under huge heaps of grinning, dried and smoked skulls, the trophies of the prowess of the tribe. Here the young men of the tribe sleep at night. And here, too, on a raised platform, we took up our abode for a couple of days. The remaining longitudinal half of the house is divided into rooms from twelve to twenty feet wide, each with a single door. One family occupies one room, the chief alone having two. In the longest house here there are nearly ninety families living together. The floor is made of substantial planks, or the split trunk of palms. You have to ascend up to the floor from the ground beneath by a trunk cut with notches, the trunk lying at a very steep and difficult angle for ascent. This is a contrivance for guarding against surprise by an enemy, the trunks being either knocked down or drawn up. This, however, is of little avail, for generally fire is set to these houses, and thus great numbers perish in the flames, while the rest, who attempt to jump down, are either cut off, or captured and made slaves. There is a great deal of rain in Borneo, and in the rains it is very difficult for a European to get up these steep and insecure notched trunks, which are never provided with hand-rails. A corpulent or unsteady man would simply find it impossible to get up. We have never, however, met with a corpulent Dyak, or one who was unsteady from the effects of liquor, and in time we ourselves could almost run up this rude and dangerous ladder, so much does practice make perfect. When we had got up, we saw groups of Dyak men, women, and children, squatted all about, generally on mats, some sewing clothes, others weaving mats, others nursing their children. A raised platform was set apart for us, and a fresh green cocoa-nut from the tree was plucked to give us drink. An immense crowd then surrounded us, and while a sumptuous (Dyak) repast was being prepared, we were treated to *sirih*, or the betel-leaf, and tobacco cigarettes, very neatly made up with the outer skin of the nipa-palm leaf. The tobacco in use comes from Java, in bundles of two or three pounds each, and cut up very fine. We found it most excellent, equal to any we had ever smoked, and indeed better than most kinds which are so commonly sold in England. We were then led to see the compartments of the house. These have very little furniture in them. The sleeping-place is raised on boarding, and hung about and screened off with a curtain. In a corner there is a fireplace where the scanty meals of the family are cooked. Arms, such as swords, spears, &c., may be seen in every room, while only a few boast of a wooden chest to keep clothes and other valuables in. The chief's rooms were not only more spacious than the others, but were laid out with valuable mats, the workmanship of the female members of his family, and contained a rude wooden chair, a number of boxes, and a great variety of arms. One chest was shown to us as the "powder-magazine" of the tribe!

The feast which had been preparing for us was now duly served up. They themselves eat on large leaves, in rare instances using a wooden platter or a plate; but the chief not only produced plates for us, but drew forth a few pewter spoons, an old black-handled knife, and a stray fork, from the stores which he kept for high days and great occasions. A number of dishes were placed before us, some of them sending forth a delicious and tempting flavour. We cannot speak much of the advance of the Dyaks in the useful art of cookery, but their rude modes have often the advantage of retaining or imparting a flavour to the dishes which we may look for in vain among highly-civilised races. There was rice. This had

been prepared in two different ways. In one it was boiled in water, and in another in the milk of the cocoa-nut. The rice is placed in the hollow of a joint of bamboo lined with green leaves, the water, or the cocoa-nut milk, is added, the mouth is then closed up, and the bamboo placed in the midst of a roasting fire. When the rice is cooked, the bamboos, which remained unconsumed, are taken out, and with their mouths opened out, the rice is served up hot. This process is the best. It retains all the richness and flavour of the grain. The Chinese mode of cooking rice approximates to it. The Hindoo mode is a mistake altogether, as not only is the flavour lost, but most of the rich and really valuable component parts of the grain are thrown away in the rice *conje*. The Southern Chinese and the Dyaks have rice for their principal article of food, but owing doubtless to their better mode of preparing it, are certainly superior in physique and bodily strength to the Bengalis, forty millions of whom live on rice. The rice, which had been cooked in cocoa-nut milk, was eaten with sugar, and was as rich as any pudding. There was a whole fowl curried after a very superior style. There was a haunch of venison roasted to the very turn. Deer's flesh is a common article of food among the Dyaks, owing to the proximity of the forests, which are filled with deer of various kinds. There were eggs, vegetables curried, and a bit of pork, also roasted. Fish is always procurable, either from the river or from the sea-coast, and some kinds are exceedingly rich and tasty. On the whole, we had a table which we had not looked forward to, and which might have satisfied even more exacting palates.

We have often mentioned the cocoa-nut as being largely used. This palm is much cultivated, and—though it does not come to so many uses as in Ceylon and the Maldivé Archipelago, where not a fibre or shred of the tree, leaves, and fruit is lost—the Dyaks and Malays find it extremely valuable. Such of the fruit as is used for home consumption is generally broken off green, the remainder being allowed to ripen, when it is sold to traders, who take it to other parts. The trunk of the full-grown tree is used either as bridges to cross small streams, or as the notched ladders used for getting up to the floors of the houses, or is split up and made to form the flooring. The mode of raised floors appears to be common among the wild tribes bordering the east of Bengal, the Malayan Peninsula, and the islands of the East Indian Archipelago, and may probably show a community of origin; the more so as there are numerous customs, and ceremonies, and beliefs, which are common. This is, however, too large a subject to be treated here. The primary idea in raising the houses thus high was doubtless to escape sudden attacks from enemies, and seems to be a step in advance of the *Simia* tribe living up among the branches. When you travel inland, and come upon a solitary Dyak hut in a small opening in the forest, perched high up on posts, and surrounded with trees which contain the monkey tribe—and these are in great abundance all over Borneo—the near similarity of ideas regarding habitation strikes one forcibly. Not so in better cleared settlements, or places like Singapore. Again, these raised floors allow of the rise and fall of the tides, which sweep the place clean, and offer an actually dry sleeping-place above the reach of malaria. The natives of India are far less comfortably lodged in their damp little hovels full of accumulated dirt and filth; and hence we can understand why severe plagues and epidemics continually ravage India, and new forms of disease take their origin there, while the Dyaks

and Malays—though there are both cholera and small-pox present sometimes—very much escape them.

The Dyak at home is a very tame being compared to what he is out on the war-path. Let us describe him as he is seen under domestic influences. He is an early riser. He knows what he is to do during the day. This was settled by him in conclave with his wife and family during the evening previous in the great common gossip-hall or council-chamber. His wants determine his course of action. His canoe may have sprung a leak, or requires a paddle, and he will be seen working hard at one or other till it is done. He may require a new basket; so he will sit down and weave one. His thatch probably requires repair; so he will engage himself on it. If it is cultivation time, he will be out with the grown-up members of his family the whole day, returning late in the evening. He may have to manufacture some salt, or to procure wood and timber from the forest, or catch fish. If he has nothing in particular to engage his attention, he may go hunting, when he will take his spear and sword (the latter of which is his inseparable companion), and often a rude flint musket, call his dogs together, and often humming a tune, set off. From this expedition he generally returns successful, either with a deer or a wild pig. If he stays at home, and has nothing in particular to do, he looks to his arms, burnishes them up, or carries a baby about, or goes about visiting his friends who live in other "long-houses" adjacent. The women occupy themselves with household duties, collecting greens and vegetables for breakfast and dinner, cooking, tending children, weaving mats, and so forth. The morning is the best and busiest time with the Dyaks. At about ten a.m. they wash themselves, bathing in the river as described before. Returning home they have their first cooked meal, after which they have a nap. The afternoon is generally spent in out-door games, as football, in which the Dyaks and Malays are great experts; and as darkness closes in, lamps are lighted, and there may be music in one corner of the great hall, dancing in another, while there are groups of men and women seated all over.

The Dyak is fond of hunting. At times he is obliged to take to it, for he must have meat in the shape of pig or venison. The vast forest abounding with such game, and with no wilder or more dangerous animals, lies before him and behind him. He has generally a few small, mangy, nondescript, but plucky little dogs, and often owns a rude barrel, with powder and shot corresponding. Rising up as early as it is daylight, and taking a hasty meal of the cold remains of last night's dinner, with some tobacco and *sirih* (betel-leaf) in his pouch, where there is also a flint and stone, with tinder to make a fire, he goes off whistling to his dogs, or calling them by name. Sometimes more than one set out together. The forest is reached in a few minutes. In these forests there is nothing dangerous; there are no tigers, or leopards, or bears. There must doubtless be large serpents in a country like Borneo, but they are seldom seen. There are apes and monkeys enough, but these never meddle with man. In some instances, however, large apes have been known to pounce upon solitary women, who have gone into the forest to collect greens and vegetables, and have carried them off, and some of the natives suppose it is the progeny of these who are reported to have tails, and to live in a wild state of nature upon trees. The principal source of danger lies in the forest itself. It is simply trackless and pathless. It is unbroken. The light

inside is dim and gloomy. Sometimes a Dyak has returned, after two or three days, hungry, starved, and half dead, having missed his way back. Sometimes he has never returned at all. These occasions happen but seldom, but still they do happen. The Dyaks never ascribe the loss of such to the right cause, but credit the spirits or demons of the woods and forests with killing or spiriting away their comrade. We shall see afterwards, when treating of their religious belief, what a large place these *antus* or demons hold in the superstitious fears of these untutored and simple savages. In the hunt sometimes bows and arrows are used. Generally by the forenoon some animal is killed. If by a shot, the noise, and reverberations, and echoes are surprisingly loud and long, and even weird-like. After striking down one head of game the hunt is over. If there is more than one in the party the game is easily carried; not so if there is only one man, and the game be a heavy wild boar. The Dyak then has to manage as he best can, and he may be seen returning either dragging his load, or panting and groaning under his burden, his dogs capering about his path.

But while the Dyak is so abstaining in the matter of not killing more game in the forest than he can carry, his fishing is carried out in a truly imperial style of destruction; that is, when the tribe unite for the purpose. Generally, there is some fishing every day, a man going out in his own small *sampan* with his hand-net, with which he manages to catch a sufficiency for his family's daily wants. But when the tribe unite on a fishing expedition, preparation is made for several days beforehand. Spears and harpoons are looked up, and the *tuba* root collected in large quantities. This is the root of a small plant which grows very plentifully in the forests, and which has the remarkable quality of stupefying or intoxicating fish when beaten up in the water. On the day arranged, numbers of boats laden with Dyaks, tuba root, and other necessities, leave for some reach of the river convenient for the purpose, and immediately they set to work to stake off both ends with posts, nipa palms, mats, &c., thus, as it were, shutting in whatever fish may be there at the time. The tuba root, which has been broken up and bruised, is then freely cast over the surface of the river, and beaten down with paddles. In a short time there is not one fish, great or small, but is seen floating on the surface in a semi-unconscious state. Now is the time, for the greatest dexterity and agility is required, either to catch the fish and throw them into the boat, or to spear and harpoon the larger ones; for, strange to say, the fish, though apparently stupefied, are quite alive to being touched or handled. Immediately they are touched they spring up and are lost out of sight, unless they have been secured at the same time. Hence the fishing with the tuba root, though it may appear a particularly easy way of taking the finny prey, affords considerable sport and excitement; and the preliminaries, such as staking off the ends of the river, require considerable hard labour, much of which is done in the water. The result of a day's fishing is that the boats return laden with fish (the smallest ones are not brought), most of which is salted and dried and kept for family consumption.

From what has been already said, it will be seen that the Dyaks are not an indolent race. On the contrary, indolence, as we understand it, is unknown. It is emphatically true among them that "if a man will not work, neither shall he eat." There are no work-houses, no accumulations of wealth, no hereditary property. A man has not only to build his own house and keep it in repair, but to cut the wood and make the mats for it. He

has to make his own canoe and paddles and keep them in repair. He has to provide his own hunting and fishing. He has to collect firewood and keep up his arms. He has to manufacture his own salt, and sometimes to weave his own clothes. And as a Dyak generally takes the responsibilities of providing for a family when young—seldom, however, till he is over his twentieth year—it will be seen that he has enough to do. He has, besides, for two months in the year, to look exclusively to cultivation, to get in his stock of paddy for the year, the surplus of which, after providing for consumption, goes towards procuring him his tobacco, his musket, powder and shot, and other little necessities.

The cultivation is attended to during two or three months of the year, as near spring as possible, though there is no marked change of the seasons. The tribe fix either on a spot of virgin forest land, or some clearing made in former years, and which has been allowed to remain uncultivated for several years. The forest or brushwood is cut down, and, when sufficiently dry, set on fire. This renders the land amazingly fertile. Each man, then, has his field marked out, and sows in a small plot, which is the nursery, his seed. When the plants are advanced to three or four inches—the rest of the ground having been well hoed and cleared—they are planted out, three or four plants being put down together, in lines, a few inches apart. The field thus planted out looks quite as fine as any cultivation I have seen even in Europe. It is certainly superior to what I have seen in India. And the crops, too, are exceedingly heavy. This may be owing to the fertility and richness of the soil. Paddy is the only cultivation. Sometimes chillies and other spices are grown near the house, or cucumbers, or even the indigo-plant, which, as well as the sago palm, I have already described.

The domestic animals are few. That most useful and valuable animal, the cow, is unknown in the west, save a few of the English breed imported into Kuchin to supply the bishop and others with milk. The ass, the goat, the sheep, are all unknown. There is the dog and the cat, both inferior species, the latter with a curly tail. The pig may be seen abundantly, but not kept for breeding purposes. The food of the people, consequently,

may be imagined. There is rice always in a boiled shape. There is nothing like tea, or milk, or bread, or butter. No meat, save pork and venison. There is salt, a few hot spices, and some coarse sugar, which is now and then used. There is abundance of fish. There are many kinds of fruits.

It was at Lundu that an attempt was made on my life at night by a mad Malay.

I had secured this fellow as a cook at Kuchin, and had brought him along with me. His looks, however, were peculiarly cunning and wild, and I thought it right to be always on my guard. When I arrived at Lundu, I took up my abode in a ruinous old mat tenement, raised as usual on poles, on a little hill surrounded by low jungle, and separated from the Dyak settlement by a small stream, which was crossed by one of the usual bamboo bridges. We—that is, this mad cook and myself—were the only two solitary beings on this side of the stream, and at least half a mile away from the Dyaks. During the day, numbers of Dyaks—men, women and children—would come over to see us and chat with us; but by the evening we used to be left quite to ourselves, except when a Dyak damsel errant found her unauthorised way to our abode—according to their custom, which I shall mention further on—and was of course sent back the way she came. The mad—for I am convinced from his acts that he must have been insane—Malay cook lived in a small hut about fifty yards away from my house on the same hill. Knowing the wild country in which I was, and that every man had ready a deadly weapon of offence—not that I mistrusted the honest and faithful Dyaks—I always



WOMAN OF THE ISLE OF KOTI, BORNEO.

kept a cavalry pistol, ready primed and loaded with ball, and a cavalry sword, both handy. I took the still further precaution of securing my room-door as well as I could with a cross bamboo and rope inside. Still, not only could it be easily unfastened from outside with a little dexterity, but the whole thing was so rotten that it could have been smashed in by a kick. The noise, however, would waken me, being a light sleeper, and when once awake I was ready to meet any contingency.

Night closes in early, and I generally used to retire at nine p.m. to bed; but it so happened that on the night in

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DYAKS OF THE TRIBE OF BADJOWS, BORNEO.

question I could not sleep, and sat up by the table with a reading-lamp. I have to observe here that in the East, equally in India as elsewhere, lamps are kept burning through the night. It was at about eleven p.m., fully an hour after the scoundrel knew I must have gone to bed, that I heard the noise of steel—evidently a sword—being sharpened in the hut in which the cook lived. This went on for some time, and, as the sound could not be mistaken in the stillness of the night, I thought it a most extraordinary proceeding, and so tried to be all alive to sounds. I presently heard the man issue out of his hut, close his door, and approach the house. He came under my very room, in the open space left by the house being raised on poles, and stood for a while as if irresolute what to do. I remained perfectly still. He then seemed to walk off to one side, after which he came back and went to the other side, I all the while hearing every footstep he made, and the long grass bending and crushing under his tread. I now resolved to anticipate him, and, putting down the dark shade of the lamp, so that while I could see all round about me, my eyes would be unaffected by the light, I took up the lamp by the ring on the top being passed through one finger of my left hand, holding the pistol, full-cocked, with the other fingers of the same hand, and my cavalry sword in my right. I then unfastened the door, got out on the front floor, and quickly descended the wretched ladder which led to the ground. The place was quite surrounded with low jungle and high grass—nearly five feet high—and little could be seen on any side. I naturally hesitated to move blindly forward in such a wilderness, and took my steps cautiously and warily, looking round about me to discover the villain, who I knew was only a few feet from me, and armed with deadly weapons. At length I heard the treacherous grass crumpling ever so slightly under a movement he made to my left, and looking in that direction I perceived him, or rather his head and arms, with a long spear in one hand and his *parang*, or sword, in the other. When our eyes met, and the fellow saw he was discovered, he attempted to come forward. He, too, could see the glistening of my pistol-barrel and the sword. I ordered him at once to stop, or else I would shoot him dead on the spot. He stopped, glaring at me wildly. I then told him that his life was in my hand; and, according to the penalty of death imposed by the State on any one who took out his sword against another, his life was forfeit; and that if he did not that instant drop the arms he had in his hands on the spot where he was standing, and betake himself to his hut, I would shoot him down with as little hesitation as I would shoot down a mad dog.

When he saw that I was determined to meet him hand to hand, and that I would be as good as my word—though I cannot say what the result would have been had the shot fired with the left hand, on which a lamp was depending at the time, missed its aim, and the man simply flung his spear at me—he appeared cowed, and dropping the spear and sword where he stood, betook himself to his hut. I further told him that if he thought he would catch me asleep he was mistaken, and that if I heard him again moving out of his hut, I would infallibly proceed to shoot him. I then picked up the arms he had laid down, ascended up into my house, and, shutting myself in, placed my arms conveniently near the bed, and fell fast asleep. The next morning when I woke, I called out to him, and not receiving any answer,

went and found his hut deserted. He had evidently been so frightened at my sudden apparition fully armed at night, or felt that his life was forfeited to the State, that he must have fled into the forest, and there either died a miserable death, or become a wild man, or escaped in some stray canoe. For, though I did not relate the story of his attempt, I sent off Dyaks to search the whole settlement, and the river for miles, to find traces of him, but never could discover any.

The only safety—in a human sense—when travelling in such dangerous parts, is always to have one's arms ready. One single-barrel, however, is a poor defence; and afterwards, when I proceeded on a still more dangerous journey to Central Asia, we always had a couple of revolvers, with eleven balls ready for a desperate and extreme contingency.

An excursion still further inland to see a tribe of land Dyaks being proposed, as a couple of men (Dyaks) were starting for that part, I made ready and set out. Among the Dyaks I was sure that I would not starve, so I had no cook; besides, I could not have got one had I so wished it. The first part of our journey—about twelve miles up the river, towards the Sambas—then we had to proceed a good bit overlaid across uncultivated forests, through which, however, there was a track. Dyaks are divided into land and sea Dyaks, the former living in the interior, out of sight of rivers, and generally inaccessible to pirates. These land Dyaks never go out to sea, never own a sea-going boat, and differ considerably in manners, and some say even in language, from the sea Dyaks, though any one can see at a glance that they are the same race with the sea Dyaks. These, on the other hand, have their settlements on the banks of rivers, can be easily reached from the sea, are open to the attacks of pirates, and own even sea-worthy *wat prahus*. A great many of the manners and customs of both sections are the same, and these we reserve for a following chapter. Generally speaking, however, as these land Dyaks see less of war, they are very much more peaceful than their brethren of the sea. We embarked with the two Dyaks of the tribe to which we were going, in a small canoe capable of holding three or four persons, and they paddled us along rapidly. My dress and equipment were as follows: first I had the unfailing Dyak conical hat on my head; this is woven of fine slips of bamboo, or rattan, in a wide-spreading conical shape, and serves as an efficient protection from both sun and rain. An umbrella is never used. The hat is often painted outside, and does not look at all unbecoming, after the first surprise is over. Then I had on a large pair of drawers, and a loose Chinese jacket, both of a blue colour, as that seldom looks dirty, and there are no such institutions as washerwomen and laundresses in those parts. And I had a walking-stick. Even my arms were cast aside, as with friendly Dyaks, they would sooner themselves be cut down than allow any harm to approach their European guest. After four hours' paddling along a wild scenery, interspersed with stray Dyak and Malay houses, we got to our landing-place in a small opening in a dense forest, and set off at once. These primeval forests can better be understood if seen, than described. The trees shot up in countless multitudes to a height of a hundred feet and more before they branched out, and then overhead formed a dense canopy of branches and leaves, quite impervious to the rays of the sun. All the light was a thick gloom. The floor of the ground was almost bare of grass, and quite dry, covered over

with the decaying remnants of leaves, &c. The shrill rinkas chirped its ringing, monotonous, but not unpleasant sound, which seemed to fill the atmosphere in every direction, while every now and then the colonies of monkeys overhead put in a separate note, especially the comical-sounding "wa-wa." A few miles before we arrived at the settlement we found a portion of the forest cut down, and it was here that I could properly estimate the gigantic size of these trees. One alone, the largest I could see, could not have been less than forty feet in girth in a straight line from the root, for a distance of at least 150 feet, and upon this a cab with a pair of horses might easily have been driven! Lamenting this destruction, as I learnt that it was without an object, I went on, and, after a good walk of about twelve miles, in some parts of very broken and rocky ground, arrived at the small village. It was a small settlement compared with the large one at Lundu, and I was at once installed in the great council-hall, or bachelors' room, and a fresh green cocoa-nut brought to cool my throat, which had become rather dry, owing to no water being met with on the road. Fowls were killed, and the usual entertainment was being got ready, while the heads of the tribe came and smoked and chatted with me. Here I learnt that the cock was as sacred with Dyaks as with Chinamen, and other nations in south-eastern Asia. I cannot discover what has led to such sanctity being attached to this fine bird in this quarter of the world; but that it is so is undoubtedly the case. A Dyak concludes a treaty, or pact, with the sacrifice of a cock; and to a Chinaman no oath is considered more forcible and binding as that which has been sealed over a slaughtered cock.

The language in which we conversed was the Malay, and we found it here spoken with so many pure Sanscrit words in each sentence, that I almost fancied I was in India. It is evident that the high Sanscrit civilisation which once pervaded the neighbouring island of Java, affected even the western coasts of Borneo. The dress—or rather no dress—of the Dyaks was the same here as elsewhere, and one pretty maiden especially attracted my attention by her beauty, figure, and innocent *naïveté*. Some of the races on the northern part of Borneo are very clear in complexion, almost a pure brown, and several specimens of such a fine complexion are met with in other parts, and remind the Asiatic traveller of the fair Nairs of Southern India, and the Brahmins of North India. This Dyak girl, who appeared to be about seventeen years old, had on only a slip of cloth, wound round her loins, and barely reaching half down the thigh—this is the usual dress of the females—asked me a great many questions which I gladly answered, and she appeared to become very much attached to me, which, of course, considering it girlish innocence, I thought nothing of. I was, however, mistaken, as I found out somewhat later that her attachment was something more serious than I had anticipated. She came stealing along with some things in her hand, and placing them near my feet, sat down opposite to me. What she had brought were the usual good-will, or friendship, or perhaps Dyak love offerings. She did not speak a word, but looked at me. I contemplated the whole scene in silence for some time, wishing to hear if she would say anything; but she remained perfectly silent and still. I was not altogether surprised, as I knew the customs of the country pretty well, and Dyak girls are permitted to do what they like before marriage; it is quite an ambition for

Dyak girls to get an *orang putih* (white man) for a husband, in which laudable effort, however, they have unfortunately hitherto failed. As she would not speak, I (not wishing to hurt her feelings more than I could help by even uttering the simple word "return") pointed to the basket, and made a sign with my hand for her to go away. She appeared then quite downcast and disappointed, but still did not move. I waved my hand again as before, when she rose up slowly, took up her basket, and went away as quietly as she had come, and apparently greatly depressed. I saw her no more the next day; she kept out of sight. She was the chief's daughter, and a beauty who had hitherto kept aspiring Dyak youths at a distance.

Every European in Borneo must pass through some such experience, owing to an old custom which has died out by this time, and to the extraordinary freedom allowed to girls before they marry. We shall proceed to describe this last in its proper place, as it is most interesting in many points of view; and with reference to the custom we have only to state that, under Malay rulers, officers of state when they paid visits to Dyak settlements, were provided not only with various kinds of produce, but had an allotment of one or more girls made to them during the period of their stay. We need hardly say that however simple, and to them harmless, this custom may be, it is one that every moral and right-minded person—especially one who bears the high name of an English gentleman—ought to reprobate and discountenance in every way possible.

The Malays, as is well known, have formed regular states, ruled over by sultans. Not so the Dyaks, though it is asserted that the large and advanced tribe of Kyans have some sort of nominal chief to whom all their race pay obedience. The Dyaks, split up into numerous small tribes, have their own separate chiefs, who are called *Orang Kaya*, which means *rich man*. He leads in war, and sits as president of the court of his tribe whenever cases arise. Next to him in authority, both in war and in court, are the *Tuaks*, which means *old men*, or *elders*. These are chosen on account of their age, courage on the field of battle, and other high qualities. To these, unwavering obedience and allegiance are rendered by the rest of the tribe. The causes, however, which rise for adjudication among the Dyaks are very few, as they are so gentle, quiet, harmless, honest, truthful, and moral.

Clothing necessarily depends very much on the climate. The deer-skin and bear-skin sacks of the Greenlanders and Laplanders and the warm woollen stuffs used in England, are suited to the wants of the wearers; but they will not do for tropical climes. Accordingly we find that the civilised Hindoo wears his light and thin muslins, leaving much of the body exposed; while there are savage tribes, as the Lengta (naked) Kookees who go entirely naked, and the Dyaks, who go partially so. Those who have travelled much know it is a mistake to assert that dress has primarily any connection with morals. The finest dressed "gentleman" in Paris may be the deepest of villains, and have simply no morals at all, while the thinly-clad Brahmin priest may be a saint, and the entirely naked Kookee may have no idea of anything like indecency in connection with his want of clothing. The idea seems to have been an importation from the early sects of Parsees and Gnostics, who believed in the essential evil of

matter; and hence the idea of immorality as connected with dress is only prevalent among those races which have been inoculated with the Gnostic notion. We have seen a great many tribes and peoples who go either naked, or nearly so; but in no instance, save one, have we discovered that any idea of morality or immorality goes along with clothing. It is only among us and other Christian and Gnostic nations that it is so. And having been educated and trained up to this belief we are inclined to associate immorality with an undue absence of clothing. The single exception to which I have alluded to above is that of the Burmese women, whose clothing is certainly unduly scanty, even when compared with that of the inhabitants of equally warm climates. In addition to this, what clothing they have is worn in a manner which is strikingly immodest. It is alleged that this is done of set purpose, and with an object distinctly immoral. One would have thought that in a country so open to civilisation there would have been sufficiently strong public feeling to put down so shameless and obviously immodest a practice; but public opinion on the subject of morality does not appear to exist among the Burmese at the present day.

Accordingly we may notice the scanty dress of the Dyaks, without concluding them to be either peculiarly moral, or immoral, on that account. The men wear a long slip of stout cloth tied round the waist, and pass one end between the thighs. Very often, too, they wear a jacket, or short coat, which covers the body from the neck to the waist. The women very seldom wear any jacket, and their only clothing is a narrow strip wound round once or twice over the hips, and reaching only a few inches down the upper part of the thigh. This narrow strip is secured very loosely round the hips by a coil of string or rattan. Scanty and insufficient as such a

dress must at first appear to the eye of a European, one soon gets to regard it as not at all necessarily implying indecency. Indeed, to those who have seen how the Kookee women of Eastern Bengal go either entirely naked, or simply tie a strip round the breast, the Dyak women will appear to wear almost a sufficiency of clothing. Even among the Dyaks, however, there are some varieties of costume which deserve a passing

notice. Some of the Dyak women wear a corset or bodice, which is made of fine brass wire or slips of rattan, and woven on the body, reaching from under the bosom to the waist, leaving the breasts open to suckle their infants. On the head, both men and women wear a conical, umbrella-hat, made out of the palm leaf, or slips of rattan woven into a sheet. This serves admirably to keep out both sun and rain, and as it is fixed on the head with only a thin band inside, the head remains cool and well ventilated.

The passion for adornment among the female sex must have been noted by all travellers among rude and barbarous tribes. Where gold, and silver, and precious stones are procurable, and their value known, these

must adorn the person; while where they are not known, simple flowers of various colours usually grace the head, neck, and other parts of the body. The woman of Upper Thibet wears a wealth of turquoises in a back veil, which falls down behind the head, while the poor peasant girl of Koolloo plucks the flowers which adorn the hedges and fields, and sets them in her locks. The Dyak girl does the same, and her head sometimes presents the appearance of a bouquet. Other flowers, too, are threaded and made into wreaths for the neck and wrists. The flower generally used for this purpose is the sweet-smelling jessamine, which grows quite wild everywhere. The toilet of the Dyak girl consists simply in this adornment of her hair with flowers.



PRINCESS SARIPA, JAVA.



TRAVELLING IN INDIA.

A Naturalist's Ramble in the Sub-Himalaya.

BY CHARLES HORNE, (LATE) B.C.S., F.R.Z.S.

IN May, 1868, having been prostrated by the heat of the plains, I sought change in the Hills, and on the 25th of that month found myself halting on the high road to the sanatorium of Binsur, beyond Almorah *viz* Nynee Tāl, at Rani Bāgh, a new rest-house built in the gorge of the Golah river, here a rushing torrent spanned by a light and elegant iron suspension bridge, which leads to the sister lake of Bhun Tāl by what used to be the military road to Almorah. This rest-house stands a little above a large flat piece of ground occupied as a mango-orchard, by the side of which the path runs, and in which are many encampments of carts, &c. These mangoes have been planted, but not grafted, and hence their fruit is sour, small, and worthless, and this, it should be noted, is the highest point at which they are to be found.

Near to the house are some poor little shops, at which are sold the necessities of existence for the Hill porters, who carry on their backs and shoulders, or slung upon poles, every item which reaches Nynee Tāl by this route—salt, sugar, red pepper, tobacco, rice, and flour, are the principal items. There are one or two covered sheds; but in the majority of instances the packages, which have with great difficulty arrived at this stage in country carts, lie around strewn in heaps. Boxes of beer and wine, glass, "with care, this side up," and grand pianos in one common heap, to be rained upon at will till "called for."

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When at last the consignee hears of the goods having reached this point, he sends down enough men to carry them up the hill, say thirty-two men for the piano, four men for each box of beer, &c., and so the heap gets gradually reduced. But the most curious sight is the army of *dhoolies*, or covered litters, in every style and quality, which stand about, the sport of wind and weather. At times nearly a hundred may be seen, and having done their work of one or two nights' trip, they will not be required till their owners return to the plains. But enough of this.

Next morning, soon after daylight, when the heavy mist had lifted and the drip from the trees had nearly ceased, I mounted an elephant, and went a mile or two plainwards to work back through the forest, searching for eggs and specimens of birds. My road led to the Barokarè Pass, or road on the face of the cliff. This has been constructed with great labour and perseverance, by building up retaining walls and blasting projecting rocks, and it overhangs the gorge of the river Golah, whilst above towers the sloping cliff. It was here that the loyal Hill-men, during the Indian Mutiny of 1857, threw down on the rebels from the plains, who wished to attack Nynee Tāl, rocks from above, causing them to retreat, saying that they could not fight with stones hurled upon them from the clouds; and truly a handful of men could here stop an army, and plainmen

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could have but little chance even with a good cause, much less when their object was plunder only. I once had a narrow escape in just such a place but in a slightly different manner. A party of large monkeys crossed the road before me and ascended the rocks above. In their scrambling ascent they sent down showers of stones, one of which, weighing some seven or eight pounds, bounded between my horse's chin and body, jerking the reins from my hand. Had this stone hit either the horse or myself, we should have rolled some 200 feet down a steep declivity, and probably these lines would never have been penned. The soil is very loose, with here and there masses of rock, and the heavy rains entail a great expense in keeping these few hundred yards of road open, on account of the great accumulation of fallen debris; so steep is it, that a stone from most parts can be thrown to a very great depth. Although the nearness of the impending mountains shuts out the snowy peaks, the view from the pass is very fine. The road, as before mentioned, runs along the face of a huge landslip, and below rushes the mad torrent of the Golah, spanned by a light bridge high in the air, sometimes white and foaming as it brawls over the beds of boulders, which, from above, may be plainly heard rolling the one against the other, or at others forming dark pools under the excavated banks as it sweeps along, to be absorbed in a few miles by its porous bed, and reappear in the plains.

On the opposite side, apparently scarcely a gunshot distant, rise the steep cliffs and bluffs, clothed with almost inaccessible forest, where the huge lungoor monkey (*Presbytis schistaceus*) may be seen sporting in troops, and the bear (*Ursus Tibetanus*), and the stag (*Rusa Aristotelis*) roam at will and live in peace. Plainwards, in the opening between the hills, stretched the level expanse, still covered with its tablecloth of dense white mist, to be succeeded by glowing heat. Above frowned the lofty cliff of shifting shingle crowned with fine trees, now gold-tipped with the newly-risen sun; whilst towards the Hills lay some large level fields cut in terraces, and waving with grain, backed by trees and mountains.

What a change from the parched plains! Not that it was cool here; for the large mango-trees, self-sown, and sprung from the castaway store of the passing traveller, together with the green plantains, reminded one of the vegetation below; whilst the dry stems of the orchids or the tree-trunks, and the huge lianas, together with the sub-tropical climbing fern at the roadside, wherever there was a little moisture, all told of a sub-tropical climate and heavy rains. Water here is not plentiful, and whenever there is a little rivulet it is carefully led to the roadside, where it spouts into a rough stone basin, the said spout consisting generally of a green leaf often renewed.

When I first knew these parts, some sixteen or seventeen years ago, we used to have to climb over the top of this cliff with considerable labour, and at its foot, on the side of the plains, was a long patch of scrub jungle, much frequented by tigers, who were doubtless attracted by the cattle halting here, on their way to their summer pasture; for the Hillmen used always, at the approach of the cold weather, when they had sown their scanty crops on the terraced fields on the hill-side, to abandon their village, and, bringing with them all their live stock in a very thin condition, come to the rich grazing-grounds of the Hills to pasture their cattle. These they took back at the close of the season, when the heat and unwholesomeness of the climate drove them up again, always with an increased

number of beasts, as they arranged that the cows should calve below.

Now, however, matters are much changed. Irrigation from the Golah river by canals has been introduced, and much forest has been felled; so that many villages exist where there were none before, some of which are tenanted all the year round by these poor people. Many, however, return to the Hills, but at a much later season (April and May), and I met groups of these, with their little children, carried in baskets, like fowls, on their mothers' heads, or tied upon little ponies, laden with clothing, &c. But to return to the tiger-haunted jungle. The custom was to make up a fence of thorny bushes round the cattle and to light fires; but this did not always ensure safety, for the tiger has been known to steal stealthily along, spring over the frail fence, and kill a beast. By far the most frequent victim to this forest ranger was the post-office runner, who traversed alone, or sometimes with another, this lonely road. As a precaution, these men have sticks, on which are iron rings, so placed as to rattle as they are carried; but these are not always sufficient to scare a hungry beast, and many are the recorded deaths—although, as with snakes, they have to bear unjustly the blame of many murders. It is related how a thief, carrying off his plundered cash, was once thus stopped and eaten, having been first dragged into the forest, and then was the search for his remains, of which the skull alone is reported to have been found. The finding of the cash was not reported. Now this jungle is cleared, and the road is safe.

The following fact is often told as having occurred a few years since. I omit the names, for obvious reasons:—

An exalted official was coming down from the Hills to his camp at Hutterain, a few miles distant from this spot, and was walking, with his gun in his hand, attended by several men bearing swords, and followed by a man leading his pony. Suddenly they came upon the body of a post-office runner, recently killed and torn by a tiger, who had been driven off by the approach of the party. One of his men, drawing his sword, exclaimed, "My lord! I will rush into the jungle and kill this tiger, as he must be quite close by." "At your peril!" shouted the excited and alarmed official. "You don't care for your own life, but are going to bring down the beast on me! I'll shoot you if you move a step towards the tiger." And so saying, they took up the letter-bags and passed on.

These Hill tigers are great travellers, often moving thirty miles and upwards in a single night, and, when man-eaters, are very dangerous, as one does not know where or when they may be met with. I well remember, one dark evening, riding alone near Rani Bâgh, when the country was much wilder than at present, past some large and dark rocks, when my pony stood still and trembled violently. I stood in my stirrups and peered about, and saw what I took to be a pair of glaring orbs, probably those of a lurking leopard. I pushed on, but such rencontres are not pleasant, and tigers have not even yet disappeared from the province, although rarer than they used to be. But to return to the object of my trip. Having dismounted and sent the elephant to meet me on my return journey, I proceeded on foot up one of the broken ravines, fringed with flowers, following the dry bed of the torrent, searching for nests. The first, to me, new bird I saw was a fine woodpecker, probably *Picus Macul*, and, having carefully watched him, I soon found his nest, deep in a hole in a fallen and half-rotten tree. This, with great labour, I care-

fully cut out, but was much disappointed to find three young birds only. Next I noted a white-crested bulbul busily building his nest rather low in a tree, and, the heat becoming too much for my head, I had to return without adding any eggs to my collection, as the nests I afterwards found were those of the most ordinary kind.

In the afternoon I took a long stroll, but found only one nest worthy of notice—viz., that of a black-headed myna (*Temenachus pagodarum*), in the hole of a tree some six feet from the ground, in which were four young ones. The situation was unusual, but no buildings were near of which the birds could have availed themselves.

This day's rambles were, however, enough to show me that I was nearly a month too late to do any good, although, of course, as I ascended higher I should find the birds later with their nests. This was amply proved, for, although proceeding but a few miles in distance, I mounted the next day several thousand feet (Bhün-Tal being 4,550 feet above sea-level), and found all the birds there busy with nidification and laying.

The ascent commenced directly after crossing the bridge, and was nearly continuous during the whole march, which lay through pleasing scenery, chiefly thin forest; and I only found two nests during the ascent. The first was that of a beautiful blue-tailed bee-eater (*Merops philipensis*), which I observed hawking insects from the dead top of a tall tree, and secured as a specimen after I had noted its nest.

The road was cut in the steep bank some few feet, and this bird flew out close to my horse's nose. The nest was dug out in the bank, and extended horizontally some six or seven feet under the roots of a large oak-tree. I had to send a party of men to dig it out, in which process they completely blocked, but again soon cleared, the road, and after heavy work I was rewarded by finding four young birds covered with blue down only. At the entrance to the hole were remains of beetles and *Xylocopa* bees in great quantities.

The other nest was that of a bronze-winged dove—the tenant of which flew swiftly past me, evading my gun—and which contained two eggs. I managed, however, to secure two specimens of the bird in the course of the morning (*Chalcophaps indicus*). The bird feeds on the ground, but the ill-constructed nest is in a tree or tall bush, some distance from the soil.

Arrived at the rest-house I found two artillery officers, one an old colonel who had not bird-nested since he was a boy, and I got him to come out with me. After a rest, and a dip in the cool waters, I sent off a large party of porters to look for eggs, and they ere long returned, bringing many specimens of those of the common dove, shrike, and bulbul, but nothing of greater rarity.

In the afternoon we went out on the shores of the lake (which is, I believe, figured in Vol. III., page 120 of the ILLUSTRATED TRAVELS), and is a sheet of water some mile or more long, with a less width, surrounded on all sides by low hills, and dammed at the lower end by a rising ground. Near the head of the lake is an outlet by which the surplus water—the accumulation of the rainfalls of the surrounding hills, and the produce of sundry springs—escapes, and is afterwards utilised by being led off in small canals for mills, and the irrigation of the waterless Turaice, which may well be described as a shingly beach at the foot of the hills, through which all water sinks to

reappear as springs at its lower edge. It is at the head of this water that the rest-house stands, and from it is obtained a beautiful view.

Wandering between clumps of thorny wild pears and other trees, covered with honeysuckles, wild roses, and traveller's joy, our notice was first attracted by a great calling out of a pair of long-tailed drongo shrikes (*Dicrurus longicaudatus*), one of the king crows of Europeans, who were assailing a young, fully-fledged corbe crow (*Corvus culminatus*), who was placidly sitting on one of the highest boughs of a tree. The cause was soon clear, for they had then their transparent nest fixed on a thick bough, and in it were four creamy-white eggs, the first I had seen of this species, which are more ordinarily spotted. The pertinacity with which these little birds attacked the young monster, and his utter disregard of them, were most curious; and one could not but regret that it led to, for them, such sad results. When our man climbed the tree they flew round him vociferating, whilst the crow flew off.

We also heard the wonderful call of the Himalayan green barbet (*Megalaima lineata*), so well known to all Indian sportsmen, and watched the flight of the graceful Himalayan magpie, as it waved along with its fine tail. His nest we could not find, but it was doubtless in one of the high forest trees which abounded near the lake.

We now turned homewards, and after a little rest started again in a fresh direction, taking the outfall of the lake for our starting-point. Climbing down by the bridge which spans it, we found ourselves in a bed of nettles some eight or nine feet high, growing in mud and water, the resort of many a native with no sanitary fear before his eyes, and interspersed with very prickly bushes.

These nettles would have delighted the heart of a grower of fibres, but not his hands, as we found to our cost. We had, however, been tempted into them by seeing some most beautiful paradise flycatchers (*Troglodytes paradisea*) go in before us, and hoped to find their nests. These little birds, less than a sparrow in size, are of a plain brownish colour, but their beauty consists in their elongated tail-feathers. There are two of these pure white, and often fourteen inches in length; and the effect of the little bird flying can be better conceived than described. We were fortunate enough to find two nests.

These were fixed on, and suspended from thin, prickly boughs by spiders' webs, and were very neatly made, of a deep cup shape. Many lichens also appeared on the outside. In the first of these were four or five little birds, which we did not disturb. Their heads, with open beaks, seemed to cover the whole surface of the nest, and they were in truth wonderfully packed in. In the second was sitting the bird, with his tail hanging out, and this contained four little eggs, which we secured, as well as the nest. My companion, in spite of the unsavoury locality and the nettles, was delighted at the find; but we were both glad to emerge into the more open water-course, whose backwater, so to speak, we had been hitherto exploring.

We now kept to the edge of a small stone channel which conveyed water to a flour-mill, and I commenced a keen search for the nest of a beautiful bird I had watched on the stones in low water, resembling a large wagtail, called the Himalayan fork-tail (*Henicurus maculatus*), and of similar habits.

After a little time, I detected what I took to be a pretty, mossy, projecting stone, and it was not till I looked down into

it, and saw the three eggs that I could tell that it was a nest at all. The moss had been placed on it so exactly similarly to what was growing on every rock around, that it was wonderful how I saw it. The said moss, owing to the constant spray, was actually growing. This was a great find, and it was not more than six inches above the water-level, which of course in an artificial canal varies very little, and it could not be reached without going into the water. Other nests we found, and we returned well satisfied with our evening's work. But, for fear of wearing my readers, I will now draw these notes to a close.

The delight of bird-nesting in the Himalaya is very great. The fresh air, the grand scenery, the perfect quiet—for one must tread softly and slowly, and be all eyes and ears—and the novelty of the fauna, all enhance its interest, and I can commend the pursuit, intelligently conducted, to all lovers of nature. Often have I sat in a shady glen in the higher hills for an hour, watching a nest at a distance with a glass to determine the bird, and with regret have I left the woods to turn homewards. I have seen the deer come out, graze, and go away without perceiving me and the sly tree-cat, after the same

game as myself, has passed me by. Insects, too, come and go, whilst the mind is often busily employed in recalling bygone scenes.

Whilst on these excursions, it has often struck me what a difference there is in the behaviour of birds directly their young are hatched. Before that, I have seen them slip off their nests, as they thought, unheeded by me, and again return by most circuitous routes; but directly the feeding of the young commences all fear vanishes, and the situation of the nest becomes plain to all. This is particularly the case with the hoopoes and chats. The former bird is very common, yet how difficult it is to find its eggs—and only for this very reason. So with the stone-chats. Watch them day by day in open country amongst stones, and you will not, but by the veriest chance, find their nests, whilst when feeding their young they will be observed immediately, or within ten minutes.

Natural history is a great resource to the enervated seeker after health in the Hills and elsewhere, and I trust these few notes may encourage some in pursuing it, or commencing its practical study in the woods and fields.

Northern Wanderings.—II.

BY FRANK USHER.

FREE-SHOOTING.

I FELT sadly disappointed at this *finale* to our hunt, and expressed my sorrow to Nissen, who hardly seemed to share it. Not the least annoying part of the affair was that it would take us at least four hours' hard walking to reach Klæbo. Another course was open to me. Two hours' march would bring us to Meelhuus in Guldal, a station on the Trondhjem and Støren Railway, whence we might return by train to Trondhjem. Whilst we were deliberating upon the best plan, one of the bønder, who guessed the subject of our colloquy, made a proposition which solved my difficulty. He had a sæter within an hour's walk; if I would do him the honour, I could go and pass the night there, and resume the search after the bear the next morning by myself; he would undertake to send a boy with me who knew the country well, and he thought that I should have a very fair chance of success. I was delighted to have the opportunity, and accepted his kind offer most gladly.

After a rest of a quarter of an hour, my companions prepared to return to their respective homes; but before we separated, an object was set up, some fifty yards off, at which our skill as marksmen was tested. At this range the Norwegians—who lay down to fire, resting their rifles upon their caps, which they placed upon a stone, or stump of a tree—shot very well. They were, however, unable to make anything like decent shooting at a longer range, nor could they shoot at all well from the shoulder. This style, which they called "free-shooting," I adopted, with results that astonished them, taking for my mark a large fir-tree, which was some hundred yards distant. English rifles rose immensely in their estimation. At last, having made noise enough to scare all the bears from the neighbourhood,

the main object of our shooting, we wished each other a cordial farewell, and separated upon our different routes.

KLOMSTEEN'S SÆTER.

It was rather a long trudge to the sæter to which we were bound, and it was with fervent thankfulness that I eventually beheld the three small wooden huts, which my host informed me were our destination. Tired as I was, I could not help thinking that I had never beheld a more picturesque sight than that which the sæter presented. The huts were built upon the side of a hill, nestling under the shadow of an enormous bluff. The view from them was not very extensive, being shut in on every side by mountains, the sides and summits of which were thinly wooded with birch and fir, and covered in places with patches of juniper bushes, which, at first, I took for furze brakes. A bright mountain stream tumbled sparkling along the bottom of the hill. Around the sæter, sheep and cattle were browsing upon the mossy grass, or chewing the meditative cud. In the distance dogs were barking, aiding a small boy in his attempts to drive some refractory goats to their night quarters. Two buxom, rosy-cheeked lasses were busily engaged in milking, singing some fjeld melody as they worked. Piles of cheese stood upon a bench outside one of the huts, through the open door of which could be seen goodly rows of other cheeses, and innumerable pans of cream. Everything looked smiling and joyous, as if the sorrows of the distant world could never reach that scene of pastoral simplicity and happiness.

My host, whose name was Kломsteen, apologised with a grace that would have done credit to an ancient courtier, for the poorness of the entertainment that he had to offer me. Had

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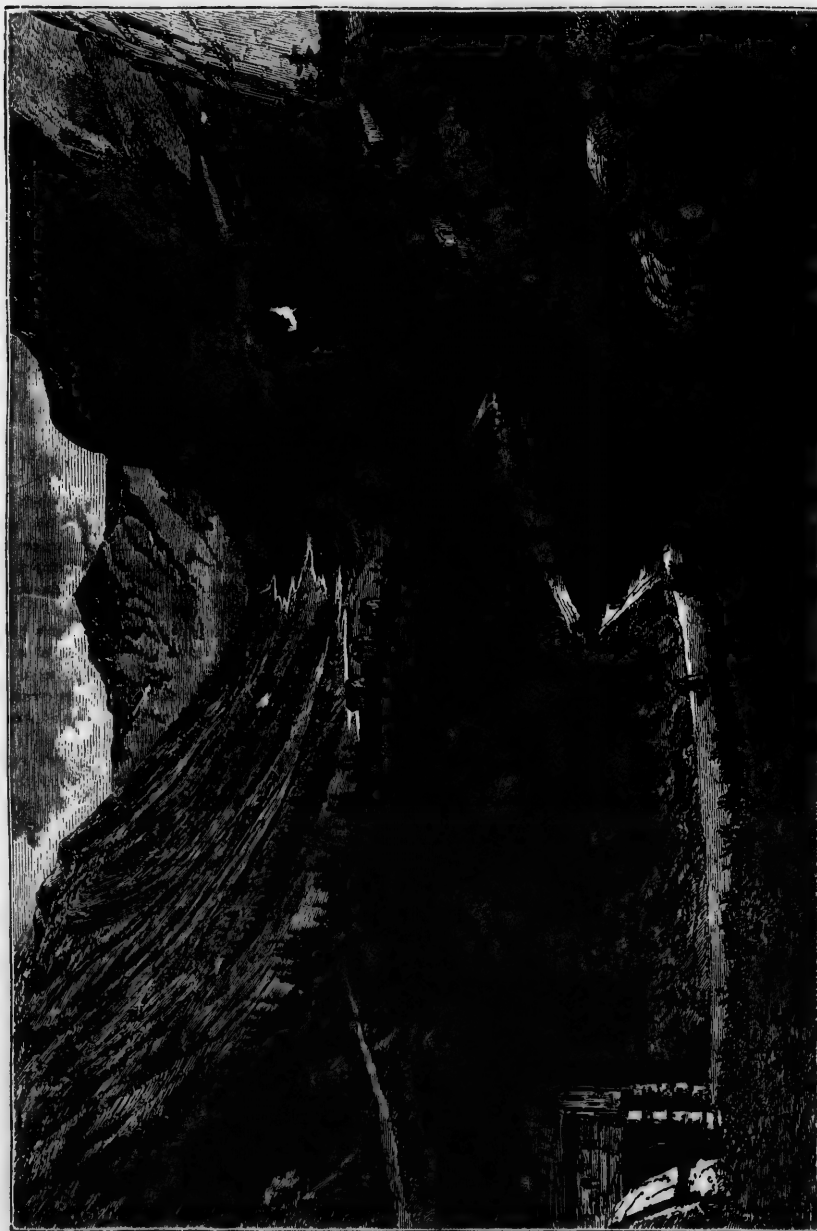
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VIEW NEAR KLEBO.

he known that I was coming, he would have procured white bread and other delicacies for my benefit. As it was, he could give me but mountain fare. A bowl of sour milk, with brown sugar, and rye bread powdered over it, thick rye cakes and delicious cheese and butter formed my supper, and never did I enjoy a meal more. I am sure that my achievements with spoon and knife quite eclipsed those of Nissen and Klomsteen, hungry as they declared themselves to be. They won for me the hearts of the worthy Norwegians who, gazing upon the emptied bowl, declared that I was the most "snill Engelskmand" they had ever known—a great compliment this to one who knew but a few words of their language.

There is greater freedom of intercourse between all classes of the population in Norway than exists in, perhaps, any other nation, a fact which may be attributed to the total abolition of titles in the year 1814. There is no aristocratic class in the country, and but one order of merit, that of St. Olaf, which Oscar, courting a popularity which his father Bernadotte had failed to secure, created for the Norwegians in 1847. In Norwegian "society," no awkward questions of precedence obtrude themselves, and, on this account, a degree of familiarity exists among the people that is unknown in other lands. The great majority of the population consists of small farmers, who, mostly living at a considerable distance from any town, unite all trades in their own families. These bønder command a large majority in the Storting. The establishment of his national freedom is of so recent a date, that its value is ever in the mind of the Norwegian, who consequently thinks more of his independence than the foreigner, who, long accustomed to the enjoyment of liberty, is at times apt to forget its blessings. The Norwegian loves to feel that he is independent, and, therefore, can ill brook any assumption of superiority on the part of a foreigner. He who would fare well in Norway must pocket the dignity which is his in other lands. To one who gives himself airs, the Norwegians are cold and reserved; but he who studies the national peculiarities, and treats those with whom he is thrown into contact on the terms of equality to which they are accustomed, will be received everywhere with open arms. In the *bønde-gaard* (the farmhouse), where of necessity he must often sojourn—for inns are few and far between in Norway—he will be treated as an honoured guest; for him no attention will be too great, nothing can be too good, and when he takes his leave, his departure will be a matter of sincere regret to his kind entertainers.

Our meal over, we went outside the little hut to enjoy a pipe. Fortunately my flask contained the wherewithal to make three stiffish mugs of grog, and my tobacco-pouch was large and well filled, so we sat upon a bench, in the shade, and smoked and drank, and listened to some bear tales which Klomsteen narrated. One of his tales was a very sad one; it was of a niece of his who was killed by a bear near this sæter, many years ago. From the place where we were sitting we could see the very spot where the tragedy occurred. Klomsteen's niece, Thora, and a little boy happened to be alone at the sæter one day. It was hay-making time, and all the others were away up the mountains cutting grass. Thora was churning when the boy rushed up to her with the news that a bear was killing a calf. She was a brave young woman, to whom such a thing as fear was unknown, so, hastily catching up a short staff, she ran off to the spot where the bear was engaged in its murderous work. A bear will generally flee from the

presence of man—many instances are recorded in which the mere sight of a boy or girl has caused him to abandon the animal he was attacking—so Thora's boldness was not as rash as at first sight it appears. When she reached the scene of the struggle, the calf was already slain, or panting out its little life upon the ground, and the bear was attacking the old cow, who, doubtless, had striven to save the life of its young one. A few minutes must have terminated the poor mother's life, had not Thora boldly assailed the fierce brute with her staff. The bear, pressed by hunger, or maddened by the excitement of the struggle, fled not, but relinquishing his other victim, turned upon the heroic girl. Alas! what could she, poor thing, unaided, do against the savage monster? Fainter and fainter grew the screams with which the mountain-sides echoed. That awful struggle for life was unseen by mortal eye, for the terrified boy had sought some hiding-place when he saw the beast attacking Thora; but the ground, bespattered far and wide with blood and rage, told too plainly that the struggle was a long one. A few hours afterwards, the returning haymakers, attracted to the spot by a cloud of magpies and other foul birds about it, discovered the body of Thora—so horribly mangled that recognition of it was at first impossible—lying by the side of the half-devoured calf. The bear had slunk off to his hiding-place. For days patient watchers sought to avenge poor Thora's death, for a bear generally returns to feast a second time upon his victims; but this one came not back. It was killed a fortnight afterwards by two young men—one of whom was betrothed to the unfortunate girl—who devoted themselves to its destruction.

Poor, warm-hearted Klomsteen! his voice was husky and his eyes could not meet ours as he told us of his niece's fate. A feeling of sadness had stolen over us as he was telling his tale, and for some minutes after its conclusion we sat and smoked in silence. The girls, who had finished their labours for the day, and made themselves a little tidy, in honour of the Engelskmand, stood within the doorway, their blue eyes filled with sympathetic tears. Nissen broke the spell, which was growing painful, by asking if I should like to hear the girls sing one of the famous fjeld-songs of Norway. Upon my assenting, Klomsteen bade one of the girls, Elvira by name, sing to us. Musical bashfulness is not confined to the amateurs of more southern Europe. Elvira was very bashful; she blushed and declared that not only had she no voice, but, what was a fatal impediment to singing, she knew no songs. Kristine, the other girl, denied these assertions. "Would Kristine favour us, then?" asked Nissen, with my compliments. The declaration of inability to do so was met by an emphatic counter-denial from Elvira. At last, after much persuasion, and blushing and giggling, the two sang a fjeld-song together. The ice having been broken, Elvira sang "Sinclair's Vise," a celebrated Norwegian ballad, which tells how one Sinclair, a colonel in the service of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, raised a body of Scotch troops for his master, and invaded and ravaged the sacred soil of "Gamle Norge." Him and all his host, the avenging peasants of Norway destroyed at Kringelen, in Gudbrandsdalen. Kringelen is a precipitous hill, round the base of which, by the side of the swiftly-flowing Logen, runs the road from Christiania to Trondhjem. The Scotch mercenaries, 900 strong, landed in Romsdalen, and marched through the country, ravaging it on their way. They had penetrated to Gudbrandsdalen unopposed, and flushed

with success, and lulled into false security by the seeming apathy of the Norwegians, were moving down the valley of the Logen upon Lillehammer, when stern retribution overtook them at Kringelen. There, where the pass was narrowest and the mountain-side steepest, the peasants prepared a deadly avalanche for the invaders. Upon the summit of the mountain were collected vast quantities of rocks, stones, and trunks of trees, and as the Scotch were marching through the pass, these were launched upon their devoted heads, crushing them to death or sweeping them into the deep river. The victory of the peasants who organised this ambush was complete. Rushing down the hill they attacked and slaughtered the wounded and those who had escaped destruction, without mercy. It is said that of the whole Scotch force, but two were spared.

When Elvira had concluded her long ballad, Kristine obliged us with a very pretty little song, extolling the beauties of her incomparable fatherland. There is but one theme in the favourite songs of the country—it is "Gamle Norge"—Old Norway. Their poets go mad over this. A foreigner can find no surer way to the hearts of the patriotic Norwegians than by a graceful allusion to their national weakness—if, indeed, one can call that a weakness which springs from intense love of the fatherland. A parallel to the effect produced upon the Norwegian mind by allusion to "Gamle Norge," is only to be found in Switzerland; but the "Ranz des Vaches" cannot stir the soul of the Alpine shepherd as the "Nordmand's Sang" moves that of the Norske Bonde. The melodies of the Norwegian national airs are quaint, and sometimes positively charming, with a depth of sentiment hardly to be excelled. The voices of the people are, as a rule, good; but Norway has never produced a singer who could compete with the great artistes of the sister kingdom.

Observing the pleasure that I took in Kristine's song, Klomsteen volunteered one. It was in praise of some hero of Scandinavian mythology; and to those who knew what it was about, it was, doubtless, of absorbing interest; I did not, and, therefore, after listening to some forty or fifty verses, I tired and dozed off to sleep. Heaven knows how long the ballad lasted! I awoke as Klomsteen was finishing it, and feeling very sleepy, after thanking all of them for their kindness, begged permission to retire for the night. The sleeping accommodation of the sæter consisted of two bunks, one over the other, as on board ship. I was made to take one of these—the top one. Pulling off my coat and boots I tumbled in; a sheepskin was thrown over me, and in less than a minute I was fast asleep.

How stiff I was when I awoke the next morning; at first I feared that I should be unable to resume the pursuit of the bear, but gradually, as I moved about, the stiffness wore off, and a bathe in a little pool, which I discovered some way down-stream, made me feel fit to cope with the difficulties of field-climbing once more. I breakfasted heartily on trout, rye-bread, and butter. Klomsteen's piscatorial skill had provided the trout. His mode of fishing was peculiar. A No. 6 hook, roughly bound to a long piece of thick string, and a pole, resembling those to which hops are trained, formed his line and rod. A worm was put on the hook, and the stream was allowed to carry this down the beck. Klomsteen's lynx eyes followed the bait, and when a trout sought to swallow the worm floating temptingly by, he struck with a force that

generally sent the astonished fish flying a dozen yards from its native element. In this manner he secured some twenty fish in the course of half an hour. Their size was inconsiderable, but they were of excellent flavour, and were a very welcome addition to the rye-bread.

Having finished my breakfast, I signified my readiness to start. Klomsteen had procured a boy as my guide, and instructed him as to where he was to take me. I pressed a parting gift upon Elvira and Kristine, who very considerably had packed some bread and cheese in a newspaper for me, and, shaking my good host's hand, set off once more, followed by the faithful Nissen, who, like myself, was still suffering from the exertions of the previous day.

"And did you see the bear that day?" the courteous reader of my memoirs will ask. Yes, after many hours' wandering up hill and down vale, I saw him. We were proceeding rather dejectedly along the side of a mountain, when suddenly the boy who was leading us halted and pointed across the valley, whispering excitedly, "Björnen," which I knew meant the bear. I saw a dark object moving slowly along the opposite side of the valley, and a strange thrill passed through me as I looked upon the first bear that I had seen. How far was he off? I calculated that the distance was about three hundred yards; but there was no time to be lost, for the beast was near cover. Hastily lying down and putting up the three hundred yards' sight, I took aim at him and fired. I had sadly miscalculated the distance, for my ball struck the mountain-side some ten feet or more below the bear. Before I could get another cartridge into the rifle, the animal had disappeared in the thick scrub. None of us thought of fatigue then; we scrambled down the mountain-side and up the other side of the valley, to the place where we had seen him last. Alas! the ground was rocky, and our most diligent search could not discover the least trace of our game. The sight of the bear had given us new life, though, and we toiled on for hours in the vain hope of coming across him again. The sun had gone below the horizon ere I thought of abandoning the chase. We were then many miles from any inhabited place, so I resolved upon camping out for the night. That was a matter of no difficulty, for the weather was fair and mild. Provisions we had none; but we were too tired to feel hungry, and within five minutes of my determining to bivouac, we were all three asleep upon the soft whortleberry bushes which covered the fjeld.

The pangs of hunger induced me to consent to a return to Klomsteen's sæter the next morning. It took us five hours to get there, and on our way I shot a splendid old *tiur* (capercailzie), which was sitting on a pine-tree, enjoying a banquet on the buds, which are his favourite food. It was arrant poaching, for the shooting of feathered game commences on August the 15th; but, *la trante stomacho*, who can obey the game-laws?

We were warmly received by Klomsteen, upon our arrival at the sæter, and our wants duly administered to. The *tiur* was converted into an excellent hash, and my last qualms of conscience ceased when I learnt that, had I not slain him, we could have obtained nothing but *fladbrød* for dinner. Elvira had gone down to the *gaard* (farmhouse) for a supply of provisions, and would return that evening. Klomsteen pressed me to remain at his sæter for some days, at least, and then to accompany him to his *gaard* for a few days more. I had not yet had my fill of bear-hunting, so I thanked him for

his kind offer, but declined it, and, after a rest of an hour or so, started again with Nissen up the Varsfjeld.

If I had not had enough of bear-hunting, Nissen had, and it was with tears in his eyes that he pointed out the futility of hunting without a dog, and with no definite knowledge of the whereabouts of the game. The weather came to his assistance, and a heavy drizzle set in which promised to last. Eventually I yielded to his solicitations, and we turned our faces towards Klæbo. It was not difficult to find our way, for the Varsfjeld served us as a landmark. We reached Klæbo at ten o'clock at night, wet through, and with clothes torn to shreds. How I enjoyed the preserved beef that I had brought with me from Trondhjem, and the stiff glass of toddy in which I afterwards indulged! It needs some little privation to make a man do due justice to the good things of this life. That night I would have wagered all my possessions that the most luxurious mattress in the world was made of hay and moss.

I slept until eight o'clock the next morning. The rain still continued, so I postponed my return to Trondhjem for some time; and borrowing a needle and thread, endeavoured to patch my torn habiliments into something like respectability. There being no signs of an improvement in the weather, two hours later I started on my homeward route. I left the reward of my Klæbo friends to Nissen, who bestowed upon them three marks, a sum equal to two shillings and eightpence, with which they were amply satisfied. The distance to Trondhjem was not more than sixteen miles, so I determined upon walking into town. Half-way, however, a cart passed us, and the driver proffered a lift, which I accepted. I reached Trondhjem by one p.m., and met P—— as I was driving up the Nordre-gade. He accompanied me to the "Britannia" to hear my adventures, and, having heard them, agreed with me that my very pleasant experiences of field-life had not been too dearly purchased.

WILD BEASTS IN NORWAY.

"Of wild beasts, bears and wolves are killed in all parts of Norway, and occasionally the lynx, and wolverine or glutton. * * * A dog may be carried in a net or bag slung under the carriage, upon the Italian plan. It is always the safest way to carry a dog in that manner, in case of his being attacked by a wolf, for with that animal a dog is an irresistible temptation. Pigs and cattle will also frequently attack a strange dog very fiercely, perhaps mistaking him for a wolf." However true these sentences, which I have culled from a late edition of the most popular guide to Norway, may have been many years ago, they are not at the present time correct. The wolf is no longer to be found in Norway, save in the extreme north, far beyond the region in which carriages are used. It is a curious fact, and one which puzzles even the native hunters, that whereas bears have increased in numbers during the last ten years, wolves have almost disappeared from the land. Cunning brutes! They have migrated to the vast wilds of Finmark and Lapmark, in quest of a simpler-minded people than those to be found in more southern Norway. They have not been destroyed, or we should have learnt the fact from the government returns, a premium of five specie dollars (£1 2s. 6d.) being paid for the destruction of beasts of prey, of whatever age. Lynxes and gluttons are still rarer than wolves.

Although bears exist in considerable numbers, their wandering habits render the hunting of them a matter of much difficulty. I have killed a bear thirty miles from a place where he was fired at and wounded severely the day before. Again, in his wanderings, the bear is seen by many different people, and exaggerated accounts of the number of bears in the country are consequently circulated. Bears are still to be found all over Norway, but the progress of civilisation, which opens new roads and fells ancient forests, is fast driving them towards the north.

Rio de Janeiro and the Organ Mountains.—VI.

BY THOMAS W. HINCHLIFF, M.A., F.R.C.S.

TO PALMEIRAS.

FOR about a couple of hours from Enterrios the Pedro II. Railway keeps near the river Parahiba, following it in a south-westerly direction towards its source. There are many good views of the river, but very little forest is to be seen for many miles: this is the heart of the coffee country. At every station, all the people seemed made of coffee: huge fazendas are passed, with their large drying-grounds, on which thousands of pounds of coffee are drying in the clear sunshine: it is "coffee, coffee everywhere, but not a drop to drink." At the rather large station of Barra the train stopped twenty minutes, for refreshments: oranges and sweet lemons were in great demand, but many hot and thirsty throats seemed to find no peace till the dust was washed out with beer or Bordeaux. In the meantime, as most of the passengers got out of the hot carriages to air themselves upon the platform, we had plenty of

opportunity for examining the external appearance of the coffee-producing race. As usual, the most gaudy dresses were found decorating the bodies of the darkest blacks. I was very much struck by one young lady, who had certainly nine parts out of ten of negro blood in her veins, and who wore a brilliant green frock over long white trousers, with lace edges hanging over sky-blue boots, while a hat with scarlet and white feathers was stuck coquettishly upon her woolly head. The railway turning more to the south, we lost sight of the river, and soon afterwards got once more into a wilder and less cultivated part of the country; rather late in the afternoon we passed the station of Rodeio, rushed downhill through a long tunnel, at the further end of which was the little station of Palmeiras, the object of our ambition and our place of rest for the present. Here we were kindly met by Mrs. Gunning, in the Doctor's absence at Rio, with a party of his

black people, headed by his white bailiff and factotum. All our goods were carried up the hill from the station, and in a short time we found ourselves established in delightful rooms, in a home which exceeded all our expectations.

Palmeiras hospitality and Dr. Gunning may be said to be convertible terms. He was a young physician in Scotland when he was invited to take medical charge of a colony of Europeans employed in the Brazilian mines. He consented, and his professional skill soon established his position. He became a great authority on the skin diseases which, from minor forms, reach to the last degrees of leprosy and elephantiasis among the black natives of Brazil: his general capacity for affairs enabled him to see his way through bad systems of

built a comfortable little hotel of solid stone, with broad verandahs on the sunny side, which in neatness and cleanliness reminded me more of the pretty houses near Dunkeld, than anything else I could think of; and he has established an Englishman named Fife, who has seen a great deal of the big world, as its manager. He has built a few other small stone houses, perched on various eminences in the immediate vicinity; and close behind, in the bosom of the forest, he has established a colony of blacks, who do all the work of the estate, each family possessing its own house and garden, with huts for pigs and poultry, which are a fertile source of revenue to them. He began, I believe, by receiving these slaves as payment for bad debts or mortgages, and he did it with the



VIEW ON THE PARAHIBA.

contract and wasteful administration of business: he made money for himself while he ministered to the health and happiness of those around him: he was thoroughly conversant with the affairs of the country; and when the great Pedro II. Railway was devised, he bought an estate of hill and forest near what was decided upon as the Rodeio station, and called the place Palmeiras, in honour of the abundant palm-trees in the neighbourhood. The steep slopes of the estate face towards the south and west; and over the depths in front of it there are charming views of purple hills, one beyond the other, and a distant glimpse of the snow-white buildings of the Emperor's grand fazenda. On the face of the steep hill he built a delightful residence for himself, the earth taken from the back of the slope forming a kind of large terrace, which has been turned into a luxuriant garden, where palm-trees and roses meet the splendid bignonias, orchids, and fruit-trees, which are indigenous to the place. About a hundred feet higher up the hill-side, on a similar artificial terrace, he has

benevolent intention of enabling them to earn their own freedom by a system of payment by which they were to be credited with the value of work done. But the swarthy Africans found their position so comfortable, that they have no desire for change, and none of them have been found willing to do the last touch of easy work which would entitle them to that freedom of which Europeans think so highly. They have got all they want, and freedom with them means much the same as pauperism does with us. They would have to work much harder for wages than they do now, and the Doctor would be a richer man if he could get rid of them and their idle ways. Meanwhile, the Government has taken the matter in hand, and an Act was passed last session for the gradual emancipation of all the Brazilian slaves: happily for all parties it is not to be a rash and instantaneous change, and time will be given for developing a new order of things.

Doctor and Mrs. Gunning had some other friends staying with them; but they most hospitably made room for one of

our party, while the rest were consigned to Mr. Fife's charming little hotel. Here we were in perfect peace. There was no sort of carriage-road within miles of us, and the only disturber of the primeval tranquillity was the occasional snort of the "iron horse," plunging through the forests and tunnels which separated us from Rio de Janeiro, and reminding us that, though we were close among the solitudes beloved of monkeys, toucans, and tapirs, we were but a few hours removed from the busy hum of the busiest city in South America. Our rooms opened upon a broad balcony and verandah, where, after a hot day's walk or a rough ferning scramble in the forest, to smoke the evening pipe in the face of a full moon, and talk over Cambridge days, and adventures in the snowy Alps of Switzerland, was bliss indeed. Everything in the house—glass, china, beds, and furniture—was as clean and perfect as in many a much more pretentious English establishment: the landlord's only fault was his eagerness to make us eat and drink more than was likely to be good for us; but as he was always ready to stand by and tell us his strange experiences of the Crimean and American wars, we were always provided with an excellent aid to digestion. On the whole, as I run over in memory the results of much varied travelling, I can hardly think of anything so delightful as our sojourn at the little inn of Palmeiras. Fat ducks and chickens were close at hand; black pigs, smooth and round as foot-balls, maintained their rotundity by poaching, in company with sundry sheep, upon the Doctor's yams and mandioca; and there was a delightful parrot, who imitated to such perfection the crowing of the cock, and was so amused by provoking an immediate reply from the rooster, that he laughed demoniacally at his own success.

Immediately behind the house there was a steep path, which led to a long terrace walk, carried horizontally round a kind of bay in the mountain-side: its bank was covered with choice ferns on one side, while the other offered an open view of the lovely scenery before us: presently it turned into the thick forest, where we had an almost boundless field for fresh rambles and fresh botanising. Here we found again that singular fern, the *Danea elliptica*, the jointed and juicy stalks of which seem to distinguish it from all other kinds of the *Filix* family. Here, too, was our first specimen of the *Hemidictyon marginatum*; a fern which, in its native luxuriance, seemed so wonderful, that at first we could hardly believe it was a fern at all. From the banks of a trickling rivulet its cluster of pale-green fronds rose waving to a height of nearly twelve feet, the *pinna* on each side of the stalk being like exaggerated hurts' tongues, one above the other, but almost as delicate in structure as goldbeaters' skin, and quivering at the lightest touch. In a neighbouring part of the forest, on a day which was principally devoted to orchid hunting with a couple of the Doctor's negroes, we found a solitary specimen of the grandest twining fern that I have ever seen, which was named for us at Kew as the *Blechnum volubile*; it was of a magnificent dark and shining green, and, with the vigour of the strongest hop-plant, it had twined round a sapling to an equal height. But the place was inexhaustible; forest above, forest below, and forest all round us, some hotter and some wetter, afforded a variety of vegetation that, without going two miles from home, would have supplied months of occupation to a botanist, instead of the few remaining weeks at our disposal. Under and among all this luxuriant vegetation the modern railway monster works its way, twisting and diving along steep

gradients and chilly tunnels, through regions which, until comparatively lately, have remained untouched since the foundations of the world: sometimes carried round the open side of a mountain, and sometimes plunging into darkness, to emerge again under the overhanging branches, whose parasitical progeny of fair ferns and orchids is polluted by the smoke, while the monkeys are scared by the execrable whistle of their Darwinian cousins.

Leaving the purple summit of great Tinguá to look down contemptuously upon this modern innovation on our left, we had always a delightful variety of rambles down the hills towards the west. From one of Dr. Gunning's houses a zigzag path had been cut through the deep shade of woods, and emerging upon coffee plantations with a view of the orange-groves beyond, where the rushing sound of a waterfall added a new pleasure to the senses. Cabbage-palms abounded in these woods, and were often used as a vegetable at dinner; but I confess that I did not like the idea of cutting down these graceful trees for the purpose of extracting the heart of the top shoot, the only part of it that is fit for food. At one part of the path was a huge *liana*, or rope-plant, about nine inches thick, which, in its strange passage from one tree to another, had tied itself into a circular coil, resting on the ground so that we could walk through it, as through a hoop, without stooping. Here, too, were vast quantities of ferns; and as the difference of elevation, and consequently of heat, was very great in the walks about Palmeiras, we had abundant opportunity of comparing the plants in different situations: some of them looked well at a great variety of elevations; but it was only in one of the hottest and dampest corners, far down the hill-side, that we came to a colony of the exquisitely tender and delicate *Adiantum macrophyllum*. A little below this we emerged into the blazing sun, where a party of blacks were hoeing a coffee plantation, through which we followed a very narrow path in Indian file. Happening to walk first, and keeping a good look-out for snakes, I saw something barely move, about two yards in front of me. I halted the party silently, and pointed to a little twitching snout and restless ears, which I knew belonged to an armadillo. Finding he was discovered, he amused us greatly by the sudden rush he made down the steep hill: he sprang through the air with limbs at full stretch, but before he reached the ground he appeared to be rolling himself into a ball, and, with a strange mixture of rolling and leaping, he vanished almost instantly among the long grass. Somewhat further on we killed one of the handsome coral snakes, whose bars of brilliant red certainly give them the palm of beauty over every other snake that I have ever seen, either dead or alive. The waterfall is a very fine one; and in Switzerland somebody would soon contrive to make it accessible, and charge a franc a head for having done so. As, however, it happens to be in Brazil, we had a very rough scramble along the banks of the stream which comes from it, picking our way among huge rocks in its bed, creeping under low overhanging boughs, and getting occasional glimpses of the snowy fall, which was still far above us, thundering down from the bosom of the upper woods. With this we were obliged to be content, as we could get no further.

My last walk in this lovely district was with the Doctor, who wished to show me two monstrous *Jequitibá* trees, which had been cut down for him in the heart of the forest. He had never seen the place himself, or I think

he might have hesitated; but he had heard afar off the crash of their fall, and he knew they were of no ordinary size. We were conducted by a jet-black negro, with a huge axe, who declared the spot to be only half an hour distant. He plunged into the forest at a fast pace, and we soon found it was hard work to keep him in sight. It was a very hot day, and the ground consisted of a succession of steep little hills, up which we had to pull ourselves as well as we could, by the aid of sticks and branches, entangled in creepers, and slipping among the decayed vegetation above. Under these circumstances, whenever I could get a glimpse of the black man shouting to us to follow him, he appeared to me like a fiend of darkness, urging us on to our destruction. With all the advantage of having nothing on his feet and very little on his back, he moved with the activity of a monkey, and I have seldom felt greater relief than when at length we stopped in the presence of the fallen monsters. The ruin created by their fall upon the hill-side was something to behold, and they were surrounded by such a chaos of smashed trees and branches

that it was difficult to get near them, and quite impossible to measure their length. They were real giants, and by far the largest trees that I have seen cut down. Dr. Gunning did not know what sort of a place they were in, and when he reflected that he had ordered them to be cut up for planks, I think his mind misgave him as to the possibility of extracting them from their present situation. We went back rather more leisurely, and had to devote the remainder of the day to the miseries of packing. It was a hard thing to leave a place where we had spent such a delightful fortnight, and hard to say good-bye to such kind and hospitable friends; but next morning the train took us away from our beloved hills, and deposited us in the hot and noisy bustle of Rio de Janeiro. A few days later, we were on board the *La Plata*, homeward-bound, and had plenty of time to reflect upon the happy, independent life and the glorious scenes with which a few months had made us acquainted. For myself I can but hope to see them yet again; and the best wish I can offer to my readers is that they may be enabled to go and do likewise.

A Trip up the Trombetas.—III.

A TRIBUTARY OF THE TROMBETAS.

FROM the directions given us by the Indians we had no difficulty in finding the branch stream, though but for these we might easily have passed without seeing it, as we had done while ascending. Its mouth was beset with an archipelago of islets, all wooded to the water's edge; and could only be entered by a track of tortuous navigation between them.

We entered it at length, and continued on up a channel that, though narrower than the Trombetas itself, was nevertheless deep, with a fast-flowing current, and carrying down a large body of water. On both shores the timber stood thick, showing an impenetrable wall of vegetation that hindered us from having a view, not only of the horizon, but more than half of the sky's concave. Only a band of the blue firmament, not ninety degrees in breadth, was visible overhead. To right and left a green curtain hung like a gigantic trellis, covered with trailing and verdant vines. Even the tree-trunks that supported it were not observable, the foliage of the air-plants and parasites shrouding them, branch and bough, as completely as if a vast blanket of baize had been flung over the forest.

Between the two grand arboreal embankments—for such they were in reality—we passed on, the cuberta impelled by oars. There was not a breeze sufficient to have filled her sail, even had it blown in the right direction. But the course of the stream continually changing, it would have been idle to spread canvas, and we did not think of attempting it.

We made fair way with our oars, our crew of Tapuyos being all of them good rowers. Still we did not reach the Zummate village, as we had hoped, before darkness came on, and, choosing a *praya*, or sandbank, that furnished us with a landing-place for the cuberta, we made mooring for the night, and removed our sleeping traps out of the boat, with the design of worshipping Somnus ashore.

We paid our devotions to the drowsy god, most of us in vain. For my part, I cannot remember having passed a more uncomfortable night. I was restless and sleepless. I was stung by *sancudos*, tickled by *jejens*, crawled over by erratic crabs, bitten by *scolopendra*, and threatened by blood-sucking bats, to say nothing of the horror inspired by the lugubrious growling of *guaribas*, the purr of prowling pumas, answered by the cry of the jaguars, far more to be feared by the Amazonian traveller, whether he be swinging in a hammock or lying along the earth.

A PRIMEVAL FOREST.

That night few of our party slept. Even Pluto, my negro valet, lay awake—a man at other times most difficult to restrain from slumbering. We were in a weird spot, a district where Nature held sway, undisturbed by the intrusions of man, or only at rare intervals. As proof of this the wild creatures around us were not shy, nor did they appear affrighted by our presence. The birds flew close to our faces, and the monkeys ran out to the extremities of the branches almost within hand reach. They gazed at us, chattering as if in their gibbering they spoke anger as well as astonishment at our intrusion upon their domain. It was only after our Tapuyos had shot two of their number and commenced skinning, to cook them for our breakfast, that the creatures took thought of danger and scampered off out of sight.

A SINGULAR COMBAT.

While engaged in our semi-cannibal repast, we were witnesses of a scene rarely observed, even by travellers on the Amazon. It was a combat between two quadrupeds, in habits altogether unlike, and with strength and combative powers so apparently unequal, that it has been doubted whether one of them, supposed the weaker, could at all maintain a struggle with the other and stronger.

The quadrupeds in question were a jaguar and an ant-eater; the large species called "tamandua nassu" (*Myrmecophaga jubata*). The long-snouted toothless creature had crept out from among the trees and was going towards the river as if to take a bath, or, perhaps, only to quench its thirst. It had entered upon the sandy praya that skirted the edge of the stream, when a jaguar—no doubt the same we had heard giving tongue during the night—sprang out from some bushes, and, with a bound, launched itself upon the ant-eater. All at once the tamandua seemed capsized, as if the impetus of the concussion had sent it rolling over upon its back. We soon saw, however, that this was its attitude of defence, and that, instead of tamely submitting to be torn to pieces, it was giving combat to its spotted assailant, the two seemingly locked like bulldogs in deadly embrace. What with their quick movements and the dust thrown up by the struggle, we

yet unharmed, but the Tapuyos running up, hammered it over the head with their oar-blades till it, too, lay lifeless along the sward—still holding its dead antagonist in its clutch.

On examining the two, we saw that the long curving talons of the tamandua were buried in the jaguar's flesh, one of them having penetrated between two ribs, making a hole from which the red blood was running freely. We regretted that Pluto had not permitted the contest to continue to its natural end, so that we might have obtained ocular evidence of a fact, about the truth of which our Tapuyos were quite convinced, that the anteater would have destroyed its antagonist had they been left to finish their fight without interruption. It would seem altogether impossible that a creature without a tooth in its head, and otherwise so apparently defenceless, could withstand the attack of such a well-armed and powerful animal as the jaguar—the true monarch, or tyrant, of the



ZUMMATE INDIANS.

could not clearly make out how they fought. The bushy tail of the tamandua went switching about, while the long, even appendage of the feline was seen to vibrate and cut the air in circles, whipping the bushes behind till the leaves rattled as if they had been hit with a switch.

How the strange fight would have terminated had the combatants been left to themselves, it is difficult to decide. Unfortunately we had no opportunity of judging, Pluto having robbed us of this, besides spoiling our sport. The negro chanced at the time to be standing by with a loaded gun in his hand, which he unthinkingly discharged at the fighting quadrupeds without hitting either. The report, however, made the jaguar aware of the proximity of an enemy more dreaded than its worthless antagonist, and giving up the contest, it attempted to retreat into the bush. To our surprise, the ant-eater went along with it, and we now saw that the latter had its huge thick legs closed around the body of the jaguar, apparently holding it in a hug. By this time Senhor N—— and I had got our guns to the level, and, both firing at the same instant, a brace of bullets was lodged in the body of the great cat, dropping it dead upon the spot. The ant-eater was

South American forest. However, the Indians of the Amazon are unanimous in asserting that the edentate animal successfully defends itself against the jaguar, the conflict sometimes terminating in the death of both. Certainly the progress which our tamandua had made gave evidence that this, or something like it, would have been the upshot, had Pluto not interfered.

CANOES UNDER "TABOO."

Leaving our night-camp, we re-embarked, and continued up-stream, looking out for the Zummate village. On our way we saw several canoes moored by the river's edge, and tied by *sipós* to the overhanging branches of trees. They were empty, and apparently ownerless. They were not so, for each had a piece of bark attached to the *sipó* cable, upon which was a device, rudely carved, representing a *totem*, or coat-of-arms, thus proclaiming that the craft was private property, and not to be touched by any one except him to whom it belonged.

Our guides informed us that a canoe thus *tabooed* is safe against being stolen or taken away, even though it be the belonging of an enemy!

On the morning of the third day we came opposite a praya,

where a large number of canoes were laid up against the shore. Conjecturing this to be the port of the Zummate village, we landed, and made fast our *cuberta* among the fleet of *montarias*.

We were not left long in doubt. While still in the act of disembarking we were surrounded by a crowd of aborigines, whom we at once recognised as the Indians we were in search of. They were of both sexes and every age, having the same characteristics and similar costumes to the tribe we had encountered on the Trombetas.

They received us in a friendly manner, and at once conducted us to their village, which stood about a mile back from the landing port.

apparently the belles of the village. But, to my astonishment, there was not a rag of clothing—not so much as a stitch—on any one of them. Instead, their bodies were painted in patterns of many kinds and colours—blue, red, yellow, and white—making a mosaic that resembled a piece of encaustic tile-work. The only thing in the shape of garment was a short kilt of coloured grass bound around their waists, and dropping to mid-thigh; while in their jetty black hair, confined with a huge circular comb, appeared a profusion of flowers, many of them orchids that would have commanded a fabulous price in London. As they stood before me, with their smiling faces and white teeth gleaming between soft coral lips, I thought I



CONFLICT BETWEEN THE JAGUAR AND ANT-EATER.

THE ZUMMATES AT HOME.

The scene presented in this remote spot—the picturesqueness both of the palm-thatched huts and the costumes of those who inhabited them, rekindled all my old artist instincts; and I determined on making a sketch of the Zummate town, and taking some portraits of this singular people.

The men stood freely, though not without evident signs of fear. But when it came to making subjects of the fair sex, they ran off helter-skelter, screaming with affright.

PORTRAITS IN "FULL DRESS."

When morning came the chief made his call, telling me that the girls had consented to have their likenesses taken. He said they were *dressing*, and would soon be ready.

Shortly after, a string of damsels made their appearance in front of the chief's *toldo*. They were all young girls, and

had never looked upon a tableau more expressive of simple innocence. Their behaviour was of the most modest kind, and the meagre sketch I was enabled to make of them but poorly conveyed the impression produced on myself. When it was all over they gazed upon it with wondering eyes, laughing all the while, and, to my surprise, easily recognising each of the fair-figures I had so rudely represented.

We left the Zummate village, furnished with fresh guides for the further prosecution of our journey.

AFOOT THROUGH THE FOREST.

After three more days of river navigation, we reached a series of rapids, over which the *cuberta* could not be taken; so we were at length obliged to abandon it, and take to the forest afoot. Then in reality our troubles commenced. Hitherto, we were comparatively well off; the boat enabling

us to take along all that we needed for encamping in comfort. Now we had to carry everything packed upon our shoulders.

Dividing our *impedimenta*, and appointing to each his load, we commenced making our way through the mazy network of tree-trunks and trellis-like climbers. Our *Zummate* guides professed to be following a path; though to the eyes of Senhor N— and myself there was not the slightest sign of one. A path through an Amazonian forest is where the Indian has hewn out a track with his *machete*, just wide enough to permit the passage of a man's body, often squeezing it between tree-trunks, or branches beset with sharp dangerous thorns. This, in a few months, or even weeks, from the quick-growing exuberant vegetation, becomes choked up again; requiring to be freshly hewn. The traveller glides along it, under the shadow of trees that, loaded with air-plants and parasites, spread a pall over his head, impenetrable to the rays of the sun. Now walking erect, now stooping under some stout limb, which the *machete* had not touched, we passed between the huge trunks of gigantic *Cesalpinia*, *Melastomas*, and *Lezyths*, whose tops were lost to view amid the chaotic foliage of the climbers they supported.

Now and then we came upon tracts of forest where the webs of spiders were so thickly interwoven with the branches, as to appear like strips of unbleached linen cloth extended from tree to tree, or the nets of fishermen hung out to dry. Sometimes these cerements were so strong and tenacious, as to require an effort of strength to break through them. We could well believe in birds being caught in these nets, for even a strong-winged bird, once entangled in them, would find it difficult to disengage itself.

THE BIRD-KILLING SPIDER.

We had ocular evidence while traversing the forest track of that singular fact in natural history first made known, if I mistake not, by the graceful pen of Madame de Merian, in her letters from the Dutch colony of Surinam. I allude to the killing of birds by the large spider, or tarantula, termed *Mygale*. The idea was doubted by book critics and scouted by closet naturalists, until Bates confirmed it as a fact—having himself actually witnessed the spectacle, and caught the bird-killing spider at its bloody work. We were not so fortunate as to see this, though we repeatedly saw the hirsute monster crawling among the branches, and twice came upon the dead bodies of birds, apparently depleted of their blood, which our guides assured us had been killed by the tarantulas. Strange to say, in our passage through the forest, we were often in trouble for something to sit down upon and rest our weary limbs. There was neither log nor stone, nor even a projecting tree-root. In this respect the tropical forest often differs from that of the temperate zone; where the fallen tree is found everywhere, offering a natural bench—a seat of the most comfortable kind. In the tropics the tree is braced up and supported by its parasites, just as a ship's masts by the stays and rigging; and although the said parasites often kill the tree, yet do they keep it from falling, until rotting in the warm humid atmosphere, it wastes away, and gradually smoulders into the dust whence it came. The roots, too, that otherwise project above the surface, get so covered up with leaves, and the constant accumulation of vegetable matter, that they offer no seat for the fatigued traveller.

Fire cannot devastate these forests of the Amazon Valley,

as it does those of the Mississippi. It can make no progress under these shades, and amid their perpetual dampness. Rain, too, must be heavy, to be perceptible underneath their thick foliage. A mere shower expends itself before reaching the ground, being caught on the canopy of epiphytes, and there arrested, only a few drops trickling down to the earth. The winds of heaven shake only the top branches of the highest trees; and there alone, amid the dense foliage, dwell the few forest denizens, the parrots, macaws, and monkeys. All underneath resembles the interior of a cavern inhabited by bats, moths, and spiders—and alas, also, by biting mosquitoes.

TROUBLES OF FOREST TRAVEL.

For more than a week we made our way through this sort of forest, tramping on in Indian file, in most places having to cut a path with the *machete*; at night encamping between two great fires, always hearing the howl of the bearded monkeys, always fighting with mosquitoes, or scraping the ticks from our skins; which last, if left to themselves, would have buried their heads in our flesh and caused sores troublesome to heal, and painful to bear. We did not make more than ten or twelve miles in each day's journey. We were impeded, not only by the *lianas* that required cutting out of our way, but by the nature of the ground, which being densely embedded with leaves, made it like walking through a farmyard thickly strewn with straw, or across a hay-meadow with the grass freshly cut. In the moist tropical forest, there is no fire to destroy the dead leaves, no wind to sweep them off, no rain to flatten and pack them down, they remain loosely *en masse*, rising up to the knees of the pedestrian, checking his onward progress.

DANGERS FROM FALLING FRUIT.

In traversing these primeval forests of Amazonia, one of the dangers to which the traveller is exposed is the having his skull crushed in, by the falling of some huge nut or fruit with hardened shell.

This is especially the case when passing under the trees that yield the Brazil nuts (*Bertholletia excelsa*); which are forest trees of first magnitude and very tall, rising to the height of a hundred and fifty feet. The huge pericarp, resembling a cocoa-nut with the fibre stripped off, when full of the heavy seeds is quite a ponderous affair; and when ripe drops to the earth with a thud that can be heard far off through the forest. They who make it their business to collect these nuts, before going under the *Bertholletia*, take the precaution to cover their heads with thick wooden caps like firemen's hats or the head-plates of ancient armour. Whenever we approached a grove of these trees our guides gave them a wide berth, warning us to do the same. We learned from them that the monkeys practice similar caution, proving a reasoning power on the part of the quadrumanous that should go some way towards establishing the Darwinian theory.

Another strange circumstance asserted by our guides is, that the monkeys, fond of the Brazil nuts, but unable to get at the kernels through the thick hard shells, lie in wait and watch the latter being gnawed open by animals of the order *Rodentia*—the genus *Calogenys* and others—then rushing up, rob the latter of their hard-earned repast. The great kindred tree, called *sapuaia* (*Lezythia alvarea*) sheds its seeds before the fruit falls, the top of the pericarp, when ripe, opening like a lid, and spilling out the contents. The shell remains attached

to the branches—in time also to drop—strewing the ground underneath with cups, to which the natives give the name of “monkey-pots,” while the tree itself is called the “monkey-pot tree.” The fruit falling amidst these forests sinks and becomes buried under the thick stratum of leaves where, to birds and most quadrupeds, it is lost.

THE WILD SWINE OF AMERICA.

There is one animal that can still discover, and draw it forth from its leafy bed. This is the peccary, or wild pig (*Dicotyles*), the only animal of the swinish order indigenous to America. In the Amazonian region occur the two species, the “white-lipped” and “collared” (*Dicotyles torquatus* and *collaris*). Of the latter we saw several large droves of four or five hundred each; though our guides assured us that as many thousands often go together. They range the forest just like ordinary hogs when let free on a foraging expedition, tossing up the leaves and sticks, and “rooting” in a similar manner. When searching for nuts, the little creatures often bury themselves under the fallen foliage, until their presence is only known by the movement of the loosened leaves, or an occasional grunt uttered by one or another. But while thus occupied they are not forgetful of the dangers to which they expose themselves. The puma, or still more dreaded jaguar, might take advantage of them at such a time; and to guard against being surprised by these formidable *felids*, some of their number are always kept stationed as sentries upon the outskirts of the drove, if necessary, to give the alarm, which they do with a sharp squeaking sound, understood as the signal of danger.

When in close phalanx, and prepared for defence, the fierce fearless jaguar is disinclined to attack them; and, unless separated, the little creatures are pretty safe from being molested by any species of predatory animal. Even man will pass them by without making onslaught upon them, unless he sees that they are not in great strength of numbers, and disposed to resist hostile intrusion; which at certain seasons they are, at others not. The time when they are most dangerous to approach is when they have their young along with them, or at the rutting season, when the boars are fiercely combative. When provoked, they will follow the party that has provoked them with an anger that appears implacable. This is a sure result when they have been shot at, and any of their number killed or wounded. The fact has been often stated, and its truth is often questioned, by some naturalists. For all that, it is true; as we had reason to observe during our expedition upon the Trombetas.

A PURSUIT BY PECCARIES.

On one occasion, having surprised a large drove, we fired some shots into their midst, killing one and wounding two or three others, the wounded making a *fracas* that soon compacted the whole drove around them, where they stood defiant and threatening. Observing their attitude, our guides counselled retreat; and we continued our journey without making any attempt to retrieve the game we had shot. We kept on rapidly, as by good fortune a tract of open forest permitted us, otherwise we might have had difficulty in getting off from the enraged enemy. As it was, we had not gone far, when one of the Indian hunters, who had hung behind, came rushing up, and in a few hurried words, delivered in a tone telling of alarm, made us acquainted with the fact that the *tai-assu* were after us. He added that we were in great danger, and had no chance of

avoiding an attack from the infuriated creatures, unless by climbing up into the trees, or getting across a stream, which he knew to be nearly a mile ahead. By taking to the trees we might be detained for hours—even a day or two—as the enraged peccaries would be sure to lay siege to us, and maintain it for an indefinite period of time.

The idea of being thus delayed was not to be entertained for a moment, and we decided on continuing our retreat, in hope of putting the stream between us and our porcine pursuers. The Indians assured us that, however enraged, the little brutes would not attempt to follow us across it, as although on an emergency they can swim, they nevertheless have the greatest aversion to water.

Thus counselled, we kept on, the Indian hunter staying behind, as he and his comrades assured us, to keep the animals back and at bay. This he professed his ability to do by some charm of which he was master, though without imparting the secret. He simply told us that it was the same as is practised by the jaguar, when this grand feline, safely ensconced in the overhanging branch of a tree, wishes to draw the peccaries within reach of his powerful paws.

Whether all this was pretence on the part of the Indians—a people whose instincts give them delight in mystification, coupled with a pride in showing their woodcraft—we could not say. Certain it was, that the Zummate lagged behind; and that after our party had reached the stream, and succeeded in crossing it, we saw him come on dancing backwards in the most fantastic manner, giving tongue to what appeared a wild chant or incantation; while some two or three hundred yards beyond we could perceive the peccaries, advancing in a solid phalanx, grating their tusks, foaming at the jaws, and apparently determined on a hostile encounter.

On reaching the river's bank, which meanwhile we had all of us forded, the Indian sprang into it and crossed to our side. He had scarce entered the water, when the infuriated animals rushed up to its edge, and stood in a compact body, so closely wedged together as to appear only a mass of dark, hirsute forms, their snouts turned upwards. We could hear their growls and sharp squeaking, and see their little eyes, bloodshot with rage, while the white froth flew up from their jowls. Not until then did we fully appreciate the peril from which we had escaped. Nor would we have felt certain of having escaped it but for the words spoken by our Indian guides, who assured us of our safety, declaring that the water between was a defence to be relied on safe as a wall of fire. Thus fortified, Senhor N—— and I had grasped our guns, and were about to commence a fusillade on the wild pigs, resolved to pay them off for the scare they had given us.

THE SARABATÁNA.

Our vengeance was averted by an impulse of curiosity. We saw that our Indians were getting ready their *sarabatánas* to commit a similar slaughter, and, desirous of witnessing the effect of this singular South American weapon, both of us dropped our gun-butt to the ground.

The Zummates were not slow in giving us an exhibition of their skill. In a trice their long tubes were levelled, and with the little poisoned arrows pushed into their lower ends. Then their lips were placed in juxtaposition, their cheeks swollen out like street musicians blowing on the trombone, after which came a “whiff,” and the barb was spent. Almost simul-

taneously on the other side of the stream there was commotion among the peccaries, and we saw that several of their number had fallen, and were struggling in the agonies of death. We saw also, strange to say, that their comrades, instead of sympathising with the fallen, turned towards and attacked them, tearing them with their teeth as though they had been their bitterest enemies. What naturalist is able to explain this?

The Indians continued their blow-gun "fire," inserting arrow after arrow into their zarabatdnas till their bamboo quivers were spent. Then several scores of peccaries were prostrate on the opposite side of the stream, some apparently quite dead, others kicking and struggling in the throes of departing life.

Senhor N—— and I could hold back no longer. Both together levelled our guns and opened fire upon the distracted drove, that now for the first time showed fear and gave signs of retreating. No doubt they were alarmed by the reports of our firearms, to them an unusual sound, for, after a few discharges, they ceased their angry grunting and, turning tail, scampered off into the forest, where they were soon lost to our view.

Recrossing the stream to collect the slaughtered game, we encamped for the night, making an ample supper on peccary pork chops, that, so far as I was concerned, did not cause me a very dreadful dream.



"BURGHERS" OF CEYLON.



MOORS—CLOTH VENDORS.

Four Months in Ceylon.—I.

THE POSITION OF THE ISLAND—APPEARANCE FROM THE SEA—"SPICY BREEZES"—A DREADFUL ACCIDENT AVERTED—POINT DE GALLE HARBOUR—ATTEMPT AT EXTORTION—HOTELS—THE ARMENIAN MILLIONAIRE—THE JEALOUS JEW AND HIS PRETTY WIFE—THE FORT, AND ITS BUILDINGS—PRECIOUS STONES—JEWELLERS—THE SUBURBS—THE STORY OF "PRINCE."

THE position of the Island of Ceylon is such that it must always be a place of considerable traffic and commerce. It lies right in the centre of the highway of communication between Eastern India, the Malayan Peninsula, the East Indian Archipelago, and China with Arabia, the Persian Gulf, and the Mediterranean. Even as regards Australia and England Ceylon occupies a position where mail steamers must touch. Situated thus, at the head of the great Indian Peninsula, in the centre of the Indian Ocean, with rich trading countries on every hand, it has been

marked out by Nature itself for commercial importance; and when to this unrivalled position in the East, it contributes several valuable productions of its own, as coffee, pearls, precious stones, and elephants, we can understand why Ceylon must have been known and celebrated as Seilan and Serendib from very early times. Serendib is resolvable into *Seren* and *dib*, the former being clearly the *Seilan* (as *l* and *r* are interchangeable), and the latter being the Sanscrit word *dvip*, which means "island." The old Hindu name is *Singhala dwip* (the island of lions), and it is from a combination of these two words that the names Serendib and Seilan were derived. Indeed, in early Hindoo fable, Ceylon holds a high importance, being the seat of Rama's celebrated Trojan Epic War. I am not, however, writing a history of the island, and must pass by these incidental matters; as also the discussion of the question whether Ceylon

is rightly to be regarded as the *Taprobane* of the ancients. Suffice it to say, that after a full, thorough, and sifting investigation, I am inclined to believe the identity of *Taprobane* with Ceylon to be a mistake. There has been a generally-received opinion with regard to the identity of these, just as "Ophir" was placed up till lately somewhere in Africa, or Arabia—anywhere, in short, but where it should be. The Tipperah, or Tipporah country, to the east of Bengal, at the head of the Bay of Bengal, I am inclined to regard as the *Taprobane* of the ancient geographers.

It was on a bright sunny day that we sighted the island, as we steamed down the Bay of Bengal. For an entire day it lay to our right—a kingdom, as it were, floating on the bosom of the ocean. The outline was clear and well defined against the

towards the ship, I could not perceive the slightest trace of any "spicy odour" at all. Here I may observe that my scent is very keen, and I may also remark that I have had no "fragrant gales wafted" to me from "Araby the blest," when sailing along the Arabian coast. But the idea of "odorous gales" is not altogether a delusion, though the locality has been misplaced. When sailing along the northern coasts of Sumatra, and along other very much smaller islands of the East Indian Archipelago, I have had sweet odours of spices and gums wafted to me, even at a distance of sixty miles out at sea, of which I had not only to take notice, but positively enjoyed. On one occasion, we remember getting this "spicy gale" when even out of sight of land.

We came opposite to Galle harbour late at night, and as



WOMEN OF CEYLON.



CEYLONASE OF THE COAST.

horizon, by far the greater part of the northern half of the island, as well as much of the south, being but a little raised above the level of the surrounding waters, while the centre of the island, being the regions about Kandy and Adam's Peak, rose up to a considerable elevation. Adam's Peak, especially, being a perfect cone, and nearly 7,000 feet high, showed remarkably well in grand solitude. So far as I could discern by the aid of a glass, every corner of the island was green with vegetation. In this respect it presents a great contrast to the bare coasts of Eastern India, and approaches more nearly the Malayan type, and what we see on the western or Malabar coast of the Indian Peninsula. Cocoa-nut trees, in a dense and bright green fringe, lined the shore all along. Bishop Heber has immortalised Ceylon by describing it as "wafting spicy odours," just as another equally imaginative poet has referred to the "odorous gales of Araby the blest." I thought of Bishop Heber's lines, when we sighted Ceylon, but though I sniffed up the gale as hard as I could, and it was the period of the south-west monsoon when the "spicy odours," had there been any, would have blown directly

pilots could not be had at that hour, we were obliged to turn the head of the steamer due south out into the Indian Ocean; but before we altered our course, a most dreadful accident was averted. The watch had been set, the decks were quite silent and deserted, and only the commander and myself were on the poop having our last few words with each other before "turning in." He was leaning against the bulwark talking with me, when he suddenly turned towards the head of the ship, and exclaimed in one instant, "What is that?"—turned round again, rushed up to the wheel in another instant, shouting out the one word, "Pori!" with an energy which meant that the course of the steamer was to be at once altered to right angles with her former track, and which caused me to start up from my drowsy state and inquire, "What on earth is the matter?" Immediately after, a magnificent large ship passed along our side so close that we could almost jump from one vessel into the other! We were going at the rate of ten knots an hour, and the ship was crossing our bows; and we should infallibly have cut her in two and gone over her in an instant, leaving

probably not a survivor or a wreck behind, but for our commander having chanced to incline his head a little forward. It seems, however, that our vessel was fated to run down some other ship; for a year or two after, I read of her running over and cutting in two a large ship or steamer in the Red Sea. The steamer was American, though I believe British built, but the commander was acquitted from blame. He was a most gentlemanly person.

During the night we had run out into the Indian Ocean, and turned in again towards land. Early in the morning we were off Point de Galle, and could discern a number of pilots ready to board us. One soon came on board, and piloted us through the eastern channel into the harbour. The harbour is not large, but is more an open bay, the western half of its entrance being covered with low rocks which disappear towards the eastern half, leaving a channel to come in by. Some of the rocks towards the eastern extremity of the line are dangerously low, and some quite covered with water, so that sometimes accidents have happened. It is not very long since that a fine mail steamer, belonging to the Peninsular and Oriental line, in getting out of harbour late in the evening, managed to run upon a rock and sink. There are not sufficient grounds for thinking that Galle, as a harbour, is not of very modern date. The Dutch raised it to importance by erecting a fort, and the exigencies of mail steamers have continued it. It cannot compare with Malacca in antiquity.

As we anchored, there was a busy scene all round us on the glistening waves, and soon after on board. Hundreds of canoes and shells of various descriptions, some exceedingly tiny, containing only one man, and others larger, with two and even four men, were moving about in every direction. Some were fishing, some carrying pilots, some were ready to land passengers or discharge cargo, and some brought off provisions or dealers in miscellaneous stores. After a sea voyage the boat that brings off provisions, usually termed the bumboat, presents the most tempting appearance. Large sirloins and rounds of beef, legs and quarters of mutton, geese, ducks, and poultry, baskets full of eggs, piles of bread and butter, tempting golden oranges and bananas, loads of green cocoa-nuts, greens, and vegetables, all looking so fresh and clean, at once serve to fix the attention. Among the dealers in miscellaneous goods are those who bring rich silk-flowered dresses, cigars, and tobacco, and, most prominent of all, scores of peddling jewellers. Those last at once board the ill-fated vessel, and, spreading all over it with wonderful rapidity, in a minute after may be seen displaying their glittering wares. Wherever you may turn you see nothing else for sale but rubies, garnets, sapphires, pearls, and gold. Most of these, we need hardly say, are false, and unwary travellers are very often taken in, and pay high prices for mere bits of glass. There was a perfect Babel of confusion on board. The donkey-engines were going, cargoes were being discharged and taken in, passengers were getting out their luggage, chapmen and hawkers were displaying their wares, and nearly a hundred men shouting, or bawling, or talking, or laughing within a confined area.

I was glad, therefore, to escape out of this scene of confusion into a boat to carry me ashore. At the west end of the harbour there is a little creek, quite sheltered, and there I got down, and had my first experience of Cingalese natives, not that those of Egypt or Italy are any better. I was asked to pay just five times what appeared to me reasonable,

and I stoutly declined to do so. The Custom-house people were referred to, and they confirmed the boatmen's account; but as the Customs' authorities were natives, I marched off, telling the boatmen to take what they wanted after a process in court. Well, I was followed by these men, making a great noise along every street I passed, till I reached my hotel. Here, after bawling for another half an hour, and seeing it was not of the slightest use to bother me, they gladly took what had been offered to them at first, and left me in peace.

Galle is famous for its hotels and its jewellers. In a small and narrow fort there are more than a dozen hotels, and most of them make a thriving business of it. There are steamers with whole batch-loads of passengers to England and France and all the countries of Europe, to China, Calcutta, Singapore, and the East Indian Archipelago, to Bombay, Madras, and all the ports of Australia, touching here almost every day, and the passengers are only too glad to vary their monotonous existence out at sea by a day or two on land. Then the hotels have not only different names, as the "Oriental" (the largest), "Sea-View," Loret's, &c., but each has its separate reputation. One is famous for its oysters, another for its fine billiard rooms, another for its commanding a view of the sea, another for its widow landlady's pretty daughter, and so on. Some, like the "Oriental," can accommodate scores, others are very small, and can accommodate only eight or ten. They are kept by all classes and nationalities. The "Oriental" is owned by a body of European proprietors in England and elsewhere. Others are kept by English ladies, by Jews, and by "burghers," a term which we shall presently explain. Servants in the East are nearly always males, except when they are especially set apart for ladies. The Cingalese servants are generally natives, sometimes Portuguese and "burghers." They are all very intelligent, talk English pretty fluently, and are not more knavish than their brethren in Calcutta or Bombay. I got down at an hotel kept by a Jew, and as I was ailing, as a special case, had one of the finest rooms adjoining the private family apartments of the hotel-keeper, a tall, lanky, hook-nosed, and rather suspicious-looking fellow. The *table d'hôte* had a regular medley of passengers. Some were only for a day, some for a few days, and others, like myself, for an indefinite period. There were ladies and gentlemen, and youths and children. There were Germans, Spaniards, Japanese (ambassadors), Greeks, Dutchmen, Americans, Frenchmen, and Englishmen. Some were generals, others were cornets; some high up in the Indian Civil Service; there were merchants, adventurers, and even a Member of Parliament. Some aired their ideas of the fine arts, others their ideas about Galle, others the price of cotton, while the Member of Parliament, who was going out to visit some estates in Australia, with a view to future use, secured me to himself, and learnt as much as he could of the Himalayan countries, Cashmere, and Upper Tibet. On the whole, life in one of the Galle hotels is eminently suggestive and instructive, and the time is very pleasantly passed. One day I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw an old Armenian whom I had known in Upper India sitting in a room, chaffering with the everlasting peddling jeweller about the price of a plain gold ring. The Armenians are not an active travelling class; but I learnt that this gentleman had just arrived, and was on his way to England to see some children of his who were being educated there. The Armenians are Asiatics, but have taken very kindly to the

English rule. They were severely oppressed by the Moslem rulers. They are fair in complexion, and Christians, and have of late years discarded the Asiatic style of dress and living, and followed English customs. At present it is difficult to distinguish them from Greek and other Eastern Europeans; and they have also begun to Anglicise their former uncouth names. In India they are ranked with Europeans, though with as much fairness as would be a Parsee. I knew this old gentleman to be a wealthy man, but he haggled over the price of the ring, which was only a few shillings, and actually in my hearing told the pedlar that "he was a very poor man!" Such are Asiatics, however much they may be disguised by English names, education, dress, &c.

My rooms being near the hotel-keeper's family apartments, I often came in contact with his wife, a young and rather good-looking Jewess, and found her a most cheerful and kindly-disposed person. As I received several attentions from her in my weak state of health, I thought I could not do better than present her with a richly-embroidered silk dress. She looked at it with wistful and glistening eyes, but while her heart said "Yes," her lips involuntarily uttered "No." I could not understand this refusal, and on pressing her for the reason, was informed that her husband was very jealous, and that he would be very angry with her if she had such a present from any gentleman. On this I immediately sent for him, and on his coming told him that I was determined to acknowledge his wife's kindnesses by a suitable present, and that it lay on the table before him, but that his wife could not take it without his consent. He was rather taken aback at the rich present; he looked first at me as if I were a fool, next at his wife, as if suspecting her, and finally his eyes rested on the dress, as if it were too good a one to be refused. Finally, he said, "Yes, she might have it," and walked away. I mention this apparently trivial story, as the poor, young, pleasant, and pretty woman, who was also a mother of two children was, a year or two after, murdered with horrible barbarity by this same jealous fool of a Jew. I was pretty intimate with her during my stay, but she never said or did the least word of thing which could be possibly construed into infidelity by the most jealous of husbands. I do not know what became of the man after he had murdered the poor woman, but he was either hanged or transported.

The fort is a small one, erected by the Dutch during their occupation of the island. This plan of surrounding towns by forts shows clearly the state of insecurity under which the Moslem and Dutch governments in India and elsewhere laboured, and our present English-built towns, open on every side, present quite a contrast. We have proceeded even to knock down the walls of several towns and cities. The Galle fort mounts a few guns, but is of very little use, and could be shelled and taken by a European force very quickly. The town of Galle has sprung up inside the fort. There are numerous roads, well laid out, with plenty of shady trees. Shops, hotels, commercial offices, and dwelling-houses line the streets, which present a neat and clean appearance. The dwelling-houses, built after the old Dutch style, are very neat and cosy. There are no fine or grand buildings here as in Bombay or Calcutta. The largest appears to be the "Queen's house," an open place maintained for high officials, and other state purposes. The finest walk, or the Mall, of Galle, is the road that runs along the sea-wall of the fort. Here you may meet every evening

with numbers of European ladies, children, and gentlemen, taking a pleasant walk, with the ocean beating below their feet. The lighthouse is situated at an angle of the fort, near the entrance to the harbour, on the ledge of rocks which we have previously described. A good view of the adjoining country, and of the sea, can be had from its top, and visitors sometimes take the trouble to go up there.

Ceylon is celebrated for its precious stones, and here at Galle they may be seen in every variety. Of course, in a place so full of jewellers, every variety of stone, including such as are not found in the island, may be procured. Of those, however, that are found in Ceylon, the following are the principal:—diamonds, rubies, sapphires, topazes, amethysts, cat's-eyes, and the moonstone. The diamonds are not of the highly valuable kind known to commerce, but inferior varieties, having either a brownish or rose tinge. They are distinguished by the name of "Ceylon diamonds." Rubies are abundant, but generally of a small size. The largest and finest we saw in Ceylon was an oval, half an inch the longest side; it was a perfect beauty. Very often they are inferior in water and brilliancy, and full of flaws. Sapphires are the most abundant, and of the most lovely and sparkling blue; they vary, of course, in colour. The prices asked for them here are considerably less than what they cost in India or Europe. The finest and largest sapphire we saw was nearly as large as a small pigeon's egg, for which the owner asked £2,000. Both this stone and the ruby mentioned above belonged to one and the same person—a leading jeweller of Galle. There are also white sapphires, with a very delicate and chaste lustre; but they are very rare, and little sought after. Topazes are common, and sold for quite low prices, as also are amethysts, which may be procured in great abundance. The finest specimens of both topazes and amethysts are very rare, and command exceptional prices. The cat's-eye is rather a dear stone, especially when it is a fine specimen. Moonstone is a common and cheap stone, with a peculiar, chaste, pearly lustre. There are also any quantities of the cheaper kinds of stones, such as garnets, red and brown, goldstone, and the like. Ceylon carries on a large traffic in precious stones with the outside world, exporting bagfuls of sapphires, rubies, amethysts, &c., to London, Paris, Burmah, and other countries. The cutting and polishing of the stones are done by native artists. The mines are declared to be inexhaustible, and are worked by the usual class of native adventurers. These part with the stones in a rough state for mere trifles, compared to the prices subsequently asked by the jewellers. For stones not found in the island high prices are given by the natives. I found that turquoise stones, which I had purchased for ten shillings each in Upper Thibet, were valued here at £4 each! I made this discovery too late to be of any use. The same, I regret to say, was the case at a previous period of my Eastern travels, when I found that a fine specimen of a coral bead, which cost only £2 in the Calcutta market, would fetch just £20 in Turkestan! It must have been in some such way that Oriental and early Jews and Armenians acquired their riches.

Ceylon, thus, being a famous place for precious stones, and Point de Galle presenting the best field for disposing of them to ignorant, unwary, or unsuspicious travellers, it may be imagined that it is full of jewellers, and those of all ranks and classes. We have already stated how the peddling jewellers board a steamer almost before she has anchored. The nuisance

is continued on shore. Pedlars abound, hawking rings set with true and false stones. They occupy the streets, and make hotels a market-place. The more respectable jewellers have their shops and show-rooms, and there is hardly one that has not some visitors at all hours of the day. How the jewellers themselves can stand the fatigue is inconceivable. From long and daily—nay, hourly—practice they have all, from the richest to the poorest, become experts in inducing passengers, who always have a few pounds to throw away, to pay the highest figures for the least valuable specimens. The first three or four days the jeweller nuisance is quite a plague. "Even if master will not buy anything, will master please to see?" But if "master" declines even that, the box is at once opened and flaunted in his face, and he must either see, or make a precipitate retreat to his bedroom. It is only after you have been there some time, and given everyone distinctly to understand that you are not a passenger, but intend to stay in the country, that they give up pestering you. Common bits of glass or inferior specimens are very often palmed off at high prices.

During my stay at Galle in June, August, and September, the rains were very heavy indeed. It was raining every day, and often all the day long. The rain would come down in perfect torrents. Vegetation consequently is luxuriant, and the entire surface of the country appears robed in bright green. This adds to the charm of the suburbs of Galle. To the east of the bay or harbour there is a gentle hill, crowned with a substantial school. In a north-easterly direction from Galle runs the native town, full of filth and vice. Away to the north is another pleasant drive, leading to an eminence from which many miles of country all round may be viewed. In another direction are the famous "Cinnamon Gardens," full of luxuriant cinnamon shrubs and trees, used as a resort for picnics and open-air baths. Finally, there is the road to Colombo to the west, shaded with dense groves of the cocoa-nut palm.

While I was at Galle I managed to come into possession of the finest dog I have yet seen. One day a ship's steward came to me stating that he had a fine large dog for sale, "dirt cheap." The ship had come over from Australia, and had brought a large number of kangaroo hounds, and other good breeds of dogs, all of which had been sold, except this one. He was a giant among dogs, with a head and mane about as large as a lion's, a bull's neck, and with the strength of a bull and the ferocity of a tiger. No one would purchase him. His eyes appeared quite bloodshot even when at rest. His coat was white as snow, and as soft as silk. He was a magnificent specimen of a cross between a Newfoundland and a Scotch "collie." His barking could be heard almost a mile off; he used to make all the other dogs on board ship (and many of them were large hounds) shake through fright whenever he directed his ferocious regards to them; his strength was so great that he used to carry me on his back as a small pony would, walk off with me when leading him out as if I were of no account, walk along with a heavy weight of *ten stones* attached to the end of his chain, snap thick chains as if they were mere twine. While in my possession I have seen him chase an entire pack of hounds and other good-breed dogs, kill a dog by one bite, getting the backbone between his immense jaws and crunching it into pieces, and maintain a most successful fight against *four bull-dogs* on four sides of him. This last achievement (he had disabled two of them before they were rescued) was not in Ceylon, and we must pass it over. I, of course, wanted to see the dog, and when

the steward brought him over, I purchased him at once for the ridiculously small price of four pounds sterling, English money being current in Ceylon. I learnt afterwards that he had been transported from Australia for attacking and *killing* a man. He was so wild and ferocious when I got him, and I was so ill and confined to my couch, that it was with the greatest difficulty that I could manage him. Chains were perfectly useless, as he used to snap them with ease. I used to lock him up in the same room with myself, and in my then helpless state adopted a mode of bringing him to reason which was perfectly gentle and most successful. It consisted in having a tub of water near at hand, with a large bowl, and as soon as he was up to his tantrums, a bowl or two of cold water would go flying at his head. This novel "cold-water cure" for dogs was perfectly successful. As soon as he got the liquid element about his face, he used to come to himself and remain on his good behaviour for a while. When I had succeeded, by great and unremitting kindness, feeding, and the "cold-water cure," in attaching him to me, he used always to glance at me furtively to watch if a dash of cold water was coming on before he plunged into any mischief. When I used to take him out in my carriage, or for a walk (always securely chained), crowds of natives used to assemble to look at him, and he was often mistaken for a lion. His whole history while with me remains to be written, and I may do it for a *Dogs' Magazine* should I come across one. I have not introduced him here, however, merely for the above detached notice, which is to serve as an introduction to two most funny and ludicrous incidents which happened in two hotels where I stayed, and in which incidents "Prince" (that was his name) was the hero.

I had just got into an hotel kept by a substantially-built widow lady, when, securing "Prince" by a chain to an iron stake in the wall upon which a leaf of a door played, I locked the door, and went to breakfast. There I gave such a wonderful account of the dog that the landlady was determined to see the brute, and from the breakfast table came along with me. As soon as I unlocked the door, "Prince" determined upon making a name, and also making me pay heavy damages (I often had to pay for his damages), gave one leap forward. The chain was too stout to yield, but the iron stake, which was about a foot deep in the wall, came out, bringing the door along with it. As the door fell upon "Prince" with a tremendous force, he leaped upon the four-post bed, hung about with fine gauze curtains, brought them all down (including the posts) in an instant, then leaped upon the wash-stand and smashed all the crockery on it, before I could secure him. To describe the agony of the landlady at seeing her four-poster knocked down like nine-pins, her fine gauze curtains destroyed to a shapeless mass of rags, and her crockery all in minute fragments, besides the sudden shock she received at seeing the gigantic animal and the proof of his strength, were superfluous. She shrieked at first, and I thought she would have fainted. She managed, however, to run off, and in a couple of minutes after there came a "notice to quit" at once, with a bill for heavy damages, amounting to nearly three pounds. I paid the bill, and left at once, without even attempting to see the face of the landlady.

In the other instance, I had taken the end of a long range of rooms, where I managed to keep "Prince" quite secure, till one day, at about three p.m., I was aroused from my midday nap by hearing loud shouts of "Boy! boy!" from

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the other end of the building. There were four rooms, occupied there by as many French captains of ships, and on jumping up and rushing out, I saw all four assembled in a body on the verandah (a wide balcony) with stout sticks in their hands, at a safe distance from "Prince," retreating slowly from him, while he was measuredly walking sideways at them, with his huge tail cocked up as firm as a poker. It seems he had managed to get loose while I was asleep, and went off at once to take a survey of the building. All the four captains were in bed in their respective rooms, some reading, others variously occupied, and little expecting such a giant and unwelcome visitor. "Prince" entered the first room, the nearest, on my side, when the party in bed at once jumped up and got out of the room. Thereupon the dog got upon the bed, and tossed about the bedclothes apparently to his great satisfaction. Having done this, he walked into the other rooms, and having necessitated a change of sheets and blankets, and driven out the four occupants, appeared on the verandah to measure his strength against them. His

walking sideways towards them with his tail cocked up, their being in a body, slowly retreating, with sticks in their hands, while they were lustily bawling, "Boy! boy!" (the call for attendants), was a sight so extremely ludicrous, that I was ready to roll into fits of laughter, but that I discerned from the eye of the animal that he meant mischief, and that not a moment was to be lost. So I at once rushed off and got a bowl of water, and coming up to "Prince," dexterously dashed it full in his face, and then secured him. The entire thing, as it had happened from first to last, was so ineffably funny and ludicrous, that the captains themselves, while lamenting over the condition of their beds, could not restrain themselves from hearty laughter, in which I could not help joining. On the strength of the common danger and common deliverance they had experienced, they each had a glass of brandy and soda, and could not refrain asking me to partake with them, though they were inclined at first to resent my possessing such a big brute. The comicality of the whole thing, however, drowned any temporary soreness of feeling.

An Excursion in Dahomey.—I.

BY J. A. SKERTCHLY.

IN the autumn of 1871, while staying at Dahomey, the honoured guest of King Galeleh, I had a desire to visit the country to the northward of the capital, and accordingly, as is the custom there, I asked permission from his Majesty to make a short tour among the Mahé people, who inhabit the southern slopes of the Kong Mountains. After several days' delay, during which numerous obstacles were raised in opposition to my journey—not the least being "that the king held me so close to his heart that he could not let me go"—I obtained the desired permission; and after sundry preparations, I finally started from Abomey on Monday, September 25th, at daybreak.

The morning was cold, the thermometer being down to 68°, and a thick white mist obscured all but the nearest objects in its fleecy cloud. Every leaf was saturated with moisture, and the general aspect of the scene reminded me of a foggy November morning in England, rather than the sweltering climate of western tropical Africa. Our way lay across the square opposite the new gate of Coomassie Palace, leaving which on the right hand we entered the plantations, which are always situated just outside the native towns in Africa. The young maize, invigorated by the frequent showers of the wet season, which was just at its close, had now attained considerable height, and was putting forth its feathery blossom.

The long and slender leaves of the Guinea grass were pendulous with moisture, looking much the same as if covered with hoar frost. Above us the birds were chirruping their matins in the branches of the lofty palms, almost hidden from sight by the mist. The road was rugged and winding, being merely a footpath which had been trodden hard by the naked feet of the natives, who carry oil, wood, and water, to the market at Dahomey. We were soon completely drenched by the drops shaken from the tall grass, as we forced our way along the

confined pathway, the tops of the longer stems being several feet above our heads. Every few minutes we would hear the "tinkle, tinkle" of the Amazons' bell—that signal of warning to all of the male sex, borne by the semi-sacred female warriors of Dahomey—and then leaving the path, and reckless of thorns, holes, or snakes, we hurried pell-mell into the bush.

Our progress, owing to these frequent interruptions, was necessarily slow, and at sunrise we were only a few miles from our quarters in Abomey. When the rays of the sun became strong the mists began to ascend, and the sunshine pierced the cloudy envelope in which the earth had been shrouded during the night, we were rewarded by a scene of majestic grandeur which fully recompensed us for our somewhat uncomfortable starting. The sunlight, reflected from myriads of crystal dew-drops, flashed out with all the varied scintillations of the diamond, while borne upon the gentle breeze came the perfumed breath of the orange-trees, then in full blossom. Every minute the mist became thinner, and in a short time we arrived at the northern escarpment of the table-land of Dahomey.

Had the morning been favourable we should have caught from this point a glimpse of the hills of Mahé, forming a jagged, cloudy boundary to the landscape; but as it was, we could only discern the plain below us through occasional rifts in the mist. The descent was precipitous in the extreme. I alighted from my hammock, and, thanks to the aid of a couple of sturdy bearers, managed to escape a broken neck. The sandy conglomerate, of which the rock was composed, offered no secure foothold, except in the furrows scooped out by the rains; and the broken pieces of water-pots and oil jars, thickly strewn on every side of the path, showed where some unfortunate had come to grief.

The plain, about 300 feet below the table-land, is a rich

alluvium composed of the detritus of the cliffs, and a clayey soil. Here yams attain a size never seen on the highlands, and the oil-palm flourishes with remarkable vigour. At the foot of the escarpment a small gurgling stream was dashing along with impetuous fury, as if determined to get as soon as possible to the low-lying plain, where its current is soon lost amid the marshes, which at this time of the year extend for several miles over the surface, and which then form a continuous communication with the Denham Waters. Across this swamp our progress was made by a series of leaps from hummock to hummock, of what appeared to be the soundest ground—our efforts being often rewarded with signal failure; and we were only extricated from our oozy couch by the aid of three or four hammock-bearers. In the height of the rainy season this swamp is almost impassable, and people are not unfrequently drowned or smothered in the morass.

By the time we had reached the other side it was past noon, and our feelings warned us that it was time to bring up for the day. A walk of a few miles brought us to Zeugnoomic, where we were soon busy in discussing breakfast. While so doing, I will attempt to describe our company.

First, the interpreter, John Beecham, formerly a Mahé slave, who, with two others, was sent to Cape Coast to receive an education at the Mission there. He accompanies all Englishmen on their journeys and palavers, and was interpreter to Commodore Wilmot and Captain Burton, on their visits to the present king some few years ago. He is a short, thick-set man, speaks good English, but has such a profound respect for the king, that it is difficult to get him to undertake the conveyance of any message which he thinks will be unpalatable to his Majesty.

Then comes Amoo-soo-ndompeh, my "dragonman," old "Blood and Cowries," as I designate him. He is a splendid fellow, over six feet high, and strong as a horse. He is the most useful man of the party, settling all palavers and regulating all my affairs with extraordinary ability. A quiet vein of dry humour pervades all his actions, and often, when reprimanding a carrier for some delinquency, there will be a humorous twinkle of his small brown eye, by which I know that he is plotting some ludicrous mode of punishment for the offender. He is quite a "swell" in his appearance. His head is shaved *à la mode*, leaving only two tuft-like thimblefuls of grey hair on one side. His dress is a tunic of native cloth, striped in rainbow colours, and embroidered round the neck, with drawers to correspond. This tunic is covered with rows of cowries, smeared with the blood of a fowl. Around his neck a string of green and yellow beads depends, to which a *fetich* is attached, something like a pincushion, with red feathers stuck in it. But it is his "medicine bag" which most attracts my attention. This is made of various coloured pieces of leather, sewn together in a fanciful pattern, with a strap which goes over the left shoulder. In this "sack" is the most heterogeneous collection of fetiches imaginable—snakes' fangs, skulls of birds, feathers, twigs, hair, and stones go towards making up the contents—and on the outside a number of larger fetiches are suspended. There are two or three leopards' tails, a small tortoise, an imitation lizard, beautifully made of coloured beads, two or three wooden gods, one or two snuff-boxes of various shaped gourds, besides a multitude of other things impossible to describe. He is always accompanied by his pipe-bearer, Todafeor, a comical little fellow about

twelve years old. These two are the chiefs, and they are responsible for my personal safety. Old "Blood and Cowries" has the king's symbolic staff with him, to secure my reception by the chiefs of every village through which our way lies. Without this stick it would be unsafe, if not impossible, to proceed.

To enforce respect, and afford protection if necessary, a troop of eighty soldiers, under the command of "Captain Sua-mattoh," accompany me. They are dressed in blue tunics with white cross-belts, to which knives are suspended, and black leather cartridge-belts encircle their waists. On their heads they wear caps of white cotton cloth, with red and blue ornaments, of a trefoil pattern, on each side. Around their necks each one has a curious rattle, made of iron, and containing small stones. They are armed with long-barrelled flint guns, and whenever we approach a village they commence firing, dancing, and singing extemporised songs, in honour of the king, their own bravery, and myself. They have a band with them, consisting of drummers and players on the *gong-gong*—the latter an iron instrument, shaped like a gauntlet, which is beaten with a small iron rod, and produces a "music" not unlike the harmony which would be caused by rattling iron saucepans and poker together.

My hammock-men next claim our attention. These are strong negroes, eight in number, who carry my hammock, which is slung to a long pole, on their heads. Two at a time take the hammock and start off at a brisk walk, the others walking alongside and relieving each other at intervals of about a quarter of an hour. Egbulie-egbah is the chief of these—a most amusing fellow, who keeps the whole company in a roar of laughter by his extemporaneous verses. He never seems to be tired, for after a long day's march he will commence dancing to his own music, and is soon joined by others, who will keep up "the ball" till long past midnight. The carriers, who bear their loads upon their heads, complete the remainder of the company.

I generally sleep in my hammock, which is slung underneath the eaves of the house wherein we spend the night. The cooking is principally done by my servant Joe, whose talent as *chef de cuisine* is by no means to be despised. He was at the time in very low spirits at the prospect of visiting the Mahé people, who are considered to be the greatest savages in the country; but his fears in no way diminished from his argumentative powers, for he was then engaged in a hot dispute with one of the assistants as to the best mode of cooking sweet potatoes. Poor Joe, he was always solicitous for my welfare, and, except that he occasionally had a fit of the sulks, he was a most excellent servant.

Early the next morning we were again astir, and, after a tedious walk of four hours, we left the flat swampy plain and began to ascend the first slopes of the hilly region of Mahé. The first notice we received of our approach to the hills was the unwelcome presence of large flies (*Tabanidae*), which settled upon the bare skins of the people, causing a little rill of blood to flow from the punctures of their short proboscides. It was ludicrous to see the people slapping each other to kill or drive off their tormentors, a grunt of satisfaction following each successful stroke. We passed through several small villages, the inhabitants of which turned out *en masse* to see us. At such places we generally made a short halt to allow the stragglers to come up. The loads some of these people carry

on their heads is astonishing, two hundredweight being considered a mere nothing; and, although they seldom steady the load with the hand, accidents from its falling off are rare.

It was late in the afternoon—for there is no evening—before we arrived at our resting-place for the night, which was at the village of Ah-hun-seh. In the centre of the market is an immense baobab, which is held sacred by the people on account of some spell which was laid upon it by one of the feticlists. Here cotton first makes its appearance, yielding its downy harvest twice a year. There appear to be several species, as the colour and quality of the fibre vary to a great extent. Very little cloth is woven here, the bulk of the cotton gathered being taken to Dahomey for sale; but as there are no plantations of the shrub—the fibre being picked off the wild cotton bushes which grow everywhere—the quantity brought to market by no means represents the amount which might be grown if subjected to any sort of cultivation.

About eleven o'clock the next morning (after a sleepless night spent in a hopeless battle with driver ants, which made an inroad upon our sanctum), we started on our journey, with the additional supplies of live stock, tobacco, and rum which we had purchased here, on account of its being the frontier town of the old kingdom of Dahomey. We now kept well together, as our way lay through a thick forest, inhabited by wild beasts. There was no road to speak of, only a track, and my hammock-men had to exercise considerable ingenuity in manœuvring the long hammock-pole through the thickets. The country began to assume a rugged appearance, the hills being broken up by long glens and ravines, which are richly wooded on their summits with clumps of African oak, mahogany, and other trees. The valleys were covered with a profusion of tall grasses, in which numerous deadly serpents lurked. After an ascent of about five hundred feet the ground became more level, seeming to indicate that we had

surmounted the first rise in the terraced system of the hills of Mahé. On our way we sometimes came across some of the

people gathering firewood or cutting the long grass for thatch, who stared with amazement at the unprecedented spectacle of a white man escorted by a company of the king's soldiers. The people were dressed in the coarsest grass-cloth, scarcely any one, except the wives and daughters of the *cabocers*, or head-men, having any of the common textile fabrics obtainable from the factories on the coast. Their features are far more brutal and repulsive than those of the Dahomans, and they have not the same regard for personal cleanliness. Their houses are often built in a circular form, with a conical thatched roof. There are only one or two apartments in each house, and children and adults sleep indiscriminately huddled together upon mats spread upon the floor. They live for the most part on vegetable food; but occasionally indulge in a fowl, rat, bat, or snake, which is generally eaten in a semi-raw state, being merely scorched in the fire.

Resuming our journey, we travelled over an undulating country until we arrived at Ampasim. Here we were entertained by the *caboccer*, Nquavhe, who had received news of our approach from a runner, and had prepared a sumptuous repast, which was served under the shade of an immense baobab. He first offered us cold water, "to cool our hearts," and then rum, palm-wine, and other liquors in abundance. Fowls, roasted and boiled, pigs, pigeons, and goat's-flesh, were then brought in, together with yams, sweet potatoes, and roasted plantains. Of course there were no knives or forks, excepting those brought by ourselves, and all the viands were served on plantain-leaves spread out on the ground. During the repast the band kept up a beating of drums and singing until the noise was deafening, while a crowd outside grazed with eager faces at "the king's

white man." They did not appear in the least shy, but indulged in jokes with each other, doubtless at our expense.



A MAHÉ WOMAN OF AMPASIM.



MAHÉ LABOURER.



INLAND TRAVELLING.

A Visit to Borneo.—IV.

BY A. M. CAMERON.

SLAVERY—HEAD-HUNTING—MANANGS OR SORCERERS—RELIGIOUS BELIEF—ANTUS OR DEMONS—ANCIENT TRADITIONS—THE RACES WHICH INHABIT BORNEO—MILLANOWS—BADJOWS, OR SEA GYPSIES—KYANS—OTHERS—THE DYAK LANGUAGE—MISSIONARY EFFORTS—MEN WITH TAILS.

THERE is no such thing as polygamy among the Dyaks. The only exception to this is when there are a number of female slaves in the house. In such a case, an old chief may have one or more slave concubines. And this brings us to the institution of slavery which we find among the Dyaks. During former periods of turbulence and war, while all the males were slaughtered without mercy, their heads being cut off to add to the skull-heaps, the women and children were spared and carried off as slaves, becoming the property of those who took them. These slaves intermarry, assist in household and farm duties, and are as well fed, lodged, clothed, and free as their masters. They are never sold, and continue in the same family for generations. Considering that property is the acquisition of labour, and that in an earlier stage of society more labour could only be commanded by such as had more slaves acquired by war, it would be interesting to inquire how far property is a result of cruel and barbarous wars and an enslaving of human beings; but such themes are foreign to our purpose.

No one can enter into a Dyak house without seeing a larger or smaller heap of skulls hanging from the roof. In the longer houses, there are numerous trophies, and some of them of a very considerable size, containing more than a hundred. All these skulls are of enemies killed, and are kept as trophies and heirlooms. The practice of keeping "heads" is not confined to the Dyaks alone, but may be seen among various other wild tribes to the east of India. But head-hunting seems to have reached its height under the conditions of savage life in Borneo. Here the tribes seemed to have

practised it most perseveringly and ruthlessly. Continually at war, and surrounded by enemies, the Dyaks kept their heavy short swords (*parangs*) as sharp as a razor, and used them with a dexterity which sent a head flying clean off the trunk with one blow. Whether in attack or in defence, heads were equally sought after, and when there was no general war going on, individual Dyaks would lie in wait in little frequented corners, among bushes, or by creeks, and suddenly leaping on the unwary Dyak belonging to a hostile tribe, chop off his head at a stroke. The evil rose to such a height that young men could not get married till they had displayed their nerve and prowess in bringing in heads and laying them at the feet of the fair objects of their affections. Though the heaps of skulls still exist, such practices are gradually dying away, not only in Sarawak, but in other parts of the island. The Illanon pirates of a few years ago, who used to make annual raids all along the coasts, keeping alive a feeling of revenge, war, and murder, have been completely suppressed by the efforts of the British navy, seconded by the late Rajah Sir James Brooke; and though the Dutch in the west and south hold but a nominal rule, still the presence of Europeans, the establishment of peace, the existence of the British colony of Labuan, and the English government of the Rajah of Sarawak, have served gradually to bring the bloody and barbarous practice to disuse. The Dyak will only have the heads of foes worthy of his steel. As I have stated previously, they do not kill women and children; and, during a late insurrection of Chinese, when the Dyaks were called out against them, and cut them off by thousands, not one head was brought back as a trophy. The reason the Dyaks assigned was that Chinamen were cowards, and their heads were no trophies of a man's courage.

All the Dyak tribes have their *manangs*, who combine the

business of a doctor with that of a wizard. This combination is rendered necessary from the Dyaks believing that most illnesses are due to malignant spirits. In cases of illness their entire dependence is on the manang, whose pharmacopœia is comprised of a few simples and herbs, and whose treatment consists in combining doses of these with exorcism. These wizard doctors sometimes make an exhibition of their powers for the credulous Dyaks. On such occasions the performer sits in the centre of a large circle with a cleared space about him, and proceeds with his tricks. The manangs of the Millanows, a tribe which we shall describe hereafter, are the most famous in North Borneo. Their most usual way of practising is by means of a human skull covered by a basket. The exhibition always comes off at night. Heaps of cloth are laid on the basket, and after some mumbling and muttering of the performer, the basket is seen to move slightly. The skull is now said to be possessed of a supernatural spirit, and to be again alive. In proof of this, locks of hair grown from the skull are exhibited from the corners of the basket. Questions may now be put by any of the audience to the performer, who repeats it to the living skull, applying his ears close to the basket for replies, which he alone is privileged to hear, and which he makes known to the questioner as the interpreter and medium of communication. I can speak confidently of this subject from an account that I heard from a manang, who had given up his trade, accepted Christianity, and become a farmer. In the days when he practised, he was once present at an exhibition given by a Millanow manang, and not knowing the trick of making a dead skull live and speak, he determined, if possible, to find out the deception. He sat as near as he could to the basket, and being a dexterous fellow, managed to accomplish his object. When the performer said that the skull had become alive, and the basket began to move, and the locks of hair were drawn out for exhibition, he had the boldness to feel them. His suspicions were verified, for he could make out from the feel of the hair that it was nothing else than the black bunches of the hairy cordage or fine filaments which grow on the stems of the *Gomuti* palm. On this he narrowly watched the movements of the head as indicated by the movements of the basket. He suspected there was some animal inside it. All of a sudden, when the basket was lifted a little on the side where he sat, he saw distinctly the feet of a cat. He said nothing at the time, but after the performance was over he took the manang aside, and told him what he had felt and seen. He was only laughed at, and told that as both were of one trade he had better keep quiet.

The Dyaks have a very simple religious faith, and one in consonance with the life of perpetual warfare they have led, and the character of their wild and forest-covered country. They believe in one Almighty Good Spirit, who is the giver of all good things. Then, they have a powerful evil spirit, who creates wars, kills in battle, and does every possible harm. Finally, there are hosts of minor spirits of the woods and mountains who are generally mischievous in their character. The one Almighty Good Spirit is very good indeed, and as he never does any harm, is not prayed to. It is possible that in the form of thanksgiving for harvest he is recognised, but his existence seems to receive only a passive assent. The evil spirit is propitiated by prayers, vows, and offerings, especially

before a warlike expedition. After it is over, he is supposed to have done as much harm as he could, and is neglected! The minor spirits are supposed to make a man lose his way during a journey, frighten him by sounds and appearances, and make him ill. The Almighty Good Spirit is called Tuppa, or Yoaah, the latter being nearly the same form for the "Almighty" among the Jews. The evil spirit is supposed to work independently of the Good Spirit, though if closely questioned, the Dyak will say that the latter is supreme. When the harvest is gathered in, there is a day of general thanksgiving for the tribe. There are no temples, places of worship, idols, or priests. The heaviest ears of corn, with the choicest of their made dishes, are laid before the deity in an open space, which is surrounded by a circle of the older women of the tribe, who step it round and round, chanting hymns in a low tone. The men keep at a distance, and the gong discourses rude music. When the deity is supposed to have eaten the spirit or essence of the offerings, the thanksgiving is over. Such is the explanation that was given to me; but may I be permitted to ask whether the deity was invoked, or the spirits of their ancestors? The worship of ancestors seems to be very prevalent in the south-eastern corner of Asia, and among the Chinese; and offerings of food are made by these to their forefathers, and the remains of the feast, after the essence is supposed to have been eaten, greedily devoured. The Dyaks are very averse to say anything about their worship, and very little is known about it. The worship of the spirits of the woods and mountains is one that has always attached itself to a rude people. The ancient Greeks elaborated their system of fauns, satyrs, dryads, and others from this very worship. The Dyaks are peculiarly circumstanced, and have naturally taken to this belief. Living among wild and dense forests—so extensive and thick that men have often entered into them and never come out, and with such strange and uncouth varieties of the monkey tribe, it is not strange that they have been peopled with imaginary hosts. They are called *antus*, and it seems to be the same name which is found among savage tribes in India and Eastern Bengal, for demons and fairies. Even the Burmese have their *gnats*, or *ndts*. The Dyak may be said to live in a forest, and this enters so much into his life that he personifies its terrors and dangers. If a boar, in being hunted, turns round and wounds his pursuer, an antu in the boar caused the hurt. A pain in the stomach, or a diarrhoea, is caused by an antu. If a man loses his way, and never returns, an antu has decoyed him away to destruction. If a man begins to act or speak strangely, an antu is supposed to possess him. And the aforesaid manangs—on a par with the rest of the tribe in propitiating the evil, or worshipping the good spirit—are, with regard to the antus, the only exorcists. Even a thorn in the foot is ascribed to an antu. It is these manangs who help to keep up the belief in antus. Omens and auguries are very much studied. There are good birds and bad birds, and the sight of one or other of these when the Dyak sets out on a journey, is sufficient to either encourage him to proceed, or deter him altogether. Even the entrails of birds are consulted for omens.

I may conclude this portion with two most remarkable and curious traditions. In the first, the Dyaks say that there were only three men, the ancestors respectively of the Chinese, the Malays, and the Dyaks. On a great deluge coming on, these three had to swim for their lives. The Chinaman took

good care to tie his bundle of books and writing materials on his head. The Malay tied them under his arms. The Dyak took more care of his sword and other weapons, and tied his bundle of books, &c., to his thighs. After swimming about during the deluge, the three came to dry land again, and while the Chinaman and the Malay had their books, &c., the Dyak found that he had lost the bundle he had attached to his thighs, and had only his weapons left. This tradition is made to account for the natural courage and ferocity of the Dyaks, and their being without any written language. It appears that the story of the bundle of books, &c., was foisted into an original tradition of the great deluge to supply the reason of the Dyaks having no written language and literature. The other tradition evidently refers to the building of the tower of Babel. It is said that the ancestor of the Dyaks was seized with a sudden desire to go up to heaven, and therewith began to erect a very high ladder. He had nearly finished it when one night a worm ate into its foot, and it crumbled down. These two traditions are certainly very strange, and agree remarkably with the accounts we have in the Bible. And it is more remarkable to find them in this remote corner of the world, in an island, and among a tribe separate from the rest of the earth.

The various peoples or races who inhabit the vast island of Borneo are the following:—Malays; Dyaks, divided into sea and land Dyaks, and Badjows; Millanows; and Kyans. One or two other specimens from the interior we have seen, but they call themselves Dyaks. There are also large bodies of Chinese settlers (some have been there for centuries), and also Bugis men from Celebes, who have occupied the south-east corner of the island. While I shall leave these Chinese and Bugis men for a future paper, I may proceed to describe the Millanows, the Badjows, and the Kyans. I have already, I trust, most fully described the Dyaks, as well as the Malays, as these are to be seen in the island, though in a subsequent account of their capital city, Brunei, some further mention will be made of them.

It would seem from native and trustworthy accounts that the Millanows were the early occupiers of the northern coasts of Borneo before the Malays drove them away to the very easternmost parts of Sarawak. The part of the country to which they retired lies about Cape Sirik, the most eastern point of Sarawak, and their principal towns, or rather villages, lie a little further to the east, and are called Moka, Hoya, and Egan. That these Millanows were once a numerous and somewhat civilised people may be evidenced from the fact that the remains of a large settlement have lately been discovered at the mouth of the Santubong entrance of the Sarawak river at the base of the high hill previously mentioned, running along a distance of several miles on the eastern bank. Here remains of baked and glazed pottery—of such an extreme degree of hardness as to excel any modern specimens of china-ware—jewels, and ornaments of gold, &c., have been dug up to the great astonishment of the present Malay population, who seem to have lost all remembrance that their forefathers and first settlers destroyed a once flourishing Millanow town on the spot. Of all the races inhabiting Borneo, the Millanows are, so far as is yet known, the clearest in complexion. We may describe it as a brownish, yellowish white. One or two instances of *Albinos*, with quite fair skin, red hair, and blue eyes, have been known to exist. The women are, in

general, softer and clearer complexioned than the men. Both sexes are well formed, though, like all the other races seen in these parts, the height of five feet and a half is seldom exceeded. The features are regular, and may be referred to the Caucasian group. The women are generally better looking than the women of the Dyaks and Malays, and some may even be called pretty, but still there are very fine specimens of faces among the Dyaks. These Millanow women, when slaves, are disposed of for much higher prices than the women of other tribes, and are generally taken by the wealthier Malays for the purposes of the *harem*. The ingrained ugliness of the Malay cast of features, however, never seems to depart with how-many-soever intermixtures. Mildness, tranquillity, and gentleness, seem to be the prevailing expressions of the Millanow face, so much so, that when you look at these people you are led to believe that they are incapable of harming any creature, and their actions do not belie this impression, for they are the most peaceable of all the tribes of Borneo. The next impression about this strange people is that they have a depth and power of mind which would be susceptible of high cultivation. The dress of those who live near the sea is that of the Malays for both men and women, the former wearing a short loose pair of drawers, a jacket, and a loose robe to cover the shoulders and chest, or tied round the waist; and the women being enveloped in a simple, loose-flowing sack, equally open at both ends, which may be taken on and off readily, and which is kept from slipping off by the upper edge being tightened into a knot above the bosom. Those who live inland, and have little intercourse with the Malays, dress very much the same as the Dyaks, the men merely wearing a tight waist-cloth, with the ends passed under, while the women have a similar slip, only narrower. The women also sometimes wear the same kind of brass-wire or rattan bodices as the Dyak women, and also, like these, adorn their necks, waists, and breasts, with rows of bright Spanish dollars, strung upon a tape or bit of twine. The peaceful habits of the Millanows are evidenced by their extensive cultivation of sago, their three above-named towns exporting only sago to Sarawak, Singapore, and England. They are also most averse to the practice of head-hunting; and build their houses on exceedingly tall posts, sometimes even twenty feet high, to be safe from their enemies, the piratical Dyak tribes, who swarm about them in great numbers. Hence, too, it is that many of their women have been carried off into slavery. When they used to be attacked by these Dyak tribes, or by the Illanon pirates, they have defended themselves with the greatest resolution, pouring boiling pitch or water on their assailants, and often beating back and routing the ferocious enemy. Those days, however, are over, and most of all do these peaceful agricultural and trading people bless the memory of Sir James Brooke. Their religious belief is little known. Very few of them have embraced the doctrines of the Arabian Prophet, which the Malays brought along with them. They have a fear and dread of antus, and propitiate them with unbloody offerings, and think that these spirits can aid mortals. This is at the root of the sorceries which their manangs practise on the credulous. Their sorcerers are noted for their powers all over the north of Borneo, and I have already furnished a specimen of their acting. On the whole, these people appear ready to be the soonest to enter into the spirit of modern

civilisation ; but I fear that they are unaccountably neglected. They live in independent territory of their own, lying between the Sarawak and the Brunai Sultan's territories. At one time, Sir James Brooke wished to incorporate them into his own dominions by exercising a sort of protectorate over them—a protectorate which they were actually enjoying—but the Colonial Governor of Labuan at the time (having probably nothing better to think of in his own circumscribed sphere,

the island. The peculiarity with them is that they have their habitation in boats. They are born, live, and die in their canoes. Such people are to be found also in the southern provinces of China, in Siam, and in Cashmere ; but in these countries it is necessity, and the want of land on shore, which have bred up a water race, whereas there is no such necessity in Borneo. These Badjows are also called *orang laut* in the Malay, which simply means men of the sea, or men who live on



A MALAY PRINCESS.

but having all the authority of Great Britain at his back) interfered, and most effectually put a stop to a Brookian scheme. Many of the Millanows, however, still reckon themselves the subjects of Sarawak. It is Sarawak which affords them peace and security from their enemies ; and it is Sarawak which takes all their sago. With regard to the way these interesting people are neglected, I may state that even the Church of England Mission in Sarawak has bestowed no attention on them, while missions have been established in far less favourable places.

The Badjows are evidently the same race as the Dyaks, and are to be found principally about the northern parts of

the sea. They are great fishers, and depend upon fish for their subsistence. Many, however, have settled down as farmers on shore, and they possess a large part of the country to the north of the great Kini Balu Mountain. They differ very little from the ordinary Dyaks, whom I have already described. In the illustration on page 325 of this volume, a boat in which one woman stands, is moored close in shore, while another woman is standing on shore. Behind, there are plantain-trees, probably hiding a small hut. The Dyak hat is seen on the head of the woman on shore, and the shape is here more that of an umbrella than conical. The cloth strung round the middle might have been reduced by several inches,

both above and below. It is generally from the waist, over the hips, that the strip descends to about half the distance of the thighs. The same remarks may be made with regard to the waist-cloth of the figure on the canoe. The jacket is one

times wean infants when very late, keeping them at the breast for even a couple of years, so that it is not unusual to see a mother suckling two babies at the same time, one nearly two years old, and another a few months.



BASKET-SELLER.

which is sometimes donned by Dyak women. The clothing is all of native make, and very stout and strong. There is a semi-circular basket at the back of the woman in the canoe, which is the usual place for the infant. Infants and very little children are thus carried generally by their mothers. This basket is strapped on to the shoulders and chest, and the child is generally very comfortable in it. Dyak mothers some-

The Kyans, who stretch from the northern parts of the island far into the interior, are a most important part of the population of Borneo. Their numbers are reckoned at more than a hundred thousand. They are supposed to be of a different race from the Dyaks, but I should think that they are another branch of the same great family, just as there are Kookees, Garrows, and others in Eastern Bengal. The Kyans

are supposed to have their chief seats far away in the interior, some hundreds of miles from the coast. They are generally of a cleaner complexion than the Dyaks, and better made men. Having been not so much exposed to pirates, and being numerous and strong enough to keep off other Dyak tribes, these Kyans have advanced further generally in civilisation. They have large villages and communities, grow cotton, weave cloth, make their own ornaments, have cultivated fields, and have a method of communication with their interior districts. They are frank, brave, honest, and faithful. Here is, thus, another race of people in Borneo who are most unaccountably neglected. Very few Europeans have gone among them; none to their central and more populous districts; but such as have gone to the outskirts on the northern coast have found them a remarkable people, generally superior to the Dyak tribes. They have little communication with the outer world, and it yet remains for some enterprising explorer to go among them and, while settling the geography of Borneo, open out a new nation to the gaze of the civilised world. Under some circumstances people might be willing to undertake the work; and I have no doubt that the Government of Sarawak would render such assistance as it can.

The Pontianak and Banjermassin Dyaks on the west and south coasts, and in Koti on the south-east, have the same general points as those I have described, only that they are in an inferior condition, and generally continue under Malay rulers who acknowledge the Dutch authority. To these I hope to refer in a future volume. At Koti there is a greater intermixture of the Bugis men of Celebes. For a long time they have come over from the opposite shores, just as the Sooloo Malays took possession of the north-eastern parts, and have settled in Borneo as the children of the soil. The Bugis men and women, or those of such descent, are generally of better make than the Dyaks, and more advanced in civilisation, as will be seen from an account I shall furnish of their great trading expeditions, which annually include a great portion of the Archipelago, and even the northern shores of Australia, in the new colony of Queensland. The illustration of a woman of Koti, given on page 324 of this volume, shows them to have made some considerable advance in the art of dressing, only that in this particular instance the woman is of a superior position. Her petticoat and bodice leave nothing to be desired in these respects, while she even carries a fan in her hand.

I have seen two other specimens of Dyaks from the interior. In the one instance the body was covered from head to foot with the most elaborate and curious tattoo-marks. Tattooing is not practised, save in exceptional instances, along the coast; but in this instance it was the very height and perfection of the art. It must have cost months, if not years of labour. There were representations of birds and animals, of ornaments and arms; and the lines were finished with a delicacy which could not be surpassed. In the other case there were some tattoo-marks, but the principal feature about the body was the enormous elongation of the lobes of the ears by means of heavy, large brass earrings. There were several borings on each ear, in each a ring, the uppermost being the smallest, and the lowest one actually reaching to the ground. There were thus two masses of concentric circles of brass worn on each side of the body, which made a cymbal accompaniment to the movements of the body, and which must have effectually

protected both the neck and limbs from being suddenly wounded by a sword-stroke. The ears were enlarged to an enormous and abnormal size, falling down to below the shoulders, and thus produced an appearance strikingly resembling what we form in imagination of—

“Men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders.”

I could never learn that any tribe of Borneo were anthropophagi, and I believe the island is entirely free from cannibals. It will have been observed that I have generally classed all the scattered tribes of Borneo—except the Malays, Chinese, Millanows, Bugis, and Kyans—as Dyaks; and it is difficult to say that these last, the Kyans, are not also a Dyak tribe. They have all the same general make and appearance, have manners and customs in common, and have a uniform way of living.

With reference to the Dyak language, it is difficult to say much on a point on which very little is known. The missionaries of Sarawak, generally of an inferior order of attainments, with every opportunity, have made no elucidations on a subject of the greatest interest. The following notes are entirely my own. The language used in conversation by Europeans with Dyaks is the Malay, which is generally understood; but among themselves the Dyaks generally speak their own tongue. This language varies a great deal among the different tribes. Living separate and isolated from one another, their language has departed much from the original form, and with each tribe has assumed a new shape. There appears to be a great many words in common between the Malay and the Dyak, and probably these form the basis of the language that was general once over the Archipelago. The words in common can only be discovered by close attention and a fine ear, on account of the phonetic changes which they have undergone. There are, besides, numerous words evidently lately adopted from the Malay, the vocabulary of which, as is well known, is largely enriched from the Sanscrit and the Arabic. On a careful comparison and examination between the Malay and a native West Australian dialect, I have found numerous words in common, showing, perhaps, that there was one original base all over the Archipelago, down even to New Zealand and up to the Friendly Isles in another direction. Mr. Crawford, whose researches have so much opened up this quarter of the globe, does not think that there are any words in Australia which agree with Malay words. He says:—“The absence from the Australian languages of all trace of the Malayan can, I think, only be accounted for by the very low social condition of the Australian race, which seems as if it were to have repelled all knowledge derived from a superior one.” This was written twenty-four years ago, since which vocabularies of Australian dialects have been published, and in one of them, which I have been able to examine, I can trace in every page one or more words in common with the Malay, sometimes hidden under subtle forms. In the New Zealand dictionary, Mr. Crawford states that he discovered one hundred and seven words common to the Malay, the proportion being twenty in one thousand. In this case Mr. Crawford seems to take the Malay vocabulary to amount to 5,350 words, a number by far too large for the common and essential purpose of any language, or what we may suppose the original Archipelago language to have been. In the Malagasi he found the proportion seventeen in one thousand. Here the same

high number is reckoned. From the brief list of words which I am able to furnish here I should think the proportion to be very much larger in Dyak. Unlike those in the Malagasi, which have evidently a Sanscrit origin, the words in the Dyak are such as are used in daily common life. The following list will also be interesting as showing the Dyak system of naming males and females:—

Names of Males:—Melana (? Malay, *Mellangar*, fight); Itak; Pemuleng (? from the Malay, *Mulia*, glory); Bletang; Loonsong; Jalang (Malay, *Jalan*, path, or, to go); Gluma; Bulang (Malay, *Bulan*, moon); Bugei (? connected with *Bugis*); Poontang; Brain (Malay, *Brani*, brave); Mangha (? connected with Malay, *Manis*, sweet, whence *manggis*, the mango); Langi (Malay, *Langit*, sky); Majang; Paninkong; Mandong.

Names of Females:—Burong (Malay, *Burong*, bird); Minang; Meda; Noolang; Lamut; Serampai; Gunja; Madi; Sarah; Sarai; Rinja; Pedang; Bintang (Malay, *Bintang*, star); Binda; Pongoth; Dyang (Malay, *Dang*, virgin). Some of these names, as Binda and Rinja, are pretty enough to be incorporated into the English, where the proper names for females are so few.

Among interjections, which prove little, the word *Adok* (the silent) is in common use among Malays and Dyaks, expressing "oh!" And the Dyaks have the word of assent in *Oum* (almost silent).

The following remarks, brief indeed, are from the pen of one who resided at Pontianak, on the west coast:—

"The class of words is by no means small in which the body of the syllables is quite the same (in Dyak and Malay), and the last two letters of the word, *kn* in the one case, and *ng* in the other, the Dyak being the harsher generally, but not always. In another class, ending in *n* in Malay, a *t* is often found before it in the speech of the other people. The Dyak uses it thus in the already long enough name of his island-home (*Kalamantan*), which, we ought to have mentioned, is the native name for the whole island of Borneo; the word *Brunai*, from which we get our name, being only the appellation of the native Malay state in the north of the island). In the name of the moon yet another change occurs, as *buratu*, *bulan*. Who made the change, and when? Malays here sometimes turn *r* into *l*; and among Dyak children it is not an uncommon affectation to make a *y* of it, as *bu-yatu*. A few words from the Malay language, to which the rules above alluded to will apply, are the following—*pohou*, tree; *orang*, man; *tumpang*, house; *kyang*, mat; *papan*, tiling; *kain*, cloth, &c."

It is remarkable how for a long time there have been efforts made by missionaries in Borneo, and yet what little fruit any, save the Church of England Mission in Sarawak, which is the youngest, has produced. The Dutch Reformed Church has sent missionaries to the south and west coasts among the Dyaks, but in the majority of instances they have failed to effect anything. Other missionaries from Germany have also been hither and thither, a few years at a place, and left the country in despair. The Roman Catholic Mission to the northern part of the island has also done nothing save the very remarkable feat of converting a Malay. Malays are rarely converted, as, indeed, Mohammedans generally, though the lower in the scale of civilisation, and hence the harder in fanaticism, the more difficult will be the process.

The Church of England Mission in Sarawak, established under the auspices of the Rajah Sir James Brooke, himself a sceptic, in 1848, has been eminently successful. I cannot do better here than quote a few extracts from a tract issued by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, under whose immediate direction the mission work proceeds. The first missionary bishop was the Rev. F. T. McDougall, who went out originally as a missionary, and has lately been succeeded by a Rev. Mr. Chambers, who also laboured for some years as a missionary. The secrets of the success of this mission lay more in the great influence of the rajah, the medical character of the mission as it was originally started, Mr. McDougall having once been a surgeon, and the exhibition of a real sympathy for the Dyaks.

"On the 30th June, 1848, the two pioneers of the mission, the Rev. F. T. McDougall and the Rev. T. Wright, landed at Kuching, the chief town of the province of Sarawak, and the residence of the rajah. A temporary abode was found for the members of the mission in the court-house, the offices of which were kindly given up by the rajah and the officers of the government for their accommodation. The first step of the missionaries was to establish a regular public service, a shorter one for daily use, and the full service of the Church on Sundays and holy days. This was with the double view of benefiting the European population and of showing the Mohammedans that Christians considered it a duty to worship publicly and regularly the one true God. The next step was to open a public dispensary, which soon attracted numbers of natives, and from among these patients many were induced to become the first scholars of the day-school, which was opened at a house procured for the purpose. This school was at first much frequented by all classes, who came in throngs, being attracted by the novelty of an English teacher and the maps and school apparatus. In order further to begin some directly Christian teaching, and to lay the foundation of a school which should furnish future labourers for the work, five orphans of Malay and Dyak mothers were taken from their native friends and adopted by the mission.

"Simultaneously with these operations men were employed to clear the land set apart by the rajah for the mission for building and cultivating, and to collect timber for the buildings of the mission. By means of hard work and constant urging, the house was sufficiently advanced in July, 1849, to enable the members of the mission and school to remove from their former cramped abode to the spacious and airy residence on College Hill, which had already begun to assume a civilised appearance, the ground having been planted with spice-trees, cocoa-nuts, roses, and jessamines, while the house was building. The adjoining eminence, called Church Hill, was next cleared and levelled; the indestructible and ponderous blocks of iron-wood, which had been gradually collected during the preceding year, and of which alone the church is built, were carried up the hill with no little difficulty, and the building of the church set about in real earnest. It will give an idea of the size of the trees in these equatorial regions, to mention that one of these, which stood near the site of the church, and had to be cut down—a gutta-percha tree, called *nisto* by the natives—was found by measurement to be one hundred and twenty feet in length to the first branch, and the stem at about twelve feet from the ground was nearly seven feet in diameter. This is by no means one of the largest kind of jungle trees; others,

especially the tapang-tree, in which the bees make their hives. are much larger.

"In January, 1849, the junior missionary resigned his office; and all the spring of this year was spent in much alarm and uncertainty, owing to the ravages and repeated attacks of the piratical fleets from Sarebus and Sakarran; people from all sides came flocking into Sarawak to put themselves under the rajah's protection, and the whole place was in continual commotion and excitement, most unfavourable to missionary efforts, until the pirate fleet was dispersed, and these marauders received a well-merited chastisement on the 29th of July, 1849. After the return of the flotilla to Sarawak on the 28th of August, the foundation of the church was laid by Sir J. Brooke. About this time three more children were added to the home school, one of them the son of a Malay pangeran, or nobleman, who, having received some kindness from the missionary, was induced to give one of his sons, of whom he had several, to be brought up as a Christian. While the church was in progress, all the Dyak chiefs from the neighbouring rivers who came to Sarawak were entertained at the mission house, where they also received medicines and surgical aid for the sick and wounded they brought with them; and every opportunity was taken to converse with them on the subject of religion, and to kindle their desires for that knowledge which can alone raise them from their lost estate. These in turn were visited by the missionary in their own countries, in order to keep up the interest already awakened in their minds, and as far as possible prepare them for the teachers whom they desire to have sent to them, that they may '*no longer be ignorant black men, but learn to be good and wise like the great Rajah and the white men.*'

"In September of this year (1850), an accession was made to the school of thirteen children of Dyako-Chinese emigrants from Sanbas, several thousands of whom came to put themselves under the protection of the rajah, not feeling themselves safe in the Dutch possessions. They were exposed to the constant attacks of pirates from seaward which, with the exactions and oppression of their Dutch and Malay rulers on the land side, drove them to seek a refuge in Sarawak. They brought with them many wounded and sick, and as it was impossible from their numbers for the missionary to offer them effectual assistance in their temporary abodes, the government at first built a house, and subsequently fitted up a large building near the mission as a ward, with twenty-four beds, having a dispensary attached, and allowed rice and money sufficient to support the patients in the hospital.

"In 1851 the Rev. Mr. McDougall proceeded on a tour to the several tribes on the Batang-Lupar and the Rejang rivers, numbering in all about 300,000 souls who, since the defeat of the Sarebus pirate fleet, had opened their rivers to commerce, placed themselves under the rajah's protection, and requested that Europeans might be sent to live among them, to govern them and teach them. He was received with the greatest kindness by the chiefs. They deplored their own ignorance respecting the worship of God; they said the Malays wished them to worship Allah, and some few of their people had already Islamised, but the prohibition of pork did not suit them, and they felt that it would be much better for them to learn to worship the white man's Allah. In some cases those who had heard about baptism, asked why they should not be *washed and made white men at once!*

"The mission is steadily progressing. The number in the

training school is now (1853) twenty-seven; three adult Dyako-Chinese are in course of preparation for service in the Mission; a class of catechumens is continually under instruction, and after due probation they are baptised and added to the Church. Up to June, 1852, there had been in all about fifty baptisms, and candidates go on offering themselves. The present stations of the missionaries, and those to be soon occupied, give access to about 500,000 aborigines, now under the influence of the much-loved rajah."

Since the above graphic account of the origin and progress of the Church of England Mission was published, its course has been one continued series of successes. Even the fatal Chinese insurrection in 1854 failed to affect it. On the contrary, the rebels themselves recognised it, and actually constituted Mr. McDougall, then a bishop, a member of their government! I have already referred to the reasons of the great success which has attended this mission. Hundreds and thousands of Dyaks—sometimes nearly entire tribes—have come over and joined the Church. And a serious plot which the Malays laid to destroy every European in the province, and would have been infallibly carried out, was revealed by a Christian Dyak commander immediately after it was proposed to him under his former sacred heathen oaths. Sir James Brooke thus was fully rewarded for the efforts which he bestowed in establishing a mission in the principles of the religious life of which, at least in those days, he was supposed to be an unbeliever.

An account oforneo would not be complete without some slight reference to the stories which have been circulated from time to time to the effect that men with tails have at different times been seen in this and neighbouring islands.

In the magnificent and valuable edition of Colonel H. Yule's "*Comments on Marco Polo's Travels*," Vol. II., p. 244, we find it thus written:—"For the earliest version of the tail story, we must go back to Ptolemy and the Isles of the Satyrs in this quarter; or rather to Ctesias, who tells of tailed men on an island in the Indian Sea." It will be seen from this that the story is not a modern invention; that it is recorded by the best-informed men of antiquity; and that the locality is indicated. It will be necessary to bear these points in mind, as the account is confirmed by late travellers of high credibility, and the locality is the same. If under such circumstances alone we had an account of the remains of a great ancient temple, or something of that kind, which would have interested only antiquarians, there would have been repeated efforts made to examine into its truth; while this account, of the highest importance in natural history, and it may even be philology and ethnology, is left to languish, and we may even say, trouble the world, simply because it goes against preconceived explanations of the Mosaic record. We cannot attribute any other reason to the strange neglect in which this great question is allowed to lie.

The next record of this story of men with tails is to be found in Marco Polo's *Travels*. His veracity in describing what he has seen has never been questioned; and though he did not visit any of the East Indian Archipelago islands, save one or two on the outskirts of the great group, it will be seen that he too fixes the locality. His words are:—"Now you must know that in this kingdom of Lambri there are men with tails; these tails are of a palm in length, and have no hair on them. These people live in the mountains, and are

a kind of wild men. Their tails are about the thickness of a dog's."

With reference to very late accounts, Colonel Yule goes on to say:—"Mr. St. John in Borneo met with a trader who had seen and *felt* the tails of such a race inhabiting the north-east coast of that island. The appendage was four inches long, and very stiff; so the people all used perforated seats." Although the present writer has been twice mentioned by Mr. St. John in the interesting but ill-digested work, "Life in the Forests of the Far East," I must confess that I had never taken the trouble to look into it. In reading a few

days back Colonel Yule's account of what Mr. St. John says about the men with tails, I turned over his work to find him writing:—"It is singular how the story of the men with tails has spread. They talked of it here, and I have heard of it in every part I have visited, but their country is always a few days' journey farther off. The most circumstantial account I ever heard was from a man who had traded much on the north-east coast of Borneo. He said he had seen and felt the tails; they were four inches long, and were very stiff, so that all the people sat on seats in which there was a hole made for this remarkable appendage to fit in." (Vol. I., p. 51.)



HOUSE OF THE CABOCEER OF MBO-GE-LAH.

An Excursion in Dahomey.—II.

BY J. A. SKERTCHLY.

THE next morning we continued our journey, which had now become very irksome, the road forming one continuous and difficult ascent, varied only by a few level stretches. The scenery was truly magnificent, the day was particularly fine, and the breeze deliciously cool. Many beautiful flowers were just bursting into bloom, and all nature looked fresh and verdant, the sun not having yet burnt up the grass, or changed the colour of the leaves to the usual brownish green of the African dry season. Many of the trees and shrubs, covered profusely with their own blossoms, were entwined with creeping plants, also in flower, and the contrast between the colours of the two flowers was often most pleasing. Palm-trees, interspersed here and there, lent an additional charm, while the song of the pretty African canary and the twitter of numerous swallows added life to the scene.

We could here see, far away on the western horizon, the rugged outline of the hills of Krobo and Aquipim. A range of

hills extends in a west-south-westerly direction from Mahé towards the river Volta, where they slope down to the low swampy country through which that river flows. The table-land upon which Dahomey is situated appears to be surrounded on all sides by swamps, as the lagoon to the northward communicates westward with the deltaic marshes of the Volta.

On the eighth day, while descending a ravine on the northern slope of one of the lateral ranges of the Mahé group, we were startled by the roar of a lion, evidently close at hand. All was consternation—the soldiers urging each other on to accept the challenge, for such they deemed it to be; but no one seemed willing to lead the way. The jabbering was incessant, and had the lion felt inclined for a meal of negro flesh, he could easily have gratified his appetite, for the people could not have made any resistance to a sudden attack. Our fears, however, were groundless, for, although we heard him

frequently give vent to his awful roar, we never caught sight of him. In the evening the conversation turned upon hunting, and the wonderful exploits each meant to have performed had opportunity afforded for exhibiting his prowess. Soon after leaving our halting-place the next day, we crossed a lofty ridge close by the mountain, called by the natives *Pahlookoh* (the two hills), an isolated cluster of peaks, the highest being saddle-shaped. In the reign of King Gézu, the predecessor of the present King of Dahomey, war was declared against Dan-yoh, the King of Pahlookoh, on the plea that he had ill-treated some of the messengers of the king. Upon this Dan-yoh sent to Ge-nah-koh (the Elephant), King of Ey-yoh, a branch of the Nah-go people, who live north of Lagos, to ask for assistance. Meanwhile King Gézu laid siege to the place, and while so engaged, he received word from Chechah, a Portuguese slave-dealer at Whydah, that "the Elephant" was coming to fight against him. This was corroborated by the King of Porto-Novo (the king's brother), and by the thirty-three kings of Mahé, who at that time were on very friendly terms with the Dahomans. These messengers urged upon Gézu to retreat, but he said that "he did not know how to go back, but that he must break this people." After much fighting he succeeded in killing Dan-yoh, and took his brother, Joon-toh, alive, and sent him prisoner to Dahomey. This was effected before the junction of "the Elephant" with Dan-yoh. Gézu then waited for Ge-nah-koh in the valley at the foot of the mountain, and in the first encounter completely routed his forces, and killed "the Elephant" before he succeeded in joining the Pahlookohs, who had assembled to witness, as they fondly hoped, the discomfiture of the Dahoman army. No sooner were they convinced that the Dahomans were again victorious, than they threw down their arms and sued for mercy on bended knees. Gézu said, "As you are brave men, and know how to fight well, you shall belong to my army for ever;" and many of the present generals at Dahomey are the children of the Pahlookohs who fought King Gézu.

The town (*Pahlookoh*) now contains about 1,000 inhabitants, who are in a wretched condition, living on a vegetable diet, varied only by an occasional meal of the flesh of an antelope or other animal taken in the chase, when, as is usual among savage tribes, they gorge themselves to repletion.

The foot of the mountain is covered with thickets of prickly pear and pine-apple, but neither are eaten, as they are held *fétiche* by the natives.

Beyond *Pahlookoh* a comparatively level table-land extends for several miles, running in an easterly and westerly direction, and having a presumed elevation of 1,500 feet above the sea. This is covered with numerous erratic boulders of a hard sandy conglomerate, which lie scattered indiscriminately all over the plain. Here numerous agates, jaspers, tourmalines, and other mineral productions, are frequently met with in the gravelly soil, generally on the eastern edge of the large boulders. Specks of gold, ~~was~~ were often observed, but not in any great quantity.

This table-land is covered with a short wiry grass, with numerous clumps of cotton, and abounds with rabbits, guinea-fowl, antelope, &c.

As we journeyed along this flat, monotonous district, our bearers were much annoyed by the myriads of ants, whose trains crossed our path at frequent intervals. Thousands upon

thousands of black ants were going and returning from marauding expeditions, the "labourers" being prevented from straggling by the "soldiers," who were stationed on either side of the line of march. Any ant attempting to pass this barrier was immediately seized upon by a "soldier" of three times his size, and ignominiously thrust back among his companions. Every now and then some unlucky bearer would tread upon the column, and in an instant he would be attacked by the "soldiers," who, swarming all over his naked body by hundreds, inflicted summary punishment upon the hapless intruder.

At length we reached the distant hills, whose peaks we had seen, from the path descending to the valley, towering up to the clouds, and extending on either hand as far as the eye could reach. The country now presented a very different appearance from that we had left. Huge masses of granite were piled up as if by a Titan, and appeared to threaten us with immediate destruction if we ventured too near. Trees were comparatively few, and smaller than any we had yet seen. The curious chandelier-tree (*Pandanus candelabrum*) is plentiful, rising to about thirty feet, and then throwing out forked branches, the extremities of which are terminated by long rigid leaves pointing upwards, something like those of the pine-apple in shape. Another conspicuous tree was one something like a lime, with but few leaves, while the whole surface was literally ablaze with scarlet blossoms. Ginger grows in profusion, and together with the capsicum constituted a pleasant seasoning to our dishes.

A thin film of blue smoke, visible for miles in the clear atmosphere, at length announced our approach to a village. This was the village of Kan-gro, captured by the present king. This is the rendezvous for the Amazonian hunters of the king, who assemble here previous to their annual expedition in search of elephants. These hunters, or "Gan-u-nlan," that is, "conquerors of all animals," form the second battalion of the Amazonian army. They are armed with blunderbusses, and go out every year to hunt; but cannot return from a foray with *élat*, however successful otherwise, without bringing the tusks of an elephant. The few inhabitants we met were of a type considerably lower than the native Dahomans; with narrow dolichocephalic skulls, low foreheads, and very prominent features. They exhibited the greatest terror at our approach, instantly dropping their burdens, and rushing off, pell-mell, into the bush. The old women are positively hideous, having a shrivelled-up appearance, their long pendent breasts looking particularly disgusting; their hair was a tangled mass, apparently innocent of the use of a comb. They are filthy in the extreme, the *débris* of their meals being either left on the floor of their huts or thrown outside their doors. Their huts are merely sheds, constructed of the stalks of palm-leaves, wattled with the smaller branches, and thatched with mats, made of the leaflets woven or plaited together. Plantations of cassava surround the houses, and the only cooking utensil used by them appears to be an earthen pot, which is placed on stones over a wood fire. They wore a scanty waist-covering of grass, and few of them possessed beads, but nearly all wore charms of various descriptions suspended from their necks. Their weapons were bows and arrows and rude knives, evidently the manufacture of Dahomey. The bows were shaped like boomerangs, being curved suddenly towards the upper end, and were strung with twisted sinews. The arrows were either slender rods with their

points hardened in the fire, or a thin bamboo with an iron head, and were winged with red parrots' feathers. They did not appear to be particularly skilful in the use of their weapons, and never shot at any animal unless it was at rest. They also possessed axes, each one made by inserting an iron chisel in the split end of a stick, which was then tightly bound with sinews. The chief came to pay his respects to us the next morning, first sending us a present of a goat and some fowls. He was an old man, very feeble, and walked by the aid of a stick, having a large crescent on the top, on which he rested his hand; but he must have been a powerful man in his younger days. He was dressed in a blue cotton cloth, wrapped round him like a shawl, and had numerous *fetiches* suspended from various parts of his person. His hair, which was very white, was twisted into little ringlets, at the end of which was a bunch of parrots' feathers, also a *fetiche*. When he approached, he prostrated himself before the king's stick which I carried; and, after kissing the ground, smothered his head and shoulders with dirt, rubbing it all over him, as also did all his attendants. He welcomed me to his town, and, as is usual, complimented me for all the trouble and danger I had undergone in coming through the mountains. He then presented a calabash of deliciously cool water, which he first handed to one of his slaves to taste, and then offered to me. This custom is the invariable practice among the Dahomans, in order to prevent suspicion of poisoning; and everything presented to a stranger is first tasted in his presence by one of the company. He then produced a bottle of gin, and after drinking my health and that of the king, brought out a short black clay pipe. I immediately offered him my tobacco, which he received with a profusion of thanks, and at once proceeded to load and strike a light with his flint and steel. The tinder employed is the pith of a palm-tree allied to the sago-palm, which is rubbed between the fingers until it assumes a woolly character. We next accompanied him to see the tribute which he was just upon the point of sending to Dahomey. This consisted of jars of palm-oil, bags of cotton, cowries, Guinea corn, and calabashes of yams. The bearers had just received their rations, and were going to start early in the morning for Abomey. Frequent mishaps occur, owing to the rugged nature of the road; and as the king will only accept the full amount, nothing less, nearly twice the value of the tribute is sent; when the losses are made up, the remainder is sold in the Abomey market.

Beyond Kan-gro we passed for several days through an undulating country thickly wooded, in which we frequently observed elephant spoor, and once or twice saw a herd grazing quietly in the open spaces. Eagles of enormous size appeared like specks against the clouds, as they sailed with untiring wings in their series of circles, ever on the watch for prey. Pythons were very numerous, and are eagerly sought for by the natives, who take them by means of a goat, which is tied to a post near the haunt of the serpent. When he has gorged himself with the morsel, a number of persons of both sexes, who have been on the watch, rush out and dispatch him. The flesh is eaten, and I am assured is by no means to be despised; the disjointed vertebral column is sold in Dahomey for the ornamentation of the musical gourds.

Leopards are not unfrequently met with, but as they are

considered to be the representatives of the king, they are unmolested, unless one destroys human life, when a general hunt is proclaimed, which invariably ends in the destruction of the animal; not, however, without some revenge, for he generally leaves the marks of his claws on the persons of more than one of the hunters. The skin is sent to the king, and the brains and teeth are claimed by the *fetchists*, to make charms against various evils.

The splendid Whydah finches (*Vidua*) were now in full plumage, the beautiful tail-feathers of the male being in perfection. Their nests are curious structures, composed of grass beautifully interwoven into a bottle-shape, and suspended at the extremity of a palm-leaf—generally a dead one—and we often observed a tree covered with these nests; several being built one above another on the same leaf-stalk. The entrance is at the bottom of the nest, so that the birds can only enter on the wing, which is an effectual preservative against the tribes of monkeys and other enemies. Sun-birds—the humming-birds of the eastern hemisphere—flitted from flower to flower and bush to bush, like living gems, their beautiful metallic greens and blues shining with dazzling effect in the sunlight.

We passed through the towns of Dassah, Vagee, and Ved-doh, all of which were taken by the present king; and on the sixteenth day from our leaving Abomey, arrived at Mbo-ge-lah, the frontier town of the kingdom, situated far up the side of a range of lofty mountains; beyond which I was not allowed to pass, as the king had given orders for me to return when I had proceeded thus far. The town was similar to others passed *en route*, and contained nothing worthy of particular notice. I stayed in the house of the head captain, who behaved most hospitably to me, sending provisions of every kind, for my own use and that of my escort.

After a day's rest, of which we stood in much need, considering the fatigues of a long march through a mountainous country, I started with Beecham and a few carriers to make the ascent of the mountain behind us. Our road led us up the bed of a torrent, now dry, but showing evidences—by the worn appearance of the rocks on either side, and the fragments strewn in every direction—of its impetuosity in the rainy season. After a difficult ascent of about 500 feet, we turned aside to the shelter of an overhanging cliff, where we partook of breakfast. I here found to my dismay that the man with the water-skin had been helping himself on the way, and having carelessly fastened up the mouth of the skin, nearly all the water had leaked out. The sun was blazing away overhead, and, although a fresh breeze was blowing at the time, the exertion of walking over the rough stones produced intense thirst. I satisfied myself in a slight degree by some oranges, and dispatched the water-carrier to a house, the smoke from which indicated the presence of some inmates. We then fell vigorously to work to devour the savoury viands prepared by Joe, and while so engaged, the water-carrier returned with the news that the man at the hut would not let us have any water without paying for it. Having no cowries with me, I thought I would try if a piece of tobacco would have the desired effect, and having sent the man back with a small bundle of leaves, was soon overjoyed by seeing him approach, staggering under his load of two skins of water. Having taken a copious draught, and put on the kettle to make some tea, we all lay down in the coolest

spot for a siesta, as it was too hot to proceed in the middle of the day, although our guide assured us that "plenty cold catch us to-morrow."

About three, we again started, and passed over a series of terraces under cultivation, the yam, cassava, and sweet potato being the principal objects of care. The way was very steep, and walking very toilsome, and, by this time, a strong wind was blowing from the heights above us, which made us feel very chilly. Just at nightfall, we arrived at the hamlet of Cha-ra-rah, the plantation of the captain of Mbo-ge-lah. I was glad that I had taken the precaution of bringing a thick rug with me, for, towards morning, my teeth chattered with cold, a sensation which I never expected to feel in Western Africa, only eight degrees from the equator. The

the eastern verge. Another and another followed, when suddenly my boy Joe called out, "Look! master," and there on our left shone forth a lofty peak, gilded with the rays of the sun. All around it was shrouded in darkness, while this peak stood out as if formed of molten fire, clear and distinct, against a sombre background. Every moment its colour was changing, and one by one other peaks appeared, but none came up to the splendour of the first. Streaks of yellow and ruby light now variegated the sky; while pencils of vivid gold shot upwards from the spot where the sun would soon appear. Green blending into the clearest blue, painted the sky, while the lower edges of the fleecy clouds were tinged with rosy light. Objects now began to be visible, but our view was confined to the peaks of the nearest mountains, for all the



VILLAGE OF EYVANGO, NEAR ABOMEY.

carriers were all crowded together round the fire, which was kept in all night, for the double purpose of keeping out the wild beasts and the cold.

We started about two o'clock for the summit, over a precipitous path, strewn with large blocks of granite, against which we were continually knocking our shins. As we approached the top, the trees became fewer and smaller; the apex being covered with a brushwood of thorny shrubs. It was still dark when we arrived, and, lighting a fire, and putting on our kettle, with pipes in mouths, and hands in pockets, we awaited the rising of the sun. A piercing wind was blowing from the north-east, the thermometer indicating 48° Fahrenheit; and we were glad to ensconce ourselves under the lee of the thickest bush we could find. Presently, a faint, grey, hazy appearance showed itself along the eastern horizon, and all eyes were on the alert to catch the first glimpse of the sun. Brighter and brighter grew the grey streak, until it extended upwards for several degrees, and then a thin line of a delicate pink was faintly perceptible close to

valleys were as yet enveloped in darkness and mist. Slowly the gilding crept down the sides of the mountains, till at length a flash of glorious sunlight proclaimed that another day had commenced for the toilers of Dahomey. All around was now bathed in a flood of light; and, as the sun climbed with rapid strides his steep course towards the zenith, peak after peak appeared like islands amidst a sea of fog. The more distant cones had the appearance of burnished copper, with the ridges picked out with gold, shining out in deep contrast with the sombre greys and olives of the ravines between them.

By this time the warmth of the sun's beams had disturbed the bank of fog which had settled over the valleys during the night. Higher and higher rolled the smoke-like billows, creeping slowly up the mountain side, and here and there showing us a glimpse of the world beneath, already welcoming with the matins of its feathered songsters the grateful warmth of the morning sunbeams. Close by, a dragon-fly, that had passed the night sheltered by the thorny leaves of a species of aloe, brushed the dew from off his gauzy wings, and with

a rustling noise darted into the sunlight to commence his daily butchery amid the insect tribes. Bees, too, commenced their labours amongst the mellifluous sweets of the floral world, long before their brethren, the dwellers of the plains below, thought of bestirring themselves from their waxy couches.

The view was soon shut out by the rising clouds, and we took advantage of the interruption to partake of breakfast, with appetites whetted by the keen air of the mountains. Poor Joe looked as if he were trying to shrink into invisibility, and when I asked what was the matter, he answered, his teeth nearly shaking out of his head, that "too much cold live to catch him for this country."

About nine o'clock the sky became clear again, and a splendid prospect lay spread before and around us. To the east, immediately beneath us, was a precipitous descent of some hundreds of yards, gradually becoming less steep until it reached a chasm more than three hundred feet deep—a huge rent through the heart of the mountain, at the bottom of which a torrent still foamed along far below. Beyond rose a colossal mountain, looking so near that it seemed as if we could throw a stone on to its summit, though miles of rough travel must be gone over before any one could stand on its top. Round its base the little stream that thundered through the gorge at our feet meandered like a silver thread, now hidden by a hummock or thicket, and again appearing, sparkling in the sunlight, as it gently wound its way onwards to the marshes beyond. Here and there a few circling black specks in the sky would point out a number of vultures wheeling their airy flight, and beneath them the thin blue film of smoke from the wood fires indicated the preparation of the morning meal at some far distant village. Beyond these, massive rounded mountain tops rose one above another, in range after range, until the dim blue outline of their lofty crests seemed to be reposing on the bank of clouds that rested on the distant horizon.

Turning southward, we looked across a wide expanse of country, over which we had travelled with so much labour during the past fortnight. Far below us we could hear the "caw, caw" of the black and white crow, the king's emblem or heraldic insignia, as the lion is the military symbol of England, while a majestic eagle swooped past us, startled from his eyrie, close at hand, by our talking.

Villages dotted the landscape here and there, and the

bright green hue of the cassava plantations contrasted favourably with the more sombre olive of the forest. The pale grassy colour of the clumps of bamboo in the swamp, blotched here and there with black patches of mud, or oftener still with the silvery sheen of a lagoon, seemed to be close at hand, while far beyond, the grey battlements of the hills of Mahé met the clouds. Westward a panorama of terrific grandeur was disclosed. Far as the eye could reach, mountain towered on mountain, and valley merged into valley in endless variety—sometimes rocky and broken, at other times fortress or roof-like with dark glens and shadowy ravines, in whose recesses the ever-moving fog still lingered, sometimes completely enshrouding the valley in its cloudy covering, and at others enveloping it in a gauzy film as though with a bridal veil.

Near at hand a valley, on whose sides lay blocks of stone strewn in regular order, and whose walls of masonry were of glassy smoothness, with scratches running parallel to each other, announced the existence of a glacier at a period almost too remote for human conception, when this land, now fervent with torrid heat, was cold as Iceland is at the present day. Water-worn pebbles strewed its bed, while the confluent valleys revealed the former presence of their own minor icy burdens by the piles of stones dropped at the angle of junction with the main glacial stream.

The mountains did not seem to form long ridges for any considerable distance, but were rather clusters round the bases of single ones of greater elevation than their brethren, with naked masses of lichen-covered rock rising above the grassy surfaces of the soil. The direction of the main valleys was about

east-north-east and west-south-west, and the height of the principal summits appeared to increase as the view extended westward.

A few appeared isolated, and were apparently volcanic, having a faint indication of a crater; but these were too far off to enable me to be perfectly certain as to their nature: besides, the summits of the highest were frequently encircled with a zone of clouds, gradually dissolving and dissipating into invisibility, to be again condensed when the chills of evening came on. It was a scene where Nature, in her own peculiar way, exhibited the massive vastness of her colossal forms, moulded in lines of grandeur and eternal beauty, though but seldom gazed upon but by the eyes of the lowliest of her



KAN-GRO "KENIKBAH," OR HARPIST.

sons. The solitude was awful. Not a sound fell upon the strained ear but was increased in intensity, even the hum of the poor insect seeming out of place on that vast immensity of silence, and the soul, becoming conscious of its own inferiority and puny littleness, when its best attempts were brought into comparison with the slightest efforts of the Deity, seemed to be filled with wonder, reverence, and awe.

On the north a vast plain extended, blending with the slope of the mountain range upon which we stood, apparently some 10,000 feet below us. Numerous little rills ran gurgling down their rocky beds, soon to gather strength, and, as tributaries, perhaps swell the stream of the far-off Niger; or, meeting the thirsty soil, there to become absorbed, after yielding up their life-blood for the sustenance of millions of created forms. Not a sign of human industry met the gaze, as I strained my eyes to catch the pale blue haze of the wood fires of some distant hamlet, or detect the vivid emerald hues of a plantain grove; not a single village or plantation was to be discovered, even by the aid of a powerful glass. Far as the eye could pierce, a series of rounded undulations met the view, rolling in parallel lines of hill and valley, till I could almost fancy that it was the heaving ground-swell of some mighty ocean, that rolling onwards with increasing speed and gathering strength as its sides became more steep, at length dashed its ponderous mass against the rocky buttresses of the mountain upon which we stood, and there had become petrified in an instant. The scream of the hawk, echoing from crag to crag, alone broke the solitude. Such is the wondrous power of Nature when viewed in her vast simplicity, that the very carriers who accompanied me—untutored as they were—became awed to silence, as they turned with eager faces to the rugged landscape spread out before them on every side.

This range, whose highest peaks attain an altitude of about 12,000 feet, extends in an east-north-east and west-south-west direction, being nearer the sea-coast at the western extremity,

where they sink down to an elevation of about 3,000 feet, and there becoming split up into several forks, some of which are known as the mountains of Aquipim, Krobo, and Aquambo, and run in a north-north-east direction. These again divide themselves as they approach the coast, forming the Mumquady range on the one hand, and a series of rounded peaks—known as the "Abbey Dome," Ningo Grand, the Cook's Loaf, and others, with a low range of hills connecting them—on the other.

The northern fork forms a curved sweep in a north-west direction, and, running nearly due west, forms the northern frontier of the kingdom of Ashantee, being in the longitude of Coomassie about 350 miles from the sea. They form the great watershed of Upper Guinea, and give rise to several rivers—such as the Grand Bassam, Assinee, Boutry, Prah, and Volta, which last is a river of considerable magnitude, the lower portion forming an immense deltaic lagoon, which although shallow for the most part, affords great facilities for the carriage of oil from the producers to the coast. To the north the natives could not tell me of any large stream; although, judging from the little rills observed by myself to flow down the northern slope, there is every reason to believe that a stream of equal size to the Volta runs in a northerly, or north-easterly direction, forming one of the tributaries of the Niger. Much as I desired to penetrate this unknown region, it was an impossibility under the circumstances, as the king had "tabooed" my progress any further.

After staying on the summit of this, one of the highest peaks of the Kong Mountains, until nearly noon, we reluctantly began the return journey, which we accomplished without mishap; and, after a series of adventures which space will not allow me to relate, a safe descent was accomplished, and we arrived again at Dahomey, having had the satisfaction of looking upon a scene that perhaps had never before been beheld by any white man, with the exception of the unfortunate Mr. Duncan, who died some years ago.

Four Months in Ceylon.—II.

THE ROYAL VICTORIA MAIL—COCOA-NUT GROVES—A NIGHT FULL OF HORRORS—BENTOTTE—APPROACH TO COLOMBO—PARTING SHOT—THE FORT, AND THE NATIVE TOWN—VARIETIES OF POPULATION—FRUIT GARDENS—THE ROAD TO KANDY—REST-HOUSES—BUDDHISTS IN CEYLON—KANDY—COFFEE PLANTATIONS—LEMON-GRASS—CINNAMON—ELEPHANT-HUNTING.

BEING determined to see as much of the island as possible during my stay, I secured a seat in the Royal Victoria Mail-coach, which leaves Galle for Colombo twice a day, morning and evening. Having been the first to apply I got a back seat. At five p.m. I got in, and found my companions to consist of a stout Dutch lady with an infant in her arms (in the other back seat), her husband opposite her, while a native Cingalese occupied the other front seat opposite me. The place for the feet had sundry bundles and parcels half filling up the narrow space, and as I have (fortunately or unfortunately) rather long understandings, my cramped position may be easily imagined. Besides, the Dutch lady next to me was so stout,

that she quite squeezed me into a corner. Still more, the native continued throughout the night puffing villanous Cingalese cigars (steeped, I believe, in opium), the smoke of which was quite nauseating. To crown all my misery inside, the lady alternated the charge of her baby between her husband and myself! I had never even so much as taken up a baby in my arms before; but all this was of no avail, and I was obliged to submit to the discomforts which this arrangement entailed. What with these, the sly enjoyment of the husband at my discomfort and misery, my being squeezed into a corner, my legs cramped up, and the nauseating puffs of smoke just opposite, I never had a worse night of it. But this was only inside. There were horrors outside. My dog was shut up in the box under the driver's seat, but he could poke in his head from inside to us, and he would bark and howl, and make frantic efforts to get in among us. The driver, a Portuguese, or one of the "burgher" class, indulging himself in a glass of strong waters at the end of each stage (without which he

declared "he could not drive") soon became rather unsteady, and as the road lay often over narrow bridges unprotected by side-rails, over small creeks of the sea, and there were deep ditches on either side of the road, my chances of a safe arrival at Colombo, it may be imagined, were very small indeed. Added to all this, there came on during the night a perfect tempest of storm, wind, and rain, while it was so dark that our way was not visible before us for even a yard. While this, I believe, had the effect of steadying and sobering the driver, my own apprehensions of finding the entire vehicle turned over into a ditch with the stout Dutch lady rolling over me and squeezing the very life out of me, or finding myself suddenly plunged into the sea, struggling for life inside a closed coach with a dog, human beings, parcels and luggage, were by no means allayed, but rather increased. As I am now narrating the tale of this night of horrors, inside and outside, it may be presumed that I lived over it; but it is a perfect marvel that it was so. At one time, just as we had nearly cleared a causeway or bridge, we approached to within *an inch* of rolling over, coach, horses, and all, but the driver suddenly woke to a sense of the danger, and pulled in the horses, which sent us back into the middle of the road. After that, I stopped his "grog" by main force, and would not allow him to have any more. The road winds along the sea-coast in a north-westerly direction, and is shaded along its entire course with dense groves of cocoa-nut palms, quite green, and with large clusters of fruit on each trunk. Native huts, orchards, and gardens, and fine dwellings may also be seen. Here and there are views of the ocean. The bridges and causeways over creeks and rivers are numerous. The drive must be a very pleasant one with pleasant companions, and during the day. On my return to Galle, I came by day, and was fortunate enough not to have had a single fellow-traveller, although, to escape being squeezed again by a fat Dutch lady, I had taken the precaution to secure both the back seats. The entire length of the road is about eighty miles, and midway there is a "rest-house" at Bentotte. It was midnight when we reached it, and glad I was to escape from the baby and other nuisances inside, and stretch my ill-used legs for even half an hour. These "rest-houses" are built for travellers all over Ceylon and India, those in the latter being sometimes on the scale of small hotels; but I shall describe them more fully hereafter. We got a fine hot supper of eggs and chickens, with tea and coffee, with oysters (plentiful here) and liquors for those who cared for them. Refreshed, renewed, and strengthened to endure the manifold miseries yet remaining till the morning dawn, and in a perfect storm of wind and rain, we left the lights of the Bentotte "rest-house." The remainder of the journey passed away pretty much as before, only that the native passenger smoked less, and was continually in danger of falling against me during some of his dozing fits, which catastrophe I always prevented by receiving his head against my knee, which had the effect of sending him flying up wide awake for several minutes.

At last morning dawned, and we were driving through the pretty southern suburb of Colombo, called Galle Face, through avenues of cocoa-nut palms, or-hards, gardens, and neat dwelling-houses. We were very soon inside the fort, which here, too, surrounds the business part of the town, and were brought to a stand opposite an hotel. I was glad to jump out, and getting my baggage, &c., together, was marching off, when the fat Dutch lady gave me one more shot—it was a

parting one, and very mean in her. She asked me, with a beaming smile, "if I had not enjoyed my journey." My legs were quite sore, and so, too, were my arms and ribs, and I made a rush inside the hotel, without even answering her.

Colombo is a much larger town than Galle, and is the capital of the island; and yet at Galle there is much more to be seen and noted. The harbour is even still worse, it being merely an open roadstead. There are always a few square-rigged vessels seen here, but none of the numerous large mail-steamer which touch every week at Galle. Colombo may be said to consist of the fort, the extensive suburbs, and the native town. The fort is a little larger than the one at Galle, and may probably be made more use of; but it is old, and could easily be taken. It is laid out inside in roads and squares, lined with well-built houses, which are occupied either by merchants for their offices and stores, or by the government for offices. There are also a few hotels, shops, and a couple of printing-presses. The Governor's house is at a corner, overlooking the bay, and beautifully shaded with trees. A narrow stream flows by the north of the fort, between it and the native town, and is crossed by a substantial bridge. It is in the suburbs, however, that most of the residents of Colombo live. To the south there is the Galle Face, with a large level parade-ground in front of it; the lake, a large sheet of water to the south-east and east, with several beautiful islands, but which I should imagine must be rather unhealthy; the Cinnamon Gardens, a large tract which once was a beautiful garden, but which is now a brown, withered waste, here and there occupied by dwelling-houses; and Colpetty, with the fine houses on the sandy beach of the lake and by the river. The Cinnamon Gardens are extensive, but in their brown and withered appearance present a strong contrast to the beautifully bright and flourishing Cinnamon Gardens at Galle. The plant here does not thrive so well, the soil being very wretched. The gardens about the European dwellings, however, are well cultivated, and present very neat and pretty appearances. The houses are more in the cottage style, when compared with the superior tenements in India, and very low, not providing against the damp and malaria. There are few or no amusements beyond the everlasting billiards, and an annual race or so. The officials of the Civil Service here are contented with very much poorer salaries than those paid in India. The native town beyond the river is, perhaps, the most striking part of Colombo. It is large, extends along the sea-coast for two or three miles, with a good depth. The roads are densely lined with houses, all crammed with a great variety of races and creeds. The quarter where the shops of the native merchants and dealers are situated is the most worthy of a visit. Here may be seen Moormen, Parsees, Arabs, Cingalese, and Tanjore's (from Madras), along with Portuguese and "burghers," occupying very respectable shops of all kinds of the varied and rich productions of the East.

The varieties of population in Colombo may serve to give an idea of them as generally found on the island. There are first, of course, Europeans, chiefly Englishmen, occupying the chief civil and military offices of the state, or merchants and planters. After them we have the "burgher" class. These are descendants of the Dutch of olden times, and range in colour from fair to dark brown. Many of them are well-to-do people, most of them having a little money, or being engaged in trade. The class of wealthy natives, who were converted by force in olden

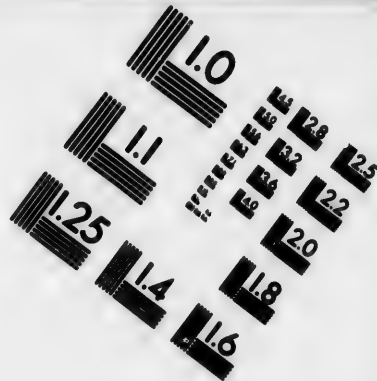
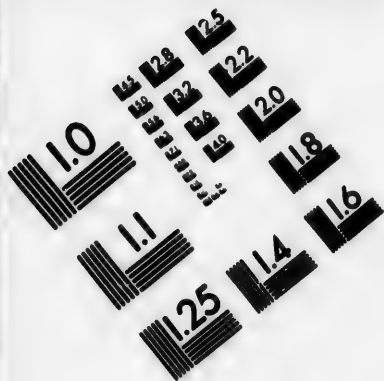
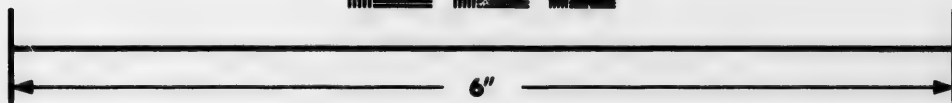
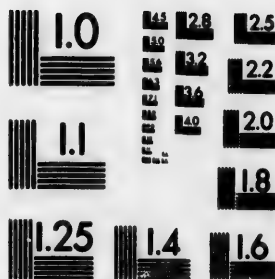


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times, and had to assume European names, are confounded and incorporated in this "burgher" class. Many of them send their sons to be educated in Calcutta, or in England, and occupy leading positions as barristers, doctors, and clergymen. Some of these are pure natives, without a drop of European blood, though with Dutch or Portuguese names. The better classes of these "burghers" can only be compared with the better classes of East Indians in India, though these last, by frequent intermarriage with Europeans, shade off into English gentlemen, and are to be found in Her Majesty's army and other services, being entered and taken as Englishmen. The Moormen and Arabs are a distinct race, easily distinguishable, and appear to belong to a very early date, probably from those times when

much more so than in India, except the cities of Madras and Bombay. Living is extremely dear; and many articles, as mutton, &c., are only to be procured at very high prices. Sheep are imported from Australia; the cows are few; and rice is brought over from the mainland. The price of labour, too, is high, and a servant here costs twice what one costs in India. A Portuguese valet, whom I employed at nearly a pound a week (a month's wages in India), used to get shamefully drunk every evening, till I was compelled to send him away.

There is not much more to describe at Colombo. There are specimens of other races to be met with, but, with the exception of the Maldivé and Laccadive islanders, who come in during the season with a nominal tribute to the Ceylon govern-



MALDIVÉ ISLANDERS.



BUDDHIST PRIESTS.

Sinbad met his adventures in Serendib, as related in the "Arabian Nights." They are mostly in affluent circumstances, being native traders of the countries bordering on the Arabian Sea, or wealthy shopmen. Parsees also are to be found, but only in very small numbers. The Tamils are mostly the lower order of coolies, labourers, &c. A few Malays, as domestic servants, may be rarely met with, though there is a Malay regiment of rifles kept up for the protection of the colony, the native Cingalese making very poor soldiers. The Portuguese are mostly domestic servants, and are found in the same wretched condition, and large numbers, as in Bombay and Calcutta. The Cingalese are employed as servants, or are occupied in mechanical trades. They are a most degraded and inferior race. A great many of them have been at English schools, and can talk English. They keep the hair long, which they tie up with a comb into a knot on the top or side of the head. They are weak in physical strength, and extremely cunning. They impressed me very unfavourably. Throughout the island English is very largely spoken by the better classes of natives,

ment and a quantity of cocoa-nuts, shells, and coir, they are few and unnoticed. The fruit gardens about some of the dwelling-houses in the suburbs show the rich nature of the soil and its similarity to that of the Malayan Peninsula. There is the same luxuriance of growth of the cocoa-nut palm. Many of the other fruits are the same. The bread-fruit tree flourishes here as in Singapore. The *jack* thrives. Papias and plantains are very plentiful. So, too, are oranges and pine-apples. There are several varieties of jambus, guavas, and mangoes; these last, however, are not so fine as those in Western and Northern India. The avocado pear, with a brownish yellow inside, of the consistence of soft cheese, is eaten with salt and pepper. Grapes are rare, and so are mangosteens and rambutans; the two last introduced from the Malayan Peninsula. The noble Malay fruit, the *durian*, has also been introduced, though at the time I saw the trees they were too young to have produced any fruit. They were about twenty feet high, and thriving luxuriantly. Such thriving, however, cannot be accepted as an indication of their producing fruit.

The bread-fruit tree grows very well in Bengal, but as yet has failed to produce any fruit. As it is now some years since I was in Ceylon, the question of the bearing of the durian-trees must have been solved by this time, and probably while I am writing this, some native is enjoying its rich creamy pulp with his family round him. Another common Malay fruit is the *camaranga bilimbi*, which thrives in Ceylon.

At the time I was in the island, the railway which was intended to open up the coffee districts of the interior highlands had not been completed, and so I was obliged to travel along the old road to Kandy by Ambapusse and the

Indian language, a "dāk-bungalow." *Dāk* means "post," and these bungalows, or houses, were erected originally for the convenience of government officials travelling post. They may be met with along most of the main roads of India, at convenient distances; and the houses consist of a couple of bed, dressing, and bath rooms. Two or three servants attached to it serve to keep the rooms clean, and cook a dinner or offer refreshments to the traveller. The pleasure with which one dismounts after a hot and weary ride in one of these cool, airy, and pleasant spots, cannot be realised by one who has not travelled in the East. There is so much paid as hire for the



TEMPLE IN CEYLON.

Koduganowa Pass. Both in the low country immediately after leaving Colombo, and in the highlands the road is more interesting than the one from Galle to Colombo. Mail-coaches used to run in those days, and though the railway is now open, I would still advise those who wish to enjoy the scenery and see the country to travel by the old route up the road. The Kalany-gunga (*gunga* being a generic name for many rivers in India and Ceylon) is crossed by a bridge of boats, and on the way eastward numerous small streams are met with. A great deal of traffic may be seen along the roads towards the markets of Colombo. Provisions and all the produce of those parts of the interior which are untapped by the railway, are carried on the backs of porters, or in large carts drawn by oxen of a very inferior breed. These carts travel, as in India, day and night, and may be seen, many together, either on the move or at rest. At the end of the plain country we came to Ambapusse, where there was a prettily-situated "rest-house," or, in

room, being a shilling for three hours, and two shillings for the day, and this money goes to the credit of the Post-office, which has the care of these "rest-houses." Generally the income is sufficient to support the establishment. The servants sell the refreshments to the traveller, and this forms their perquisite. Sometimes, as at Delhi, Amballa, and Saharunpoor, the dāk-bungalows are kept up on a great scale, and have accommodation for over twenty people; and as these places are on great lines of road, the profits to the Post-office are considerable, while the cook secures all the profits of an hotel-keeper, with few of his risks.

From Ambapusse the low plains are left behind, and the ascent to the interior highlands begins. The road from this to Kandy presents a succession of varied and delightful scenery. The cocoa-nut palm, which loves the sea-breezes, disappears, but gives way to more graceful and noble species of the palm tribe. Mountains and valleys lie on either hand,

with ambushed villages, forests, and cultivations, pretty abodes of rural wealth and plenty, and, not the least remarkable, Buddhist temples. It is only when you enter on this region that you realise that Ceylon is a Buddhist country. Wherever the Buddhists have established themselves, whether in Burmah, in Thibet, or in Ceylon, they have shown a remarkable partiality for the loveliest and most beautiful sites for their pagodas. Buddhist priests, too, are now met in their long, flowing, yellow robes. More miserable specimens of humanity it has not been our lot to meet anywhere else. Emaciated, and without any expression on their countenance, they are only rivalled by the priests of the same faith in Burmah. The Thibetan Buddhist priests are in better condition, and evidently know what good living means. In Thibet they are directly concerned with secular pursuits and callings, some even going so far as to trade; but in Burmah and Ceylon they separate themselves entirely from the world, and devote themselves to a life of voluntary poverty, contemplation, and celibacy. Any one may enter into the sacred class; and these priests do not form an aristocratic and exclusive *race* as the Brahmins of India. This was the main difference between the teaching of Buddha Gotama and the old Brahmins, and as it was entirely subversive of the power of the latter, they resisted it to the utmost, and succeeded in driving away the reforming party to the countries adjoining India. This is not the place to describe the tenets of Buddhism; but we may note, in passing, that Ceylon is a stronghold of that faith. A tooth belonging to their great leader is supposed to be in existence, and possessed by them, and it is very much venerated, being kept in a jewelled shrine. But there can be no doubt that the tooth, if there ever was any, has long since been lost, and that a substitute for it has been found. The monasteries, however, contain many valuable old works on the rise and progress of Buddhism in the island. Some of these are available to scholars, but many are most carefully and jealously guarded.

Higher up on the road, the usual difficulties of mountain travelling are met with. Numerous ravines and torrents have to be crossed, before the highest point of the road, called the Koduganowa Pass, is reached. After this, the road descends down a few miles, as far as the Mahavelli-gunga river, on a bend of which Kandy, the old capital of Ceylon, and still the abode of her native nobility, is situated. The entire distance is not much more than from Galle to Colombo. Kandy lies between the river and ranges of hills, with a tranquil lake in front. The houses of the natives are mean and dirty, and there is very little to be seen except the ruins of the old palace, and the natural scenery. At one end of the palace is the shrine for the supposed tooth of Buddha, where it is kept in great state, and jealously guarded. Much of the forest has been cut down for coffee-plantations, several of which may be seen from here. At a short distance from Kandy is Peradenia, where the Ceylon government keeps up a fine botanic garden, principally made use of by travellers and others, for picnics and excursions. At Kandy itself there are but few Europeans. Among the natives, the nobles may be discerned by their extra fatness, their large flat turbans, and their umbrellas or fans of state, usually held over them by dependants. They appear a heavy and uninteresting race, and probably will be the last to be moved by the civilising influences of the West.

One of the principal products of Ceylon is coffee, the cultivation of which was introduced only a few years ago, and which was so vigorously and successfully prosecuted, that the island now exports a considerable quantity of the berry. The first planters were Englishmen, but natives have now begun plantations of their own. The labour market is supplied by coolies from the Madras coast, who are attracted by the nearness of the island to their own native province. They receive very good wages, and always return after a few years, in comfortable circumstances. Kandy is in the centre of the coffee-producing districts, and no one who has been here goes away without a visit to a coffee plantation. The planters are extremely hospitable—as they are all over the globe—and glad to welcome visitors. I have seen coffee, and tea, and nutmeg cultivation, and coffee plantations do not suffer by a comparison with the other two. The nutmeg-tree is more bright, green, and luxuriant; but the long clustering rows of the coffee blossom, pure white, and emitting the most delicate and sweet perfume, or the clustering lines of ripening berries, dark green, or red like the berries of the holly-bush at home, offer the most exquisite attractions to a man with rural tastes. Some plantations are of considerable extent, though not yet quite cleared and planted out. Views of whole hill-sides, covering many hundreds of acres, laid out with the dark green coffee-bush, may be obtained from points in these hills. From a distance they look like immense close-shaven green lawns. The coffee of Ceylon is of medium quality, and does not approach to what is exported from Celebes under the name of *pea-berry*, which consists of a single seed inside the shell. We often hear complaints of coffee being "too strong." A most delicious mild beverage, with all the flavour of the coffee, may be got out of the coffee *shells*, which are now simply thrown away. Hundreds of tons of this, quite as good as tea for a mild beverage, are annually lost; and we may yet come to see this in general use, and profitable to the planter.

Here and there on these hills occur large patches of a long, stiff, highly-scented grass called, from its smell, "lemon-grass." Few large trees grow on these patches; and a strong essential oil is extracted from this grass and largely exported to Europe. It is from this oil that most of our soaps are perfumed, and that, with combinations, so many essences and bouquets for the handkerchief are made by perfumers and chemists. The fragrance of the pure oil is so powerful that a few drops in a room render it uninhabitable; and ladies in Ceylon keep off moths and other noxious insects from their wardrobes by just sprinkling a few drops inside the drawers. A few bits of this lemon-grass in a tea-pot are sufficient to flavour several cups of tea, the original tea flavour being quite hidden or lost.

While coffee thrives, and the trade returns show an annual increase, the cultivation of cinnamon is degenerating and threatening even to decrease. It is commonly stated that the cinnamon plant thrives well in certain parts, while in others it will hardly grow at all. My own impression is that the plant, like the nutmeg, pepper, and other products, is found to exhaust the soil in a few years. Hence an inferior production is the result. It is seldom we see now that thin, papery, fragrant, and *bitingly* pungent cinnamon which was so common a quarter of a century ago. This result is encouraged by the state of the market, which requires an inferior and less-priced article for common and general use. Another of the vegetable products of Ceylon is ebony—the black wood of a

soft, satin texture and dense consistence, which is so largely used for ornamental furniture. It is the heart of the trunk of a tree found wild in the forests, and is not confined to Ceylon, being common in the East Indian Archipelago; while an inferior variety in colour but much harder in the grain has been discovered in India. A great deal of ornamental ebony furniture, which would fetch the very highest prices in Europe, may be seen in most houses in Ceylon.

Kandy is the centre, not only of the coffee districts and the highlands, but of the forests, which still cover a great part of the interior districts of the island, and which are the haunts of wild animals like the leopard, the elephant, and a few others. Ceylon has long been famous for its elephants. The forests at one time must have abounded with them; but the supply has been very much diminished. The area is circumscribed, and the annual raids against these animals by both government and private hunters are tending to annihilate them. The elephant in a state of nature loves shade and the vicinity of rivers. Here in Ceylon he has no such deadly enemy as the royal Bengal tiger, and his life, save for the hunter, is passed in halcyon days of ease and retirement. The presence of the inferior animals which feed on grass, as the buffalo and the deer, seldom troubles him, and whole herds feed together, with their young, and generally with only a single male, and in this way are often seen by the traveller in these hilly districts. From his enormous size and weight it would seem as if he were not fitted for high and broken country; but he is found at

very high elevations in both Eastern Bengal, in the Tipperah country, and in the Sewalik range of hills at the foot of the Himalayas. He is, indeed, an excellent climber, and may be seen winding his way up toilsome ascents, which the horse of the plains finds it a difficult matter to surmount. As in Bengal, he is snared here in great numbers. A large herd is marked out, and kept in their position by surrounding groups of men using various methods to keep the animals stationary, such as fires, noises on drums, shouts, &c. A corral (called *keddah* in Bengal), or enclosure of heavy and substantial stakes is then constructed as rapidly as possible, leaving an opening towards the herd. Through this opening the elephants are then driven, and, once inside it, they are shut fast, and tame elephants sent in to secure and tie them up. The men engaged on this service are sometimes killed. Often a corral is constructed without reference to a particular herd, and beaters drive in the game from over a considerable extent of country. In Bengal, the modes of constructing a *keddah*, as well as of securing the elephants after they are inside, are very different, but may be left here undescribed. In both, however, tame elephants are largely used in securing the wild ones after they are caught; and in both *fire* is used to frighten the animals with. It is remarkable how wild animals dread fire. Through the most lonely forest solitudes of India the common native mail-runners proceed by night, protected by only a flaming torch, which scares tigers, panthers, leopards, and bears away most effectually.

A Trip up the Trombetas.—IV.

THE LLANOS OF GUIANA.

As we advanced towards the foot-hills of the Guiana mountains, the country presented a very picturesque and diversified aspect. The open grassy expanses, alternating with the tracts of woodland, became of larger extent. Some of them might deserve the title of prairies, or *llanos*, as these are termed in Spanish parlance. But, in South America, the intermingling of savanna and forest is very different from that seen in the northern division of the continent—as, for example, in many parts of Texas. There the “oak openings,” or the tracts partially covered with *chapparal*, show but few species of trees, and these generally with only two or three kinds in each grove or *motto*. On the llanos of Guiana, the interspersed pieces of woodland are made up of many kinds, while the broader leaves of tropical vegetation—the palms more especially—lend to the landscape a very different aspect. Frequently small clumps of palms, standing apart from all other trees, give it a pronounced tropical character.

It would be impossible to imagine anything nearer the idea of paradise than some of the scenes passed on our way. There were vistas of woodland, with green savannas intervening, the timbered edge showing every kind of curvature in its indentations and embayments. Some of the groves were rounded, others elliptical, and some running in straight belts, or “spinneys,” as if they had been planted by the hand of a

landscape gardener. Sometimes the open plain narrowed into an avenue shape, in this way continuing for miles and miles between walls of towering trees, grand *Ceibos*, *Lecythis*, and terebinths, whose topmost boughs could alone be distinguished, their lower branches and stems being completely hidden by an impenetrable drapery of parasitic plants.

PARKS WITHOUT PALACES.

As these avenues again expanded, disclosing fresh vistas of park-like appearance, we instinctively looked for palaces; at least for noble mansions. In vain. There was no dwelling of civilised man within hundreds of miles of us; and, travelling many days, we did not see even the toldo of a savage. In this wild domain of Brazilian Guiana, nature has been long left unmolested—perhaps since the dawn of creation. A wonder, too: for there is no spot on the habitable earth that appears more suited for man's habitation, as for his happiness. Whatever may have hindered the population of this fine country in ante-Columbian times, its remaining a wilderness now is due to Portuguese misrule. These colonists have scarce even explored it; such explorations as were made by them being mostly gold-seeking expeditions, and too often razzias in pursuit of red men to be reduced to slavery. In the guilt of these last the Brazilians and half-castes have borne the larger share. Even their missionaries made converts of the simple

savage but to betray and enslave him. Instead of civilising, in most instances they but brutalised him.

As an artist I revelled in these scenes; and a lifetime would not suffice to paint half the landscapes we saw worthy of being transferred to canvas. Many were well fitted for a place upon the walls of the Royal Academy. But I had not time for that then, and they could not be depicted from memory. Fancy may fill up an outline, but cannot be trusted to portray the very unnaturalness of nature.

THE CURASSOWS.

As an amateur in natural history, I was equally charmed—delighted—with the lessons I was daily learning. For if man was absent from the scene, all the more abundant were the wild denizens of the forest and the savanna. Numerous strange species of beast and bird were presented to my eyes; among the latter, many that were new to me; while others, old acquaintances of the Zoological Gardens and the Museum, were seen disporting themselves in their native habitat. One of our chief sources for provisioning ourselves was found in the family of the *Cracida*—the curassows, and their kindred genera—which in most parts of tropical America represent the *Gallinaceæ* of the eastern hemisphere. Of these birds, I believe there are not less than twenty distinct species, though a much less number is known to ornithologists. I draw my deduction from the fact that new species are continually being discovered, some of them confined within limited geographical range; and as there are vast tracts of tropical America still unexplored, it is more than probable that many other species exist unknown. Travellers in South American countries speak of shooting "wild turkeys," as also "pheasants." It is simply a misunderstanding of generic names. The pheasants so spoken of are birds of the genus *Pendlope*; while the turkeys are different species of *Crax*. It is doubtful whether there is any indigenous species of the *Meleagris* on the South American continent; though it is possible, and indeed probable, that the ocellated turkey of Honduras has found its way to the south of the Straits of Panama.

THE KING OF THE VULTURES.

On our journey we saw daily, almost hourly, a very interesting bird, of a sort very different from either turkeys or curassows. This was the "king vulture" (*Sarcorhamphus papa*). I had seen it before, upon the savannas of Southern Mexico, where it is known as the "rey de zopilotes," or king of the zopilotes. In South America it is called "rey de zamuros," an appellation of similar significance. It is beyond question the most beautiful of all the vulture tribe; and, regarding

its brilliant-crested head and clean-looking plumage, as seen in zoological collections, or upon the shelves of a museum, one could hardly fancy its beak clotted with blood, its feathers bedaubed with filth, and its body emitting an odour that makes it unpleasant to approach within several paces of it. And yet I have seen and shot king vultures in this disagreeable condition.

At the best these birds are not numerous anywhere. They are certainly not gregarious, in the proper sense of the term; though as many as a dozen may be observed in proximity, drawn together by the common quarry that has attracted them. Usually but a pair will be seen soaring or perched; and sometimes the pair of old birds with their young, forming the family. But never in large flocks, as the *Cathartes atratus*

and *Cathartes aura*—the latter itself not strictly gregarious. Indeed, of all the American vultures, condor, Californian, king, and at least four small black species distinct (not admittedly), *Cathartes atratus* seems the only one given to a gregarious habit. And it may be observed that it is the one which is farthest from the pure vulture type. Space does not permit me to dwell on the natural history of the king vulture, however interesting the bird, and little known its habits. Of the characteristic which has given it the name it bears, both in Spanish and Portuguese America, we were often witnesses. We saw that while it was feeding on carrion, the black vultures and other predatory birds kept at a distance, only approaching after the "king" had completed his repast, and seemed to permit them. Hence the regal title, denoting a spirit savouring of

tyranny. Of course there is nothing strange in all this. It is simply because the king vulture is stronger than those of the other species, and keeps them at a distance, as a big mastiff would the small cowardly cur.

IN SIGHT OF THE SIERRAS.

My travelling companion had no great taste for natural history, nor, indeed, nature in any shape, save that of nuggets, or blocks of quartz showing *specula* of gold. For these his eyes were ever on the alert; the more so as we entered among the foot-hills of the mountains. We were now within sight of the sierras whose fame had attracted many Spanish explorers, and one great Englishman to his ruin. For it was in the midst of these mountains Sir Walter Raleigh had located the "Gilded King," at whose court he was so desirous of presenting himself. He never reached either the court or kingdom; but lost all—fame, royal favour, at length even life, for making the attempt.

After all, Raleigh was right. There is amidst these



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SUN WORSHIP OF AMAZON INDIANS.

mountains an "El Dorado," though perhaps not exactly of the sort he supposed. There may have been no "Gilded King;" but there were, and still are, gilded rocks—blocks and boulders of quartz in which the precious metal is imbedded.

My travelling companion, Senhor N——, was no idle dreamer. The book he had perused in the library of Rio Janeiro was no fictitious tale; but a truthful account of mines and miners in the Sierra Tucumaraqua. The former had received *exploration* in early times, close succeeding the discovery and conquest, while the latter had been undoubtedly murdered—massacred by the mountain Indians. From legends still alive among the Zummates, as stated, and day by day gathered from our guides, we learnt this much. Part of this legendary lore they had obtained from their enemies, the Woy-o-ways—from captives taken in battle.

THE DEFECTION OF OUR GUIDES.

Of these Indians our guides conversed every day; indeed every hour, as we drew near to the district where the Woy-o-ways might be met. And every hour they grew more apprehensive of meeting them; until at length their apprehension reached its climax; and one and all declared they would go no farther. The Woy-o-ways were cannibals, and would eat them. They had conducted us to the threshold of this anthropophagous family, which was all they had promised to do. If we insisted on proceeding farther it must be at our own risk. Not one of them would venture to go along with us. Expostulation was in vain. So also promises and entreaties. The scared Zummates forsook us, and went back to their tribe, leaving us in the dilemma, either to return bootless along with them, or take our chances of being eaten by the Woy-o-ways.

Their desertion was a chagrin—to Senhor N—— a great one. He had expended a large sum of money on the expedition, and to return without gaining any end would be to him not only the dissolving of a long-cherished dream, but a complete commercial ruin.

He could not think of retreating until he had tried to the utmost.

It did not need any appeal to me. I was with him to the end. So, too, was my man Pluto, and so also the Tapuyos we had brought from below.

Having parted with the disaffected Zummates, under a fresh spurt of hope we once more shouldered our *impalmenta*, and kept on towards the sierras.

THE GATES OF THE GOLDEN LAND.

Gradually the blue of the mountains became changed to green, growing more vivid as we drew nearer to them. We at length arrived at the foot of their forest-covered declivities. But their sides were not all sloping. Only after reaching a certain height did they ascend obliquely. At first, for several hundred feet, they presented a steep cliff, whose grim façade extended to right and left as far as we could see. Here and there a deep ravine ran into it, the cleft made by some mountain torrent, fed by tropic rains. We were at the gates of the golden land; for so might be justly styled these gashes amid palæozoic rocks, in whose beds lay huge stone boulders that had all the indications of being imbued with the auriferous element.

Into one of these ravines we entered; and commenced making our way up.

Senhor N——'s object in ascending was to reach the elevated plateaux lying between the sierras. Upon these the ancient record located the abandoned mine. There, too, dwelt the Woy-o-ways; and so far from wishing to shun an encounter with these Indians, it was his most ardent desire to meet them. As already said, he believed them to be a malignant people, simply because they had done battle with the whites—both Spanish and Portuguese—to preserve their independence. In this they had been successful; neither of these nations having ever made a successful expedition into their country.

Should we fall in with them, Senhor N—— did not fear their receiving us in a hostile manner, so long as they knew it was not a party of slave-hunters. Our numbers were not great enough for us to be mistaken for this. On the other hand, should the Indians prove unfriendly, they might massacre us at their mercy.

Dwelling on such doubtful contingencies, I was by no means easy in my mind; at times, indeed, almost dismayed. It was only through the great confidence and courage of my companion I was contented to go on. I may add that a hope of getting gold in large quantity—becoming rich at a single *coup*—helped a little to sustain me. Senhor N——'s story was in many respects substantiated by what we heard among the Zummates. Why should it not be true? We *might* discover the mine; or, better still, the accumulated wealth of the murdered miners!

Cheered by these hopes, we continued the ascent of the sierra. It was hard work now, becoming more difficult as we advanced. The path led among rugged rocks and spinous plants, agaves and cacti, that bristled on both sides of us. These had sometimes to be grasped to facilitate the climbing of some cliff or steep slope. We had to crawl along ledges so narrow as scarce to afford footing; while far below a groaning torrent seemed as if singing our death-knell. For a whole day we thus clambered; and it was near noon of the second when, with hands and faces torn and bleeding, footsore, and fatigued with the exceeding toil, we arrived on the edge of the upper plain.

UNPEOPLED PLAINS.

Here we still saw mountains before and around us. Now no longer with foot-hills, but rising above the plateaux in clear sharp outline, some in continuous ranges, others standing alone and isolated. The rocks composing them were primitive, and had all the appearance of being auriferous. We were certainly in a region of gold. After resting a day to recruit our spent strength, we struck across the adjacent plain; and turning a mountain spur, came in sight of another tract of table-land still more extensive. All the while our eyes were on the alert, now raised and looking ahead, now bent on the ground to discover the traces of human footsteps. But neither the sight of man himself, nor any evidence of his existence, rewarded our search. All around was wild, savage, and silent. The only signs of life were the birds flitting from copse to copse, and now and then a deer, that, bounding from its lair in the long bunch grass, ran affrighted before us. The only sounds heard were the harsh cackling of parrots, and the yet harsher cry of the harpy eagle, which, perched on some bold peak, seemed to scold us for intruding upon its domain. This, and the black vultures hovering above, produced a depressing effect on the spirits of our party.

They were ominous signs and sounds. These filthy birds might soon be banqueting upon our flesh, leaving our bones to bleach upon the table-lands of the Tucumuraqua. The very fact that we saw no signs of man—not so much as his footmark—made the loneliness of the place all the more oppressive. We did not look for meeting civilised men, but only savages. Now that neither were disclosed to the view, it seemed as if we were treading some accursed spot of earth from which human beings had fled.

For three days we traversed those table-lands without once striking on a path that showed sign of having ever been trodden before. There were trails, but only such as were made by the mountain tapir and a small species of deer indigenous to the uplands of Guiana. There was nothing to show that hunters had ever chased or stalked them. Indeed, these animals were so tame that we had no difficulty in procuring plenty of their venison. This, with an occasional *Pendope*, or curassow, by way of change, formed the staple of our food while thus vainly wandering. And we were in reality wandering, since we had now no guide, and not even a landmark.

We at length grew so wearied of this idle search that the sight of savages would have been welcome, even if not altogether friendly. Anything rather than the uncertainty and long-constrained solitude we were in.

GROWING DISCOURAGED.

We began to think of retracing our steps, and returning to the Trombetas. The hope of becoming suddenly rich had been gradually growing fainter and fainter. It had at length forsaken us. Even Senhor N—— had given it up as a delusion and a dream. It is wonderful how, when alone with stern nature, far away from the scenes of civilisation, man loses his delight in that which makes civilisation so enjoyable. In the wilderness gold no longer charms, and cupidity ceases to be a passion. Thus disenchanted, we were about to resign ourselves and set out on our return to the settlements. But Senhor N—— was a man of stern, unflinching resolve, and chafed sorely at his disappointment.

"One more day," he said; "one more effort to find the Woy-o-ways. They must be among these mountains somewhere. I am sure of it. Let us climb up to yonder peak, which seems the highest of all. From its summit we shall be able to view the country for at least twenty miles in every direction. If that show us nothing, then let us abandon the search, go back to Pará, and drown our disappointment in a basket of the best champagne to be had at the Diana Hotel."

My companion, naturally light-hearted, thus endeavoured to keep up his spirits, ending his speech with a laugh. Perhaps it was to conceal the chagrin he must have felt at failure. For I knew he had laid out all his fortune on the expedition; which, if fruitless, would not leave much to be expended on champagne at Pará.

A LAST LOOK AROUND.

Once more cheered by thoughts of success, we again girded up our loins, and commenced ascending the mountain.

After a fatiguing climb, lasting some three or four hours, we stood upon its top. Beyond, we looked down upon a deep and desolate ravine; and beyond this a congeries of other peaks, towering one above another, and piled in chaotic confusion. And so to right and left, in every direction, save that

from which we had ascended. On this side alone the eye penetrated into illimitable space, the view ending in the blue ether that hung over the low-lying plains of Amazonia.

For a time we remained on the mountain-top, looking down on every side, and examining every plain and valley that was visible. Part of our equipment was a binocular; and with this we gave minute telescopic survey to all that came within its field of view. No house, no smoke, no sign of human habitation, nothing to indicate that man made abode in all that district of country, comprising a circular space of at least fifty miles diameter!

Where was the El Dorado? Where Manoa, the city of the Gilded King?

With saddened hearts and something more—a wild weird impression upon us—we descended to the plain; and at once started on our return to the Trombetas.

A DESERTED VILLAGE.

Nearly another week was spent on the way back to the Zummate village; where a surprise awaited us but little calculated to allay the ghostly feeling that possessed us. The *toldos* of the Indians were all deserted, not a soul to be seen about the place!

What could it mean? Had an enemy—the Woy-o-ways—been there, captured their hereditary foes, and carried them all off to the mountains?

No. It could not be this. There were no traces of havoc or devastation. The *toldos* were all standing, their fires still smouldering, their furniture untouched. It would not have been thus after a *razzia* of Red Indians. Where were the denizens of the deserted village? This we asked while visiting wigwam after wigwam, and finding them all empty. For answer we now hurried to the *malocca*, or council house, that stood some distance apart. Entering, we found it also empty, even more so than the private dwellings. For it was stripped of its trophies, the flags and feather dresses that we had seen there before, and knew to be its usual adornings—the property of the commonwealth. The absence of these looked more like pillage. Still we could not think it was this. There would have been dead bodies and blood; and neither were seen. Nor any signs of struggle or conflict.

RETURNING FROM SUN WORSHIP.

While we stood speculating on what had become of our friends, in fear also about their fate, a sound fell upon our ears that seemed to issue from the depths of a distant cavern. We could tell it to be a chorus of voices, chanting some sad or solemn refrain. As we listened it grew louder, as if the chanters were drawing nearer; and in the same degree it was becoming more joyful. All at once a procession appeared approaching the spot, men marching two and two, with files of women intermingled.

As its head emerged from among the thick-standing tree-trunks, we recognised our old Zummate friends, dressed in all the gala of a grand holiday—with plumed circlets upon their heads, feather armlets, and garters of the same, girt just below the knee.

On reaching the *malocca*, they broke ranks, at the same time bursting into peals of joyous laughter. Then surrounding they embraced us; the chief in a speech again making us welcome to their village.

We soon discovered the cause of their absence from home with all these mysterious proceedings. The day was a grand festival—a religious ceremony annually observed by the tribe, when every man, woman, and child go forth into the woods, to *worship the sun*.

There, near the mouth of the Amazon, and amid the mountains of Guiana, is found the same *culte* observed by the ancient Peruvians in the days of Pizarro, and the Mexicans before Cortez christianised them.

Is it a mere contingency—the sun, symbol of life and strength, calling forth an instinctive adoration? Or, are the

We there drank the champagne as promised; and though Senhor N—— did not drown his disappointment in the cups then quaffed, I am happy to say he has since succeeded; as I learn by a letter just received from him. It is dated from the lately-discovered gold mines of Guianæ, where he is at present residing, one of the most successful of mining speculators. So that he has at length found his El Dorado, not up the Trombetas, but upon a branch of the grand Orinoco.

In a postscript to his letter, Senhor N—— adds that he still holds on to the belief of there being a rich gold mine in the Tucumuraqua Mountains, that was once worked by



MURA INDIAN, WITH LIP ORNAMENTS.

Indians of South America and Mexico but the scattered fragments of the same stock, that were once a grand united people, one in worship as in nationality? Who can tell?

When the Zummate chief spoke words of welcome, he meant them; since he proved as good as his promise. For several days we were the recipients of his hospitality, until sufficiently rested to proceed on our homeward journey. This we did, once more embarking in our *cuberta*, and descending the Trombetas branch, and then the river itself.

Without any further incident worth recording, we at length reached Obydos, and thence made our way to Pará by a returning steamer.

Spanish miners, and long ago abandoned. He states that he has found some further confirmation of this fact on the Orinoco side, and intends at some not distant day to make a fresh attempt at the exploration. He asks me once more to become his travelling companion, with a promised share in the adventure if successful. While declining his invitation, it is not from want of faith in the feasibility of his scheme. For if he does not find the old mine, it is very likely, with his skill and late experience in gold seeking, he may strike some new vein well worth working. From what I saw up the Trombetas I could have no doubt that gold in great plenty exists among the rocks of the Tucumuraqua range.

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